



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

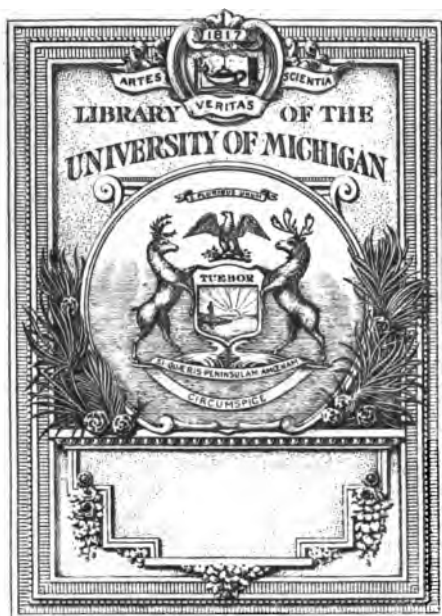
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B

846,541







THE
I N D I C A T O R.

VOL. I.

A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.—SPENSER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOSEPH APPLEYARD, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1820.

22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

AP

4

I 42

U.1

MD

540

English
Elegany
12.18.44
51509
2 vol.

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it; the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENCER.

No. I.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1819.

DIFFICULTY OF FINDING A NAME FOR A WORK OF THIS KIND.

NEVER did gossips, when assembled to determine the name of a new-born child, whose family was full of conflicting interests, experience half the difficulty which an author finds in settling the title for a periodical work. There is generally some paramount uncle, or prodigious third cousin, who is silently understood to have the chief claims, and to the golden lustre of whose face the clouds of hesitation and jealousy gradually give way. But these children of the brain have no godfather ready at hand: and then their single appellation is bound to comprise as many public interests as all the Christian names of a French or a German prince. It is to be modest: it is to be expressive: it is to be new: it is to be striking: it is to have something in it equally intelligible to a man of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination:—in one word, it is to be impossible. How far we have succeeded in the attainment of this happy nonentity, we leave others to judge. There is one good thing however which the hunt after a title is sure to realize;—a good deal of despairing mirth. We were visiting a friend the other night, who can do any thing for a book but give it a title; and after many grave and ineffectual attempts to furnish one for the present, the company, after the fashion of Rabelais, and with a chair-shaking merriment which he might have joined in himself, fell to turning a hopeless thing into a jest. It was like that exquisite picture of a set of laughers in Shakspeare:—

One rubbed his elbow, thus; and fleeced, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried "Via! We will do't, come what will come!"
The third he espied, and cried "All goes well!"
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous, appears,
To check their laughter, passion's solemn tears.

Some of the names had a meaning in their absurdity, such as the Adviser, or Helps for Composing;—the Cheap Reflector, or Every Man His Own Looking-Glass;—the Retailer, or Every Man His Own Other Man's Wit;—Nonsense, To be Continued. Others were laughable by the mere force of contrast, as the Crocodile, or Pleasing Companion;—Chaos, or the Agreeable Miscellany;—the Fugitive Guide;—the Foot Soldier, or Flowers of Wit;—Bigotry, or the Cheerful Instructor; the Polite Repository of Abuse;—Blood, being a Collection of Light Essays. Others were sheer ludicrousness and extravagance, as the Pleasing Ancestor; the Silent Remarker; the Tart; the Leg of Beef by a Layman; the Ingenious Hatband; the Boots of Bliss; the Occasional Diner; the Tooth-ache; Recollections of a Very Unpleasant Nature; Thoughts on Taking up a Pair of Snuffers; Thoughts on a Barouche-Box; Thoughts on a Hill of Considerable Eminence; Meditations on a Pleasing Idea; Materials for Drinking; the Knocker, No. 1;—the Hippopotamus entered at Stationers' Hall; the Piano-forte of Paulus Æmilius; the Seven Sleepers at Cards; the Arabian Nights on Horseback:—with an infinite number of other mortal murders of common sense, which rose to "push us from our stools," and which none but the wise or good-natured would ever think of laughing at.

A MISTAKE OF MR. THOMAS PAINE'S UPON LEARNING; AND A WORD OR TWO ON TRANSLATION.

We speak of Mr. Paine as a deceased author, whom it is a vulgar error to under-rate. His great natural powers have forced themselves into eminence through every species of obstacle. Well aware of them himself, seeing in what manner they were often denied, and what a convention there was among worldly and common-place men, possessed of a little scholarship, to cry down every thing but themselves, he ran to an extreme natural enough to such a mind, and proclaimed at once that all which is commonly understood by the word Learning was useless. He saw that others mistook the letter for the spirit; and yet in objecting to this mistake, he fell into one of the very same nature, and asserted that learning was no longer wanted, because all the "useful books" in the ancient languages had been translated. By useful books, he means such works as Euclid's Elements: and here again he fell into an error, from which the true spirit of learning might have saved him: he confounded utility with mere science. He forgot that for one instance in which mere science is necessary to our happiness, there are a hundred in which we have more to do with our passions and tempers, with our affections, our perceptions, with our ability or inability to extract pleasure from the innumerable things in the intellectual and external world. Utility is only utility in as much as it conduces somehow or other to advantage and pleasure. Every thing that is truly pleasurable or beautiful is as useful as the most scientific thing upon earth. Jane, when she

smiles at us, or takes a country walk with us, or reads an author with us, is at least as good as a Spinning Jenny. If we have twenty pleasures from the sight of a cherry, such as the admiration of it's bloom, it's figure, it's scent, it's suitableness to the leaves, it's connexion with the orchards and the country, and it's association with all that we have read of it in the poets, it is surely better than if we only knew the taste of it, and could reckon how much a dozen of them would come to at a farthing a-piece. If we see nothing in the moon but a light for old gentlewomen to go home by, or a satellite to the earth, or even a vague beauty and serenity, we do not receive so much utility from it as when we recollect that it is the very same moon which Homer has so often looked at and so beautifully described,—which said beauty of description is not to be found in the translation of Pope. Now there is scarcely any of all the great poets in other languages, of whom the English reader has had a proper account from translators. An individual may have so much in him, from nature, of what the writers on the side of beauty and imagination have done for humanity, that he may want little improvement from books. And we all *could* go on without learning. We all *could* go on with half, or a quarter, or half a quarter of the science that is now in the world. But if we are to see our way to happiness through knowledge (and we cannot well return to it now-a-days through the paths of ignorance, beset as they have been with every species of tyranny) then the more we know of what great minds have felt and said, the more we increase the general stock of humanity in it's largest sense. That all the “useful books” therefore have been translated, must be denied. Intelligent men of no scholarship, on reading Horace, for instance, and Ariosto, through the medium of translation, have often wondered how those writers obtained their glory. And they well might. The translations are no more like the original than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough. It is the same with the versions of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Theocritus, of Petrarch, &c. &c. and in many respects of Homer. Perhaps we could not give the reader a more brief yet complete specimen of the way in which bad translations are made, than by selecting a well-known passage from Shakspeare, and turning it into the common-place kind of poetry that flourished so widely among us till of late years. Take the passage for instance, where the lovers in the Merchant of Venice seat themselves on a bank by moonlight:—

How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Now a foreign translator, of the ordinary kind, would dilute and take all taste and freshness out of this draught of poetry, in a style amounting to the following:—

With what a charm, the moon, serene and bright,
 Lends on this bank its soft reflected light!

THE INDICATOR.

Sit we, I pray ; and let us sweetly hear
The strains melodious with a raptured ear ;
For soft retreats, and night's impressive hour,
To harmony impart divinest power.

It will be our business, where a quotation from the foreign poets occurs to us, to do at any rate a little better than this : and the English reader will have a better idea of the love-stories and other pieces of fiction which they have rendered so celebrated, in abridgments like ours of the utmost brevity and simplicity, than in whole volumes of this kind of misrepresentation. The simple elements of them will be laid before him ; and the eye of his own unobstructed heart will see more of what the poets saw in them, at once.

ABARIS,

A mysterious personage in the time of Pythagoras. He is said to have received an arrow from Apollo, with which he rode through the air, and which he afterwards gave to Pythagoras in return for the instruction of that philosopher. His first appearance at Athens was in consequence of a pestilence which then afflicted the world, and for the cessation of which an oracle had enjoined the Athenians to pray in behalf of all the other nations. Abaris came as the representative of the Hyperboreans. The probability is, that he was a Pythagorean from some northern country, who astonished the Athenians by the rapidity of his journeys, and was not sorry perhaps to have it thought supernatural. A metaphor has often been enough to make a miracle. He rode like an arrow. Drop the word *like*, and the miracle is ready. Swift says of the famous Lord Peterborough,—

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

If this had been said of a man in some ages of the world, the next step would have been to use his apparition at once, and allow him a travelling ghost.

URIEL ACOSTA,

A Portuguese at the beginning of the 17th century, presented the world with a strange instance of vacillation in religious faith. He first turned Jew, converting at the same time his mother and brothers, and fled with them to Amsterdam, where they were received into a synagogue. Becoming dissatisfied with some of the Jewish rites, and giving vent to his objections, he was excommunicated by the Jews. He then wrote a treatise against the immortality of the soul, for which he was seized and fined. After a lapse of fifteen years, he made his submission, and was again received ; but not entirely conforming to the Mosaic law, and having dissuaded two Christians from adopt-

ing Judaism, he was again expelled. Under this second sentence he remained seven years, abandoned by his friends, and reduced to an extremity of wretchedness. At last, he again prostrated himself before the Jewish priests, and was again received after an extraordinary penance, during which the most melancholy and appalling ceremonies were gone through, candles lighted up and put out, and blood dropped into basins. We speak from the recollection of what we have read; but the proceeding was of this description. At the conclusion of these infernal ceremonies, he lay down upon the ground at the threshold of the synagogue, and every member of it walked over his body. He shot himself.—Acosta has been idly accused of impiety, and even of worldly selfishness. A man is not full of religious scruples out of impiety; much less keeps out of the pale of his worldly interest over and over again, and for so many years together. Perhaps his history is only an extraordinary instance of the perplexity arising from having had progenitors of different faiths. Acosta's father was a Roman Catholic, but descended from a Jewish stock. The Catholics would naturally wish to keep him Catholic, and the Jews would naturally help his yearnings after Judaism. Perplexed between references to both, his mind wavered; and being an enquiring one, took to thinking for itself; but this was what neither Jew nor Catholic would tolerate. Perplexed by early prejudices; called upon, as it were, by the voices of his ancestors to become a Jew; making bold efforts to disengage himself from this cruel alternative; then plunged in misery; and above all, abandoned by men calling themselves his friends, and whom he had taken for such, a distracted state of mind, weakened perhaps into hopelessness by an atrabilious temperament, drove him back, like a frightened animal, into the toils of his *first fear*, the oldest superstition in the family. He stared about him awhile, amidst the candles, the curses, and the dropping blood; and then went melancholy, and killed himself.—Thus an honest man is driven into suicide, because his ancestors differed in point of faith! The religionist will say that this shews the value of having one regular hereditary faith: but would he cease then to convert the heretic to his own? And what good did this do to the poor unwilling martyr Acosta? The philosopher will say that it shews the wretched tyranny of custom.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, AND GALATEA,

One of the most celebrated love-stories in ancient fable. Acis was a mortal, because his mother was so, though his father was the wood-god Faunus. Galatea, who loved him deeply, and whose passion was returned, was an immortal sea-nymph, the daughter of two deities of the ocean. They enjoyed the happiness of their affection in the delightful vales of Sicily; but unfortunately it had one drawback, which was the jealous importunity of Neptune's gigantic and one-eyed son, the terrible Polyphemos. In vain the enamoured monster implored Galatea to listen to him. In vain had love softened the natural fero-

city of his manners, so that he would sit whole days on the sea-coast, watching to catch a glimpse of her out of the water, while the tears ran down his dreadful face, and he was as gentle and humble as a child. The fair nymph fled but the more for refuge into the arms of the handsome shepherd. The wretched Polyphemus, looking down one day into a valley, saw the happy lovers giving way to their transport; and this sight made the load of his despair intolerable. He rent off a fragment of the rock on which he was sitting; and hurling it down as Jupiter might do his thunder, smote his rival so as to crush him to death. Galatea, inconsolable, and unable to restore her lover to life, or render him a deity like herself, turned him into a fountain. It was after this event that we may suppose Polyphemus to have become the inhospitable and cruel wretch which he is described to be in Homer's *Odyssey*: and this point of view helps to throw an additional interest over his story, which always appeared to us one of the most pathetic and deeply-meaning in poetry. He was separated by his monstrous appearance from human-kind, and yet in his heart and inclinations he sympathised with them. The want of this sympathy from others made him ireful, revengeful, impious. What moral can go to the heart of things more deeply than this?

This story has been a great favourite with all men of genius. It has been touched upon with great pathos and simplicity by Theocritus, who was followed not so well by Virgil, and with much less nature by Ovid. The Italian writers are so fond of it, that they have sonnets called Polyphemic sonnets. Raphael painted a beautiful picture of Galatea triumphing on the waters, of which there are many engravings. And Handel finished the homage of the arts to it by that divine oratorio of *Acis and Galatea*, for which Gay contributed words not unworthy. If the reader wishes to know how the great poets have written on the subject, he should hear how Handel composed.

COUNTRY HOUSES NEAR TOWN.

We have often wondered, in the midst of the trees and fields, how people can be aware of the existence of such beautiful things; and not long to enjoy them:—we mean, of course, in the manner as well as the degree, in which some others enjoy them: for though Nature will be felt and acknowledged some how or other under all her aspects, and though the inhabitants of the metropolis have plenty of little country houses scattered about the skirts of it, yet their pleasure in them is rather of a negative than positive kind; rather a fidgeting respite from smoke and noise, than a sense of the beauties of scenery or of the solitude. When the citizen gets out of the town, he contrives to be almost as much confined as when he is in it. At the best, he generally pokes about his garden a little, and sees that the apple trees are productive, and the brick walls secure. If he goes out, it is chiefly when his neighbours are abroad to meet him, and along the

high-road. He may cross the fields in the morning to church, in order to take care of his eternal interests upon the same principle on which he takes care of his temporal every other day in the week; but he confines himself to the path as he goes; he returns by it as ploddingly; and though not so bad as the sourer bigot, who, after insisting all the morning at the meeting-house that the world is a vile world, takes all the selfish or unsocial means he can to prove his words, he spends the rest of the day with almost as little sense of the beauties and kindness of creation, either eating and drinking himself to sleep in his easy chair, or treating some friends with the provisions he stuffed his carriage with the day before, and cultivating a hot-faced, noisy, and boozing indigestion till bed-time. This, and a confinement all the rest of the week to close and noisy streets,—the transition from dark rooms with windows half dust and half board, to the bargaining uproar of an Exchange,—the total ignorance of all intellectual pleasures, an utter deadness to what is called sentiment,—a person which has no graces in consequence,—a face, sometimes jovial but not happy, generally care-worn, and always vulgar,—an enjoyment, such as it is, allied to gambling, and cut with a thousand anxieties,—an unhealthy temperament, always contradicting his comfort also, though he may not know as much,—toil, toil, toil, every morning,—indigestion, indigestion, every evening,—a gout in his old age, and a bad conscience all his life;—such is the picture of a complete, successful, flourishing, sophisticated, money-getting animal; who is called “a good man,” because his knaveries enable him to pay; and a knowing one, because he has found out with infinite labour and pains how to make himself forty times as uncomfortable as other people.

All this comes from imaginary wants, and from abandoning nature in order to get as much as possible out of art; whereas art with twenty times the toil will never yield a twentieth part of the real harvest. A third of the industry that is now thought necessary, and an improved knowledge which does not confound good taste with expensiveness, would lead mankind to the enjoyment of a leisure and a happiness, which they have only tasted at intervals. But in the mean time; instead of happiness being attended to, the phrase is, that “business must be attended to.” The same pains, or mere proficiencies, are bequeathed to children; and with the exception of a few understandings who have survived the convulsions of the times, and have got hold of a weapon against error, which wisdom never had before, and which we trust it will never let go—the middle classes in this green and beautiful country, make a religion of their money-getting and town habits, sitting in their well-clothed stupidity, and sneering with as much ignorant scepticism at all improvement, as ever their ancestors might have done in their painted skins.

The present generation, in this respect, is too old and too foolish to mend; but the rising one has new light; and how easily might it see, not only from the sophistications of its parents, but from their

sufferings, and even their little unconscious hankerings after something better, the policy of improving it's habits of thinking! How much better would it be to have a third of the toil, and a twentieth part of the anxiety! How much better to have air and exercise every day, instead of once a week! How much better to have cheap luxuries, easy digestions, cool slumbers, and quiet minds!

Nor is this mere talking, or a thing only to be found in books; as if there were no medium between the extreme of folly and that of injustice. Let them come out in the fields, and see. Let them read of the smaller country gentlemen, a class which has since vanished, of archeries and other rural sports, of the old mixture of business and pleasure, which were in a more reasonable proportion than now; and let them add to these, the improvements which philosophy would now enable them to make in a thousand matters involving the common good; and they would soon see the folly of wasting their time by a mistaken sense of it.

Upon this subject we shall present our readers by and by with a story of a man who never went out of the metropolis for ten years, and what took him out of it at last.

ANACREON'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MISTRESS.

Αντ, Ὕμνασεν ἀνίσ.

Come, master of the rosy art,
Thou painter after my own heart,
Come, paint my absent love for me,
As I shall describe her thee.
Paint me first her fine dark hair,
Fawning into ringlets there;
And if brush has power to do it,
Paint the odour breathing through it.
Then from out her ripe young cheek,
Underneath those tresses sleek,
Paint her brow of ivory;
Taking care the eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as her's are, stol'n together;
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue.
Then as those bright orbs require,

Fetch her eyesight out of fire;
Like Minerva's, sparkling blue;
Moist, like Cytherea's, too:
Give her nose and cheeks a tint
Like shallow milk with roses in't:
Let her lip Persuasion's be,
Asking our's provokingly:
And beneath her satin chin,
With a dimple broken in,
And all about those precious places,
Set a thousand hovering graces.
Now then,—let the drapery spread,
With an under tint of red,
And a glimpse left scarcely dress'd,
So that what remains be guess'd.
'Tis enough: 'tis she! 'tis she!
O thou sweet face, speak to me.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *Cuculus Indicator* of Linnæus, otherwise called the *Merve*, *Bee Cuckoo*, or *Honey Bird*.

There he arriving round about doth fly;
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. II.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1819.

THE INDICATOR AND EXAMINER.—AUTUMNAL COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES.—MANTLE-PIECES.—APARTMENTS FOR STUDY.

ONE or two persons, we understand, have supposed that the present periodical work will interfere with the literary part of another, in which the Editor has long been concerned. This is a great mistake. The Examiner will continue to be more literary, as well as pains-taking in every other respect, than it has ever been. It will have more than the usual literature, for instance, connected with politics and criticism,—especially the latter. Indeed, should the new paper injure the old one, it would be dropped. The fact is, that as far as the Editor is concerned, the Examiner is to be regarded as the reflection of his public literature, and the Indicator of his private. In the one he has a sort of public-meeting with his friends: in the other, a more retired one. The Examiner is his tavern-room for politics, for political pleasantry, for criticism upon the theatres and living writers. The Indicator is his private room, his study, his retreat from public care and criticism, with the reader who chuses to accompany him.

Here we are then, this chilly weather, with a warm fire. How pleasant it is to have fires again! We have not time to regret summer, when the cold fogs begin to force us upon the necessity of having a new kind of warmth;—a warmth not so fine as sunshine, but as manners go, more sociable. The English get together over their fires, as the Italians do in their summer-shade. We do not enjoy our sunshine as we ought: our climate in general seems to render us almost unaware that the weather is fine, when it really becomes so: but for the same reason, we make as much of our winter as the anti-social habits that have grown upon us from other causes will allow. And for a similar reason, the southern European is unprepared for a cold day. The houses in Italy are almost all summer-houses, letting in the air on every side; so that when a fit of cold weather comes on, the dismayed inhabitant, walking and shivering about with a lit-

the brazier in his hands, presents an awkward image of insufficiency and perplexity. A few of our fogs, shutting up the sight of every thing out of doors, and making the trees and the eaves of the houses drip like rain, would soon admonish him to get warm in good earnest. If "the web of our life" is always to be "of a mingled yarn," a good warm hearth-rug is not the worst part of the manufacture.

Here we are then again, with our fire before us, and our books on each side. What shall we do? Shall we take out a *Life* of somebody, or a *Theocritus*, or *Dante*, or *Ariosto*, or *Montaigne*, or *Marcus Aurelius*, or *Horace*, or *Shakspeare* who includes them all? Or shall we read an engraving from *Poussin* or *Raphael*? Or shall we sit with tilted chairs, planting our wrists upon our knees, and toasting the up-turned palms of our hands, while we discourse of manners and of man's heart and hopes, with at least a sincerity, a good intention, and good nature, that shall warrant what we say with the sincere, the good-intentioned, and the good-natured?

Ah—take care. You see what that old looking saucer is, with a handle to it? It is a venerable piece of earthenware, which may have been worth, to an Athenian, about two-pence; but to an author, is worth a great deal more than ever he could—deny for it. And yet he would deny it too. It will fetch his imagination more than ever it fetched potter or penny-maker. It's little shallow circle overflows for him with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasant associations. This is one of the uses of having mantle-pieces. You may often see on no very rich mantle-piece a representative body of all the elements, physical and intellectual,—a shell for the sea, a stuffed bird or some feathers for the air, a curious piece of mineral for the earth, a glass of water with some flowers in it for the visible process of creation,—a cast from sculpture for the mind of man;—and underneath all, is the bright and ever-springing fire, running up through them heavenwards, like hope through materiality. We like to have any little curiosity of the mantle-piece kind within our reach and inspection. For the same reason, we like a small study, where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us,—to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than see her at a distance. To have a huge apartment for a study is like lying in the great bed at Ware, or being snug on a milestone upon Hounslow Heath. It is space and physical activity, not repose and concentration. It is fit only for grandeur and ostentation,—for those who have secretaries, and are to be approached like gods in a temple. The Archbishop of Toledo, no doubt, wrote his homilies in a room ninety feet long. The Marquis Marialva must have been approached by Gil Blas through whole ranks of glittering authors, standing at due distance. But Ariosto, whose mind could fly out of it's nest over all nature, wrote over the house he built, "*Parva, sed apta mihi*"—Small, but suited to me. However, it is to be observed, that he could not afford a larger. He was a *Duodenarian*, in that respect, like ourselves. We do not know how our ideas of a study

might expand with our walls. Montaigne, who was Montaigne "of that ilk," and lord of a great chateau, had a study "sixteen paces in diameter, with three noble and free prospects." He congratulates himself, at the same time, on its circular figure, evidently from a feeling allied to the one in favour of smallness: "The figure of my study," says he, "is round, and has no more flat (bare) wall, than what is taken up by my table and my chairs; so that the remaining parts of the circle present me with a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me." (Cotton's Montaigne, B. 3. ch. 3.) A great prospect we hold to be a very disputable advantage, upon the same reasoning as before; but we like to have some green boughs about our windows, and to fancy ourselves as much as possible in the country when we are not there. Milton expressed a wish with regard to his study, extremely suitable to our present purpose. He would have the lamp in it *seen*; thus letting others into a share of his enjoyments, by the imagination of them.

And let my lamp at midnight hour
Be *seen* in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The Spirit of Plato, to unfold
What world or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

There is a fine passionate burst of enthusiasm on the subject of a study in Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, Act 1. Scene 2.

Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness:
~~But purer spirits, purged and refined,~~
Shake off that clog of human frailty. Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place, that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. Lights there for my study!

ACONTIUS AND CYDIPPE.

A LOVE STORY IN THE ANTIENT WRITERS.

Acontius was a youth of the island of Cea (now Zia), who at the sacrifices in honour of Diana fell in love with this beautiful virgin, Cydippe; but she was unfortunately so much above him in rank, that he had no hope of obtaining her hand in the usual way. The

wit of a lover accordingly helped him to an expedient. There was a law in Cea, that any oath pronounced in the temple of Diana, was irrevocably binding. Acontius got an apple, and writing some words upon it, pitched it into Cydippe's bosom.

The words were these :

ΜΑ ΘΗΝ ΑΡΤΕΜΙΝ ΑΚΟΝΤΙΟ ΓΑΜΟΥΜΑΙ,
By Dian, I will marry Acontius.

Or as a poet has written them :

Juro tibi sanctæ per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.
I swear by holy Dian, I will be
Thy bride betrothed, and bear thee company.

Cydippe read, and married herself.—It is said that she was repeatedly on the eve of being married to another person; but her imagination in the shape of the Goddess as often threw her into a fever; and the lover, whose ardour and ingenuity had made an impression upon her, was made happy. Aristænetus in his *Epistles* calls the apple *κυδωνιον μηλον*, a Cretan apple, which is supposed to mean a quince; or as others think, an orange, or a citron. But the apple was, is, and must be, a true, unsophisticated apple. Nothing else would have suited. "The apples, methought," says Sir Philip Sydney of his heroine in the *Arcadia*, "fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breast." The idea seems to have originated with Theocritus, (*Idyl.* 27. v. 50. Edit. Valckenaer.) from whom it was copied by the Italian writers. It makes a lovely figure in one of the most famous passages of Ariosto, where he describes the beauty of Alcina (*Orlando Furioso*, Canto 7. st. 14.)—

Bianca neve e il bel collo, e il petto latte;
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo:
Due pomè acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
Vengono e van come onda al primo margo,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;
A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
Like waves that on the coast beat tenderly,
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro.

And after him, Tasso, in his fine ode on the Golden Age:—

Allor tra fiori e linfe
Tracan dolci carole
Gli Amoretti senz' archi e senza faci;
Sedean pastori e ninfe
Meschiando a le paròle
Vezzi e susurri, ed ai susurri i baci
Strettamente tenaci.
La verginella ignuda
Scopria sue fresche rose
Ch'or tien nel velo ascose,
E le pome del seno acerbe e crude.
E sperso o in fiume o in lago
Scherzar si vide con l'amata il vago,

Then among streams and flowers,
 The little Winged Powers
 Went singing carols, without torch or bow;
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat
 Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maiden, budding o'er,
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore.
 And oftentimes in river or in lake,
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.
 Honi soit qui mal y pense,

VENICE.

This is the country of Titian, of Palladio, of Marcello, who from a nobleman became one of the finest musicians in Italy; of Bembo; one of the most liberal and accomplished of cardinals; of Paul Sarpi, who kept his countrymen independent of the church of Rome.

The Venetians are like a lively family cut off from the rest of Europe. Let the reader imagine himself pushing off from a sea-coast, and coming at a distance of a league and a half upon a city standing in the sea. This is Venice. It is built upon seventy-two little islands, the houses abutting directly upon the water, the finest of them without even a landing place but the stairs; so that instead of streets there are only canals of sea-water; and instead of coaches and carts, gondolas and other boats. Perhaps the best idea the reader can have of a Venetian street is to imagine a street like Portland-place, or rather a more winding one, like the High-street at Oxford, mixed with nobler as well as smaller houses, and the full sea running through it, with abundance of boats of traffic and swift-darting gondolas. The gondola is a sort of wherry, about five feet broad, and twenty-five long, covered with black cloth, and having a cabin standing up in the middle of it, like the body of a caravan. The cabin is covered with black also, and has moveable windows with curtains. A Venetian gentleman keeps his gondola as an Englishman does his coach; only with much greater cheapness. The full complement of a gondola is two rowers, who stand to their oars, one at each end, and with their faces the reverse way of our boatmen. They are very expert, and dart their gondolas in and out among the intricacies of this watery bustle, like fish. They are proverbial for their cheerfulness and honesty. They used to be famous for singing passages out of Tasso and other Italian poets; but political trouble has dashed the spirits even of the Venetian gondolier, and he is now comparatively mute.* The guitar

* It is curious and natural enough, that one of their most favourite passages was the beginning of the seventh book of Jerusalem Delivered, where Erminia gets among the country-people. They sang to a kind of chant, sometimes responding to each other; and the effect at night-time, when the sound came

however is still heard in Venice, especially of an evening; and the visitor continually hears those delightful dancing airs which have been collected and published in this country. The chief, or rather the only place of assemblage for the inhabitants of Venice out of doors (for they have a fine opera and multitudes of opera-houses within) is a large square, containing the principal church and the government offices. Here all ranks are accustomed to meet of an evening; and here something of amusement is generally going forward all day, from the guitar-player to the punchinello. There is very little more standing-room throughout the city; and so little vegetation, that they call a court by way of eminence the Court of the Tree, and there is a church entitled our Lady of the Garden. There is a monastery with one of these gardens, such as they are; the Palace Zenobio has another, and a Casino,* called Zanne, another. We suppose they muster up some others in miniature; but there is an island near Venice, where the gentry have country-houses, and contrive to be a little more horticultural.

Next to its watery streets, Venice is remarkable for the number of its bridges and palaces. The latter are truly so called, and comprise many of the master-pieces of Palladio. Every noble family appears to have once occupied a palace, some of them many palaces. They stand upon the principal canals, into which run smaller ones, all of them having their bridges. These bridges however are in general very small; nor is the famous one, called the Rialto, so remarkable as its celebrity would imply, though it is built in a striking manner, of one arch. It has houses on it, like old London bridge, though not after the same fashion. They cross it in a covered angle, forming a double arcade. The artist who built it was called Antonio of the Bridge. In the same spirit of poetical tendency, the bridge leading to the city jail is called the Bridge of Sighs; and one of the principal canals, probably from the residence of some great musician, is entitled the River of Song.

The Venetians have always been famous for their enjoying temper, and what the Italians call Brio,—a certain sparkling of the animal spirits. A quintessence of this quality would seem to have been almost the only thing which made a late celebrated dramatist, Goldoni, be taken all over Europe for a great genius. Yet the Venetian character in general is relieved from the frivolous by an evident capacity softened by distance over the water, was often delightful. Rousseau, who was once at Venice, published the chant in notes. We do not remember whether it is from him that Mr. Shield has copied it in the appendix to his Introduction to Harmony; but it is there to be found. Ariosto used to be the great favourite with the Venetians; but Tasso's poem seems to have superseded even the Orlando in popularity. An Italian gentleman, when asked his opinion of this mystery, thought it explained by the great mixture of Turkish affairs in the Jerusalem, the Venetians having had a good deal to do with the Turks, both as enemies and friends.

* Baretti defines one of these Casinos exactly. He calls it "a small house kept for pleasure in a town, besides our own." They are in great request at Venice; more so now, we suppose, than ever, since the nobility have shrunk in their palaces like withered nuts.

for the serious. The wine in their blood has a body with it. There is a tone and substance in their composition as different from the old French levity, as Titian's pictures are from La Guerre. You still meet with Titian's men and women at Venice,—the same rich dark complexions and fine figures; the same faces, earnest without sharpness, quick without confusion, thoughtful without severity, voluptuous without grossness. The men are robust as well as agile: the women have that sort of tone in their composition which made the very courtesan of Venice a Calypso to strangers, and enthroned the more sentimental mistress at the top of her sex, at once to fascinate and to rule.

The leading men in the state, the counsellors at law, &c. take advantage of this solid part of the national character to affect a prodigious air of gravity: and it was perhaps from a mixed spirit of republican pride, and a sort of gusto of contrast to the pleurability of their temperament, that black colours became the national wear. Not only the divines and lawyers wore black, but the statesmen wore black, the ladies all wore black; and the gondolas carrying guitars and lovers in their bosoms, were clothed in the same external symbol of solemnity. We believe it is the same to this day, if not so universally. There seems in this a kind of pleasant and avowed hypocrisy, which stands the lively and sincere Venetian instead of the more hypocritical zests of other countries.

Venice originated with fugitives from the Italian peninsula during the fierce time of Attila, and subsisted afterwards as an independent state for many centuries, unbesieged even but by the waves. Its famous oligarchical form of government, under which it became mistress of the sea, still divides the opinions of politicians. Some think it must have been an intolerable tyranny; while others, among whom is our republican countryman Harrington, have regarded it as the true model of a popular state. The truth seems to be, that the good climate and cheerful temperament enjoyed by the Venetians rendered them very easy subjects; and this easiness had its effect in turn upon their leaders, who with all their outward stateliness were in reality like themselves. There was none of the physical suffering, which naturally renders the people so impatient in harder climates; and on the other hand, the rulers were generally wise and kind, and not provoked into tyranny either by conscious injustice, or extra-national ambition. The Venetians were too contented with what was done and allowed, to quarrel for the last, sad privilege of political talking; and provided a Venetian did not talk politics, he might talk or do any thing he pleased. Thus they were like a happy family living under a father of austere aspect and real goodnature. But as their less happy neighbours outgrew them, this happy family was to be disturbed; and it was so. Venice in common with the other northern states of Italy became the property of the greatest neighbour for the time being,—of the Court of Vienna first, then of France, and now of Vienna again. Its nobles are at length ruined; its palaces almost deserted; and the gay Venetian, now a pensive ani-

mal to what he was, meditates on the approaching period when his very city is to be forsaken by the sea; when Venice itself, eyeless, voiceless, and dead, is to stand like a gigantic skeleton on a stagnant and deserted shore, whistling with the screams of sea-fowl, and the disdainful rushing of the wind.

This apprehension now appears to be a good deal entertained. It was entertained also nearly forty years back, perhaps long before; and was understood to be disproved at that time. According to the systems, however, and calculations of modern philosophy, the sea-coasts all over the globe are in a constant state either of an accretion or diminution of waters; and the imagination, in its gloomier moments, may still contemplate the desolation of Venice, approaching or far off.

Still the Venetians compared with most other people are a happy race. The blood runs quicker in their veins. They have more music, more freshness and easiness of life, more cordiality of intercourse. The good-natured philosopher still finds in Venice the greatest mixture of liveliness and sentiment: the restless man of genius, impatient of the contradiction of his young hopes, still finds there something to admire and to love. If the Venetians have been thought to be of too amorous a disposition, they are acknowledged to be temperate in every other respect, and to make excellent parents and kinsfolk: and it is to be observed that in many of the cities of Italy, the proneness to love has gradually produced a state of opinion on those matters, less severe than in some other countries; so that they do not violate their consciences so much as might be supposed, and the guilt is of necessity diminished with the sense of it. A late traveller says, that the most striking thing after all, in Venice, is the extreme kindness and attentiveness of all ranks of people to one another. A young man going by with a burden begs his "good father" (any given old gentleman) to let him have way; and the good father in as unaffected a tone is happy to make way for his "son." It may be answered, considering the Venetian character, that this is but natural; and that the old gentleman does not know whom he may be talking to. But these, we conceive, are evidences which the disputatious moralist would do better in letting alone.

[As this publication is unstamped, it will not circulate by means of the general post without a heavy expense. Persons in the country who wish to become subscribers, should therefore order it of booksellers who send weekly or monthly parcels to their respective places of residence. The delay would be of little consequence with a work not containing any thing of merely temporary interest.]

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard,
No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square.

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land : but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye :
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. III.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1819.

GODIVA.

THIS is the lady, who under the title of Countess of Coventry, used to make such a figure in our childhood upon some old pocket-pieces of that city. We hope she is in great request there still; or the inhabitants deserve to be sent *from* Coventry. That city used to be famous in saintly legends for the visit of the eleven thousand virgins,—an “incredible number,” saith Selden. But the eleven thousand virgins have vanished with their credibility; and a real noble-hearted woman of flesh and blood is Coventry's true immortality.

The story of Godiva is not a fiction, as many suppose it. At least it is to be found in Matthew of Westminster, and is not of a nature to have been a mere invention. Her name, and that of her husband, Leofric, are mentioned in an old charter recorded by another early historian. That the story is omitted by Hume and others argues little against it; for the latter are accustomed to confound the most interesting anecdotes of times and manners with something below the dignity of history (a very absurd mistake); and Hume, of whose philosophy better things might have been expected, is notoriously less philosophical in his history than in any other of his works. A certain coldness of temperament, not unmixed with aristocratical pride, or at least from a great aversion from every thing like vulgar credulity, rendered his scepticism so extreme, that it became in spite of itself a sort of superstition in turn, and blinded him to the claims of every species of enthusiasm, civil as well as religious. Milton, with his poetical eyesight; saw better when he meditated the history of his native country. We do not remember whether he relates the present story; but we remember well, that at the beginning of his fragment on that subject, he says he shall relate doubtful stories as well as authentic ones, for the benefit of those, if no others, who will know how to make use of them,—namely, the poets.* We have faith however in the story ourselves. It has innate evidence enough for

* When Dr. Johnson, among his other impatient accusations of our great republican, charged him with telling unwarrantable stories in his history, he must have overlooked this announcement; and yet, if we recollect, it is but in the second page of the fragment. So hasty, and blind, and liable to be put to shame, is prejudice.

us, to give full weight to that of the old annalist. Imagination can invent a good deal; affection more: but affection can sometimes do things, such as the tenderest imagination is at least not in the habit of inventing; and this piece of noble-heartedness we believe to have been one of them.

Leofric, Earl of Leicester, was the lord of a large feudal territory in the middle of England, of which Coventry formed a part. He lived in the time of Edward the Confessor; and was so eminently a feudal lord, that the hereditary greatness of his dominion appears to have been singular even at that time, and to have lasted with an uninterrupted succession from Ethelbald to the Conquest,—a period of more than three hundred years. He was a great and useful opponent of the famous Earl Goodwin.

Whether it was owing to Leofric or not, does not appear; but Coventry was subject to a very oppressive tollage, by which it would seem that the feudal despot enjoyed the greater part of the profit of all marketable commodities. The progress of knowledge has shewn us how abominable, and even how unhappy for all parties, is an injustice of this description; yet it gives one an extraordinary idea of a mind in those times, to see it capable of piercing through the clouds of custom, of ignorance, and even of self-interest, and petitioning the petty tyrant to forego such a privilege. This mind was Godiva's. The other sex, always more slow to admit reason through the medium of feeling, were then occupied to the full in their warlike habits. It was reserved for a woman to anticipate whole ages of liberal opinion, and to surpass them in the daring virtue of setting a principle above a custom.

The countess entreated her lord to give up his fancied right; but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful raillery that could not be bitter with so sweet an earnestness, that he would give up his tax, provided she rode through the city of Coventry, naked. She took him at his word; and said she would. One may imagine the astonishment of a fierce unlettered chieftain, not untinged with chivalry, at hearing a woman, and that too of the greatest delicacy and rank, maintaining seriously her intention of acting in a manner contrary to all that was supposed fitting for her sex, and at the same time forcing upon him a sense of the very beauty of her conduct by its principled excess. It is probable, that as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise: but be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from hurt. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets upon pain of death. The day came; and Coventry, it may be imagined, was silent as death. The lady went out at the palace door, was set on horseback, and at the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath; then taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and so, with only

her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her gentle way through the streets.*

What scene can be more touching to the imagination,—beauty, modesty, feminine softness, a daring sympathy; an extravagance, producing by the nobleness of its object and the strange gentleness of its means, the grave and profound effect of the most reverend custom. We may suppose the scene taking place in the warm noon; the doors all shut, the windows closed; the earl and his court serious and wondering; the other inhabitants, many of them gushing with grateful tears, and all reverently listening to hear the footsteps of the horse; and lastly, the lady herself, with a downcast but not a shame-faced eye, looking towards the earth through her flowing locks, and riding through the dumb and deserted streets, like an angelic spirit.

It was an honourable superstition in that part of the country, that a man who ventured to look at the fair saviour of his native town; was struck blind. But the vulgar use to which this superstition has been turned by some writers of late times, is not so honourable. The whole story is as unvulgar and as sweetly serious, as can be conceived.

Drayton has not made so much of this subject, as might have been expected; yet what he says is said well and earnestly.

— Coventry at length

From her small mean regard, recovered state and strength;
By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage were expelled;
Whose dutchess which desired this tribute to release,
Their freedom often begged. The duke, to make her cease,
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark naked upon a horse
By daylight through the street: which certainly he thought
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
That in her former suit she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

We wonder that none of our painters have yet drawn us Godiva upon her horse. They can hardly have met with the subject, or surely they would have fallen in love with it.

* “Nuda,” says Matthew of Westminster, “equum ascendens, erines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit.” See Selden’s Notes to the Polyolbion of Drayton. Song 13. It is Selden from whom we learn, that Leofric was Earl of Leicester, and the other particulars of him mentioned above. The Earl was buried at Coventry, his Countess most probably in the same tomb.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

One of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. We spoke of this in our first number, and shall often have occasion to recur to it. It is an art that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet

if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones : for unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations, press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images become suspended.

And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on. Nor indeed does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight, in the midst of objects that would tease and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will relieve us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St. Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us ; but some pleasant images are at hand even there to refresh it. They do not displace the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite ; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St. Giles's church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer ; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself too is a handsome one ; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighbourhood, which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke towards the city, and shewed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some. It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis ? And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it : it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave ; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower ; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the scite pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

To return over the water, who would expect any thing poetical from East Smithfield ? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. So was Gray, in Cornhill. So was Milton, in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence of the same

great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Church-yard, Fleet-street; in Aldersgate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's-inn-Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion-square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St. James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician; and he died in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields; and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Ben Jonson, who was born "in Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross," was at one time "master" of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Beaumont, writing to him from the country, in an epistle full of jovial wit, says,—

The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring,
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent, is
Here our best haymaker: forgive me this:
It is our country style:—In this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

Metinks the little wit I had, is lost,
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid? Hard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown
Wit, able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit, that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty;—though but downright fools, mere wise.

The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time, was the Devil tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar. Ben Jonson lived, also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's-inn garden wall, which looks upon Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar still remaining.

Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stands in the heart of the city unknown to most persons; like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes) lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Grey Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt.

Here also lies Thomas Burdet, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward the Fourth, for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag which the king had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficient contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward the Second.

She, wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs.
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate.—GRAY.

Her "mate's" heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; or after reading one of Shakspeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night time, as we used. Camden, "the nourrice of antiquitie," received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others known in the literary world, were bred two of the most powerful and deep-spirited writers of the present day; whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

In a palace on the scite of Hatton-garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook-house, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the "friend of Sir Philip Sydney." In the same street, died, by a voluntary death, of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton,—

The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.
WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the workhouse in Shoe-lane;—a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's-inn lived, and in Gray's-inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet-street corner of Chancery-lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell.* Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the Tatler was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock-street was

* The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them it is believed was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street.

then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world ; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the Beggar's Opera. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell-street,—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand. We think we recollect reading also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden church-yard ; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester-square, on the scite of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester-house. Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's-street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland-house, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel ; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill ; and that on the scite of the present Southampton-buildings ; Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also ? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap,—the Boar's-head tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by a similar sign. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's-head ? Have we not all been there time out of mind ? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps ?

But a line or two, a single sentence in an author of former times, will often give a value to the commonest object. It not only gives us a sense of its duration, but we seem to be looking at it in company with its old observer ; and we are reminded at the same time of all that was agreeable in him. We never saw, for instance, even the gilt ball at the top of the College of Physicians, without thinking of that plea-

sant mention of it in Garth's Dispensary ; and of all the wit and generosity of that amiable man :—

Not far from that most celebrated place,*
Where angry Justice shews her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate
That great ones may enjoy the world in state ;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height ;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill.

* The Old Bailey.

Gay, in describing the inconvenience of the late narrow part of the Strand, by St. Clement's, took away a portion of it's unpleasantness to the next generation, by associating his memory with the objects in it. We did not miss without regret even the "combs" that hung "dangling in your face" at a shop which he describes, and which was standing till the improvements took place. The rest of the picture is still alive. (Trivia, b. 3.)

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand ;
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds
Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;
Team follows team, crouds heaped on crouds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

There is a touch in the Winter Picture in the same poem, which every body will recognise :—

At White's the harnessed chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hauds.

The bewildered passenger in the Seven Dials is compared to Theseus in the Cretan Labyrinth. And thus we come round to the point at which we began.

Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the city, as far as Stratford at Bow, where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer's has existed as a piece of local humour for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioress, who makes such a delicate figure among his Canterbury Pilgrims, he tells us, among her other accomplishments, that—

French she spake full faire and featously ;
adding with great gravity—

After the school of Stratforde atte Bowe ;
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. IV.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3d, 1819.

THE BEAU MISER, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AT BRIGHTON.

THERE was a man of the name of Kennedy, who was well known to people of fashion in our childhood, but with whose origin, pretensions, or way of living, nobody was acquainted. That he was rich was certain, for he wore the most precious stones on his fingers, and was known to keep a great deal of money at a banker's. He was evidently very fond of the upper circles, and for some time was admitted into their parties. He was now and then at the opera; oftener at routs and balls; and always went to court, when he could get there.

We have heard him described. He was a very spare man, not much above thirty, of the middle height, with eyes a little shut and lowering, a small nose, and a very long chin. But he dressed extremely well; had a softness of manners amounting to the timid; and paid exceeding homage to every person and thing of any fashionable repute.

All this, for some time, procured him a good reception; but at last, people began to wonder, that though he got invitations from every body, he gave none himself. It was not even known that he ever made a present, or had a person home with him even to a luncheon or a cup of tea. Twice he gave a great dinner, at which it was owned that there was a profusion of every thing; but though it was not at a tavern, it was not at his own place of abode; and the people of the house knew nothing about him.

All this gave rise to a suspicion, that he was a miser; and people soon contrived to have pretty strong proofs of it. In vain the least bashful of his acquaintances admired the beauty of his numerous rings; in vain others applied to him for loans of money, some by way of trial and others from necessity; in vain his movements were watched by the more idle and gossiping; in vain hints were thrown out and questions asked, and his very footsteps pursued. His rings

were all keepsakes ; he always had no money *just then* ; he referred for his lodgings to an hotel, where he occasionally put up, perhaps for that very purpose ; and a curious fellow, who endeavouring to follow him home one night, was led such an enormous round through street after street, and even suburb after suburb, that he gave up the point with an oath.

After this, his acquaintance grew more and more shy of him ; they gradually left off inviting him to their houses, some from mercenary disappointment, some from a more generous disgust, others because the rest did so ; and at last, just after a singular adventure which happened to him at Brighton, he totally disappeared.

Every body took him for a madman on that occasion. He had not been at the place above a day or two, and was seen, during that time, walking about the beach very thoughtfully, with an air of sorrow, owing, it was conjectured, to his having put himself to the expense of travelling without obtaining his expected repayment, for nobody invited him. But be this as it may, he was seen, one morning, running in the most violent manner across the Steyne, and crying out " Fire ! " His face was as pale as death ; he seemed every now and then, in the midst of his haste, to be twitched and writhed up with a sort of convulsion ; and his hat having been blown off by the wind, no wonder he was thought seized with a frenzy. Yet when he arrived at his lodging, there was no fire, nor even a symptom of it.

The suspicion of his being out of his wits, was rendered still stronger by a rumour which took place the same day ; for the servants of the family which he used to visit most, and in which he was paying his addresses to a young lady, declared that not many minutes after the uproar about the fire, he came to their master's house, through the by-ways, with a coal-heaver's hat on. And the assertion was confirmed by some tradesmen who had seen him pass, and by some boys who had followed him with shouts and nick-names.

The mystery supplied the world with talk for more than a week, when at length it was explained through the family we have just mentioned. Kennedy, it seems, was really a miser, and had inherited the estates of a third or fourth cousin, whose name he took. He had had little or no acquaintance with his kinsman, before he found himself his heir. His father was a petty overseer somewhere or other, at a great distance from London ; and the cousin, whose estates he succeeded to, was the son of a general officer in the East-India service. The cousin had had a son whom he sent abroad to follow his grandfather's profession ; but receiving the news of his death a little before his own, he sickened the faster, and being in a state of great weakness and despondency, left his estates to his next heir, without having much heart to inquire what sort of person he was. The fortunate young overseer quitted his shop immediately, and coming up to town had occasion to wait on a young lady, to whom his cousin's son had been attached. It was to give her a lock of her lover's hair, and a gold watch which his father sent her with it in token of his own regard for her. A little note accompanied them,

which she shewed one day with the tears in her eyes, though she was then happy enough :—

“ I leave you no money, my dear child ; I am dying, and you are wealthy enough, and money is not the thing wanted by either of us. Just before I received the news of my poor boy's death, he sent me this lock of his hair for you, to shew you how glossy and healthy --- Excuse me, my love ;—the tears blot out what I was going to write ; and so they ought. But I know well enough that the kind-hearted generous girl who was worthy of him, will think I pay her a greater compliment in leaving her only what belonged to her Charles, than if I had sent her all the money which he never possessed. The next heir, I am told, is a good young man, and he is poor, with a number of poor relations. The watch was Charles's, when a boy. My father gave it me, and I to him, and he used to say that he would——God in heaven bless you, my poor, sweet girl, prays your *old*

CHARLES KENNEDY.”

The consequence of the new heir's visiting Miss Cameron, was his falling in love with her ; if such a miser as he turned out to be, could be said to fall in love. But though she could not help pitying him at first, as she afterwards said, it was only on account of his strange habits, which she soon detected, and which she foresaw would make him ridiculous and unhappy wherever he went. He soon tired and disgusted her. After a very unequivocal repulse one day, which seemed to make him prodigiously thoughtful and unhappy, he came in the evening, with a mixture of odd triumph and uneasiness in his aspect, at which Miss Cameron said she could hardly forbear laughing, even from a feeling of bitterness. She saw that he expected to make an impression on her of some sort ; and so he did ; for taking an opportunity of speaking with her alone, he drew out of his waistcoat pocket, with much anxiety, the first present his wealth had ever made her,—a fine diamond pin. A very fine one she confessed it was. It was clear that he thought this irresistible ; and nothing could exceed his surprize when she refused him peremptorily once more, and the pin with him. She owned that her sense of the ridiculous so far surmounted her other feelings, as to give her a passing inclination to accept the diamond, as she knew very well that he had reckoned on it's returning to him by marriage. But her contempt recovered itself ; and her disgust and scorn were completed by his mentioning the words “ Mrs. Kennedy,” which brought so noble and lamented a contrast before her, and visited her so fiercely with a sense of what she had lost, that she quitted the room with a sort of breathless and passionate murmur.

This was but the day before the adventure of the fire. She was almost inclined on the latter occasion to think him mad, as others did, especially when he once more appeared before her, shuffling in a most ludicrous manner with something in his hand which he wished to conceal, and which she found afterwards was the hat. He would

not have ventured to appear before her again; but the truth was, that her father, who was but an ordinary sort of monied man, and not very delicate, did not interfere as he ought, to prevent her being thus persecuted. But not only was the mystery explained to her next day: it was the most important one of both their lives.

On the morning when Kennedy was frightened by the fire, he was standing very thoughtfully by the Ship Inn, near the sea-side, when he was suddenly clapped by somebody on the shoulder. He turned round with a start, and saw a face which he knew well enough. It was that of a gentleman who, riding once when a youth, by the place where he lived, had saved him from drowning in a little piece of water. Some mischievous companions had hustled him into it, not knowing how far their malicious joke might have gone. When he was pulled out, and had recovered from his first fright, he thanked the young gentleman in as warm a way as he could express; and taking fourpence-halfpenny out of a little leathern bag, offered it him as a proof of his gratitude. The young gentleman declining it with a good-natured smile, thinking the offer to be the effect of mere simplicity; but the lads who were looking on, and who had helped to get him out when told of the danger, burst out into taunting reproaches of the fellow's meanness, and informed his preserver that he had at least three shillings in the other fob of his leathern bag, besides silver pennies. So saying, they wrenched it out of his hands, in spite of his crying and roaring; and one of them opening it, shook out, together with the water, five shillings in sixpences, and the silver pennies to boot. The young gentleman laughed and blushed at the same instant, and not knowing well what to do, for he longed to give the young miser a lesson, and yet thought it would be unjust to share the money between the lads who had nearly drowned him, said to him, "I am not the only one to whom you are indebted for being saved, for it was the screams of those little girls there which brought me to you, and so you know," continued he, with a laugh which the others joined, "they ought to be rewarded as well as myself. Don't you think so?" "Yes, Sir," mumbled the young hunks, half frightened, and half sulky. The young gentleman then divided all the silver but a shilling among the little girls, who dropped him a hundred curtsies; and giving the fourpence-halfpenny to the boy who had been most forward in helping, and least noisy in accusing, rode off amidst the shouts of the rest.

It was the first time the two had met since. "I believe," said the stranger, with a sort of smile "I have had the honour of meeting you before?" "The same, Sir," answered the other, "at your service. I believe, Sir,—I think,—I am sure." "Yes, Sir," returned the stranger, "it was I who played you that trick with your bag of sixpences."—"Oh, dear Sir," rejoined the other, half ashamed at the recollection, and admiring the fashionable air of his preserver, "I am sure I had no reason to complain. Been abroad, Sir, I presume, by a certain brownness of complexion, not at all unbecoming?" "Yes, Sir," said the gentleman, smiling more and

more: "I hope you have been as lucky at home, as some of us who go abroad?"

"Why, yes, Sir;—I have a pretty fortune, thank heaven, though at present—just now—"

"Oh, my dear Sir," interrupted the stranger, with a peculiar sort of look, in which animal spirits and a sense of the ridiculous seemed predominant—"I can wait—I can wait."

"Can wait, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, I know what you mean; you have a sort of liberal yearning, which incites you to make me an acknowledgment for the little piece of service I was enabled to render you. But I am not poor, Sir; and indeed should decline such a thing from any but a man of fortune, and upon any other score than that of relieving his own feelings; so that I can very easily wait, you know, for an opportunity more convenient to you; when I shall certainly not hesitate to accept a trifle or so,—a brilliant—or a diamond seal,—or any little thing of that sort."

"Bless me, Sir, you are very good. But you see, Sir, you—you—see—I am very sorry, Sir, but no doubt—in the fashionable circles,—but at present, I have an engagement."

"Ah, Sir," said the stranger with a careless air, and giving him a thump on the shoulder which made him jump—"pray do not let me interrupt you. I only hope you are not lodging in—in—what's the name of the street?"

"North-street?—I tried the Steyne, but—"

"Ah, North-street."

"Why so, Sir, pray?" asked the other, with an air of increasing fidget and alarm, and looking about him.

"Why, Sir, an accident has just happened there."

"An accident! Oh, my dear Sir, you know those sort of things cannot be helped."

"No, Sir, but it's a very awkward sort of accident, and the lodger, I understand, is from home."

"How, Sir,—what lodger,—what accident, what is it you mean, dear Sir?"

"Why, look there, my good friend—look there;—there they are, removing them—removing the goods:—a fire has broken out."

Kennedy seemed petrified. There was a great crowd in the street to which the stranger pointed, occasioned by a scuffle with a puppet-show man. The boys were shouting, and the little moveable Punch theatre tumbled about in the top of the fray, looking in the distance, like a piece of a bedstead, or some other sort of goods.

"There they are—" continued the stranger, "now they take away the bedstead,—now they bring the engines,—now they are conveying out something else,—the smoke—don't you see the smoke!"

"O lord, I do, I do," exclaimed the miser, who saw nothing but his own imagination, and his boxes of brilliants carried off. He turned deadly pale; then red, then pale again, and seeming to sum-

mon up a convulsive strength, sprang off with all his might, and rushed across the Steyne like a madman.

When he arrived at his lodgings he found the street empty, and the house quite cool, and being anxious to make the best and quickest of his story with his mistress and her father, went there as instantly as possible: but first, in a great hurry, he borrowed a hat of his landlord, who half in haste also, and half in joke, gave him one of his coal-meter's, which he unconsciously put on.

Scarcely had he astonished the young lady, and set his foot again out of doors, than he encountered the stranger who had played him the joke. His first impulse was to be very angry, but he wanted courage to complain; and recollecting his first adventure with his preserver, would have passed by under pretence of not seeing him. He was stopped however by the elbow. "My dear Sir," exclaimed the stranger with his old smile, "I rejoice to find that all was safe." "Pray," continued he, changing his aspect, and looking grave and earnest,—“You know the various families at Brighton;—I have found just now that there is one here which will save me a journey to London—the name is Cameron—can you tell me where they live? There is a person of the name of Kennedy also, who I understand is here too;—but that doesn't signify at present;—pray tell me if you know where the Camerons are?”

“There, there, Sir,” answered the other, almost frightened out of his wits, and anxious to get away;—“there, two or three doors off.”

The stranger dropped his arm in an instant, and in an instant knocked at the door. With almost as much speed poor Kennedy returned to his lodging. We know not what he was thinking about; but he surprised the landlord with his exceeding hurry to be gone; and gone he would have been much sooner than he was, if it had not been for a dispute about a bill, which he was in the midst of contesting, when a footman came from the Camerons, requesting his presence immediately upon important business.

The poor miser's mortifications were not to cease by the way. The footman, upon being admitted to him, turned out to be the same person who was riding as a foot-boy behind the young gentleman, when the latter came up to help him out of the water. “Good God, sir,” says the man, who had something of his master's look about him; “I beg your pardon,—but are you the Mr. Kennedy who has got my master's fortune?” The other had been agitated already; but the whole truth seemed now to come upon him as fast, as if it would squeeze the breath out of his body; and muttering a few indistinct words, he motioned to the footman that he would go with him. He then looked about in a bewildered manner for his hat, and taking up the coal-heaver's, which in spite of some other feelings, made the footman turn aside to hold his own to his mouth, he dropped it down again, and turning as pale as a sheet, fell back into a chair.

The footman, after administering a glass of water, called up the landlord; and begging him, in a respectful manner, to take care of the

gentleman, to whom he would fetch his master, hastened back to inform the latter, who, comparing the accounts of his old acquaintance with the Camerons, has already guessed the secret, to the great wondering of all parties.

You have doubtless been guessing with him ; and it is easy to fancy the remainder. There had been a false return of the young soldier's death, in accounts from the army in India. He had been taken prisoner, and when he obtained his liberty, learnt with great grief and surprise that his father had died under the impression that he was dead also, and had left his property to unknown heirs. The property would have been a very secondary thing, in his mind, for it's own sake ; and he was aware he could regain it ; but his father's death afflicted him much, particularly under all the circumstances ; and he felt so much anguish at the thought of what Miss Cameron must suffer, to whom he had plighted his faith but two years before, that it was with difficulty he held up against grief, and hurry, and a burning climate, so as not to fall into an illness ; the very fear of which, and the delay that it would cause, was almost enough to produce it. Not to mention that it was possible his mistress believing him dead, might too quickly enter into engagements with another, though he did not suppose it very likely. But we need not dwell upon these matters. He found his mistress the same as ever ; shed sweet bitter tears with her, for his father, his own supposed loss, and her grieving constancy ; and regaining his fortune, settled an income upon the poor raiser ; which the latter, remembering the adventure of the drowning, could hardly believe possible.

TO THE LARES

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES.

Ye little household fairies,
 Called anciently the Lares,
 Who on my study shelf there,
 Though Venus was herself there,
 Slept all the summer hours,
 Beneath your little bowers
 Of glassy-watered flowers ;—
 Your busy time is come now ;
 So take care, all and some now ;
 And keep my hearth in order
 Through every nook and border ;
 And let the fire burn brightly
 And solidly yet lightly,
 With just a little clinking,
 To soothe me while I'm thinking ;
 And fit for glorious poking,
 In case a friend should look in.
 So may your shelf afford ye

Fit place to bed and board ye,
 With never dust or smoking
 (That acrimonious choking!)
 But evergreens and berries,
 And all the best which there is
 Among the winter flowers
 To serve ye still for bower ;
 And sticks of odorous wood to
 Send up your Godships food too ;
 And some divine antique too,
 Which ye may whisper Greek to ;
 And then a sea-shell glistening,
 With music for your listening ;
 And chimney-mounting vapours
 With all their coils and capers,
 Such as are fit for chacing,
 When ye would go a racing.

TOLERATION.

The world has afforded some melancholy examples of great and good minds rendered intolerant by mistaking dogmas for religion: but in general, a man's intolerance is in proportion to his want of wisdom and natural kindness. It is only an extreme evidence, from whatever cause arising, of the inability to bear an argument; whether from conscious tendency to doubt, and want of candour or courage to acknowledge it; or from a fierce egotism too proud to be differed with; or from the callousness of mere worldly supereminence, ready to trample down every thing that endangers it's authority, or shames it with it's truth; or lastly, from fright and imbecility, which confound mere custom with every species of security and good. Ordinary intolerance generally arises from the first or the last of these causes. Dr. Johnson, who longed to repose in the bosom of an infallible church, was intolerant from the united influence of doubt rendered melancholy by disease. But his intolerance lay chiefly in discourse. He had a great deal of real charity and goodness, with all his dictatorial manners. Henry the 8th was intolerant from a ferocious self-love, changing his own opinion as he pleased, and then calling on others to obey the new ones as they had done the old. Lastly, such a man as Bonner appears to have been intolerant from sheer hard-hearted worldliness, mixed perhaps with an impious belief that the Supreme Being was a tyrant after the fashion of worldly tyrants, and was to be so served and made court to. But toleration has been gradually increasing with the strength of opinion and the press. It is pressed upon with less hardness at every fresh use of the foot of authority, however foolish and uncharitable even that pressure may be. And the last and best proof of it's increase (a proof, which ought to shame all it's enemies) is, that intolerance itself is treated with candour.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—What is called knowledge of the world is in general nothing better than an ignorance of nine-tenths of the creation.

ART OF WRITING.—One of the arts of writing, at least as far as the communication of pleasure is concerned, is to write with enjoyment. He whose task gives himself real pleasure for it's own sake, unaccompanied with uneasy thoughts about it's success or with the mere pride of authorship, can hardly fail in communicating some portion of his pleasure to others, if it be only from their witnessing his own gladdened face.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard, No. 18, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *Cuculus indicator* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the Moroe, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busle, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. V.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1819.

TO ANY ONE WHOM BAD WEATHER DEPRESSES.

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little enquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times; and try if you cannot find out new means of getting over them better.

Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits. The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body; but the body also affects the mind. There is a mutual re-action between them; and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow. The blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour therefore to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by over-exciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.

Regard the bad weather, as somebody has advised us to handle the nettle. In proportion as you are delicate with it, it will make you feel; but

Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And the rogue obeys you well.

Do not the less however, on that account, take all reasonable precaution and arms against it,—your boots, &c. against wet feet, and your great coat or umbrella against the rain. It is timidity and flight, which are to be deprecated, not proper armour for the battle. The first will lay you open to defeat, on the least attack. A proper use of the latter will only keep you strong for it. Plato had such a high opinion of exercise, that he said it was a cure even for a

wounded conscience. Nor is this opinion a dangerous one. For there is no system, even of superstition, however severe or cruel in other matters, that does not allow a wounded conscience to be curable by some means. Nature will work out it's rights and it's kindness some way or other, through the worst sophistications; and this is one of the instances in which she seems to raise herself above all contingencies. The conscience may have been wounded by artificial or by real guilt; but then she will tell it in those extremities, that even the real guilt may have been produced by circumstances. It is her kindness alone, which nothing can pull down from it's predominance.

See fair play between cares and pastimes. Diminish your mere wants as much as possible, whether you are rich or poor: for the rich man's wants, increasing by indulgence, are apt to outweigh even the abundance of his means; and the poor man's diminution of them renders his means the greater. Do not want money, for instance, for money's sake. There is excitement in the pursuit; but it is dashed with more troubles than most others, and gets less happiness at last. On the other hand, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments. Cultivate your afternoon fireside, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music, theatres, amusing books, an urbane and generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, has either yet to grow wiser or is past it. In the one case, his notion of being childish is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that it dare not move for fear of tumbling to pieces.

A friend of ours, who knows as well as any man how to unite industry with enjoyment, has set an excellent example to those who can afford the leisure, by taking two Sabbaths every week instead of one,—not Methodistical Sabbaths, but days of rest which pay true homage to the Supreme Being by enjoying his creation. He will be gratified at reading this paragraph on his second-Sunday morning.

One of the best pieces of advice for an ailing spirit is to go to no sudden extremes,—to adopt no great and extreme changes in diet or other habits. They may make a man look very great and philosophic to his own mind; but they are not fit for a nature, to which custom has been truly said to be a second nature. Dr. Cheyne (as we remember reading on a stall) may tell us that a drowning man cannot too quickly get himself out of the water: but the analogy is not good. If the water has become a second habit, he might almost as well say that a fish could not get too quickly out of it.

Upon this point, Bacon says that we should discontinue what we think hurtful by little and little. And he quotes with admiration the advice of Celsus,—that “a man do vary and interchange contraries, but rather with an inclination to the more benign extreme.” “Use fasting,” he says, “and full eating, but *rather* full eating; watching and sleep, but *rather* sleep; sitting and exercise, but *rather* exercise, and the like; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries.”

We cannot do better than conclude with one or two other passages out of the same Essay, full of his usual calm wisdom. "If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you need it." (He means that a general state of health should not make us over-confident and contemptuous of physic; but that we should use it moderately if required, that it may not be too strange to us when required most.) "If you make it too familiar, it will have no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less."

"As for the passions and studies of the mind," says he, "avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtil and knotty inquiries, joys and exhalations in excess, sadness not communicated" (for as he says finely, somewhere else, They who keep their griefs to themselves, are "cannibals of their own hearts.") "Entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy;" (that is to say, cheerfulness rather than what we call boisterous merriment); "variety of delights, rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature."

CHARLES BRANDON, AND MARY QUEEN OF FRANCE.

The fortune of Charles Brandon was remarkable. He was an honest man, yet the favourite of a despot. He was brave, handsome, accomplished, possessed even delicacy of sentiment; yet he retained his favour to the last. He even had the perilous honour of being beloved by the despot's sister, without having the least claim to it by birth; and yet instead of it's destroying them both, he was allowed to be her husband.

Charles Brandon was the son of Sir William Brandon, whose skull was cleaved at Bosworth by Richard the Third, while bearing the standard of the Duke of Richmond. Richard dashed at the standard, and appears to have been thrown from his horse by Sir William, whose strength and courage however could not save him from the angry desperation of the king.

But Time, whose wheelles with various motion runne,
Repayes this service fully to his sonne,
Who, marries Richmond's daughter, born betweene
Two royal parents, and endowed a queene.

Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field.

The father's fate must doubtless have had it's effect in securing the fortunes of the son. Young Brandon, we believe, grew up with Henry the Seventh's children, and was the playmate of his future king and bride. The prince, as he increased in years, seems to have carried the idea of Brandon with him like that of a second self; and the

princess, whose affection was not hindered from becoming personal by any thing sisterly, nor on the other hand allowed to waste itself in too equal a familiarity, may have felt a double impulse given to it by the great improbability of her ever being suffered to become his wife. Royal females in most countries have certainly none of the advantages of their rank, whatever the males may have. Mary was destined to taste the usual bitterness of their lot; but she was amply repaid. At the conclusion of the war with France, she was married to the old king Louis the Twelfth, who witnessed from a couch the exploits of her future husband at the tournaments. The doings of Charles Brandon that time were long remembered. The love between him and the young queen was suspected by the French court; and he had just seen her enter Paris in the midst of a gorgeous procession, like Aurora come to marry Tithonus. He dealt his chivalry about him accordingly with such irresistible vigour, that the Dauphin, in a fit of jealousy, secretly introduced into the contest a huge German, who was thought to be of a strength incomparable. But Brandon grappled with him, and with seeming disdain and detection so pummelled him about the head with the hilt of his sword, that the blood burst through the vizor. Imagine the feelings of the queen, when he came and made her an offering of the German's shield. Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles, we know not on what authority, tells us, that on one occasion during the combats, perhaps this particular one, she could not help saying out loud, "Hurt not my sweet Charles," or words to that effect. He then pleasantly represents her as doing away suspicion by falling to commendation of the Dauphin, and affecting not to know who the conquering knight was;—an ignorance not very probable; but the knights sometimes disguised themselves purposely.

The old King did not long survive his festivities. He died in less than three months, on the first day of the year 1515; and Brandon, who had been created Duke of Suffolk the year before, re-appeared at the French court, with letters of condolence, and more persuasive looks. The royal widow was young, beautiful, and rich; and it was likely that her hand would be sought by many princely lovers; but she was now resolved to reward herself for her late sacrifice, and in less than two months she privately married her first love. The queen, says a homely but not mean poet (Warner, in his Albion's England) thought that to cast too many doubts

Were oft to erre no lesse
Than to be rash: and thus no doubt
The gentle queen did guesse,
That seeing this or that, at first
Or last, had likelyhood,
A man so much a manly man
Were dastardly withstood.
Then kisses revelled on their lips,
To either's equal good.

Henry shewed great anger at first, real or pretended: but he had not then been pampered into unbearable self-will by a long reign of

tyranny. He soon forgave his sister and friend; and they were publicly wedded at Greenwich on the 13th of May.

It was during the festivities on this occasion (at least we believe so, for we have not the chivalrous Lord Herbert's life of Henry the 8th by us, which is most probably the authority for the story; and being a good thing, it is omitted, as usual, by his historians) that Charles Brandon gave a proof of the fineness of his nature, equally just towards himself, and conciliating towards the jealous. He appeared at a tournament on a saddle-cloth, made half of frize and half of cloth of gold, and with a motto on each half. One of the mottos ran thus:—

Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

The other:

Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frize.

It is this beautiful piece of sentiment which puts a heart into his history, and makes it worthy remembering.

ON THE HOUSEHOLD GODS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Ancients had three kinds of Household Gods,—the Daimon (Dæmon) or Genius, the Penates, and the Lares. The first was supposed to be a spirit allotted to every man from his birth, some say with a companion; and that one of them was a suggester of good thoughts, and the other of evil. It seems, however, that the Genius was a personification of the conscience, or rather of the prevailing impulses of the mind, or the other self of a man; and it was in this sense most likely that Socrates condescended to speak of his well-known Dæmon, Genius, or Familiar Spirit, who, as he was a good man, always advised him to a good end. The Genius was thought to paint ideas upon the mind in as lively a manner as if in a looking-glass; upon which we chose which of them to adopt. Spenser, a most learned as well as imaginative poet, describes it in one of his most comprehensive though not most poetical stanzas, as

— That celestial Powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertaine in charge particulare;
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee.

Therefore a God him sage antiquity
Did wisely make.—*Faerie Queene, Book 2, st. 47.*

Of the belief in an Evil Genius, a celebrated example is furnished in Plutarch's account of Brutus's vision, of which Shakspeare has given so fine a version (Julius Cæsar, Act 4, Sc. 3.). Beliefs of this

kind seem traceable from one superstition to another, and in some instances are no doubt immediately so. But fear, and ignorance, and even the humility of knowledge are at hand to furnish them, where precedent is wanting. There is no doubt, however, that the Romans, who copied and in general vulgarized the Greek mythology, took their Genius from the Greek Daimon: and as the Greek word has survived and taken shape in the common word Dæmon, which by scornful reference to the Heathen religion came at last to signify a Devil, so the Latin word Genius, not having been used by the translators of the Greek Testament, has survived with a better meaning, and is employed to express our most genial and intellectual faculties. Such and such a man is said to indulge his genius:—he has a genius for this and that art:—he has a noble genius, an airy genius, an original and peculiar genius. And as the Romans from attributing a genius to every man at his birth, came to attribute one to places and to soils, and other more comprehensive peculiarities, so we have adopted the same use of the term into our poetical phraseology. We speak also of the genius, or idiomatic peculiarity, of a language. One of the most curious and edifying uses of the word Genius took place in the English translation of the French Arabian Nights, which speaks of our old friends the Genie and the Genies. This is nothing more than the French word retained from the original translator, who applied the Roman word Genius to the Arabian Dive or Elf.

One of the stories with which Pausanias has enlivened his description of Greece, is relative to a Genius. He says that one of the companions of Ulysses having been killed by the people of Temesa, they were fated to sacrifice a beautiful virgin every year to his manes. They were about to immolate one as usual, when Euthymus, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, touched with pity at her fate and admiration of her beauty, fell in love with her, and resolved to try if he could not put an end to so terrible a custom. He accordingly got permission from the state to marry her, provided he could rescue her from her dreadful expectant. He armed himself, waited in the temple, and the Genius appeared. It was said to have been of an appalling presence. Its shape was every way formidable, its colour of an intense black; and it was girded about with a wolf-skin. But Euthymus fought and conquered it; upon which it fled madly, not only beyond the walls, but the utmost bounds of Temesa, and rushed into the sea.

The Penates were Gods of the house and family. Collectively speaking, they also presided over cities, public roads, and at last over all places with which men were conversant. Their chief government however was supposed to be over the most inner and secret part of the house, and the subsistence and welfare of its inmates. They were chosen at will out of the number of the gods, as the Roman in modern times chose his favourite saint. In fact, they were only the higher gods themselves, descending into a kind of household familiarity. They were the personification of a particular Providence. The

most striking mention of the Penates which we can call to mind is in one of Virgil's most poetical passages. It is where they appear to Æneas, to warn him from Crete, and announce his destined empire in Italy. (Book 3, v. 147.)

Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat.
Effigies sacræ divom, Phrygiæque Penates,
Quos mecum a Troja, mediisque ex ignibus urbis
Extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare jacentis
In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se
Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras.

'Twas night; and sleep was on all living things.
I lay, and saw before my very eyes
Dread shapes of gods, and Phrygian deities,
The great Penates; whom with reverent joy
I bore from out the heart of burning Troy.
Plainly I saw them, standing in the light
Which the moon poured into the room that night.

And again, after they had addressed him,—

Nec sopor illud erat; sed coram agnoscere vultus,
Velatasque comas, præsentiaque ora videbar:
Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor.

It was no dream: I saw them face to face,
Their hooded hair; and felt them so before
My being, that I burst at every pore.

The Lares, or Lars, were the lesser and most familiar Household Gods; and though their offices were afterwards extended a good deal, in the same way as those of the Penates, with whom they are often wrongly confounded, their principal sphere was the fire-place. This was in the middle of the room; and the statues of the Lares generally stood about it in little niches. They are said to have been in the shape of monkeys; more likely mannikins, or rude little human images. Some were made of wax, some of stone, and others doubtless of any material for sculpture. They were represented with good-natured grinning countenances, were clothed in skins, and had little dogs at their feet. Some writers make them the offspring of the goddess Mania, who presided over the spirits of the dead; and suppose that originally they were the same as those spirits; which is a very probable as well as agreeable superstition, the old nations of Italy having been accustomed to bury their dead in their houses. Upon this supposition, the good or benevolent spirits were called Familiar Lares, and the evil or malignant ones Larvæ and Lemures. Thus Milton, in his awful Hymn on the Nativity:—

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

But Ovid tells a story of a gossiping nymph Lara, who having told Juno of her husband's amour with Juturna, was "sent to hell"

by him, and courted by Mercury on the road; the consequence of which was the birth of the Lares. This seems to have a natural reference enough to the gossiping over fire-places.

It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between these lesser Household Gods and some of the offices of our old English elves and fairies. But of them, more by and by. Dacier, in a note upon Horace (Book 1, Od. 12.) informs us, that in some parts of Languedoc, in his time, the fire-place was still called the Lar; and that the name was also given to houses.

Herrick, an excellent poet of the Anacreontic order in the time of Elizabeth, whose works we shall often have occasion to recommend to the reader, and who was visited perhaps more than any poet that ever lived with a sense of the pleasantest parts of the cheerful mythology of the ancients, has written some of his lively little odes upon the Lares. We have not them by us at this moment, but we remember one beginning,—

It was, and still my care is,
To worship you, the Lares.

We take the opportunity of the Lars' being mentioned in it, to indulge ourselves, and we hope our readers, in a little poem of Martial's, very charming for it's simplicity. It is an Epitaph on a child of the name of Erotion.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems.
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguis annua justa dato.
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

THE EPITAPH OF EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone,
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipt away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

We understand that many of our readers mistook the story of the Beau Miser in our last number for a true one, or at least for one founded on fact. We wish to correct this mistake; and shall make a point hereafter of so wording any thing we write in the shape of a narrative, that a mere fiction shall not be confounded with our personal experience. For we would keep the truth of our testimony undisputed.—The fact is, that the story was originally intended to be one of a series told by an imaginary set of persons, after the fashion of the Decameron; and the manner of it became modified accordingly.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard,
No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square.

. THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land; but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with basic curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. VI.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1819.

SOCIAL GENEALOGY.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. (Trist. Book 4. v. 51.) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

2nd Edit.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side-branches or common friendships; but of those we shall give an account by and by. It may be mentioned however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Sir Fulke Greville Lord Brooke, the Friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Spenser's intimacy with Sydney is mentioned by himself, in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club, of which Johnson, Goldsmith, and others were members. He had then, if we remember, just written his *School for Scandal*, which made him the more welcome. Of Johnson's friendship with Savage (we cannot help beginning the sentence with his favourite leading preposition), the well-known *Life* is an interesting and honourable record. It is said that in the commencement of their friendship, they have sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging;—more likely for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him by offering a share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote, which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

"Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for, and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his *Guardian*, appears in the letters and other works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference, which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the *Iliad* to him, over the heads of peers and patrons. Congreve, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him an universal favourite, had the honour in his youth of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

Congreve did so with great tenderness.

Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his *Paradise Lost* into a rhyming tragedy, which he called the *State of Innocence*, or the *Fall of Man*; a work, such as might be expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will." Be the connection, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to *Gondibert*. Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon is also supposed to have had Ben Jonson for a retainer in some capacity; but it is certain that Jonson had his acquaintance, for he records it in his *Discoveries*. And had it been otherwise, his link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sydney, and indeed of many others of his contemporaries. Here then we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing as notorious as their fame. Fuller says, "Many were the wit-combates betwixt

(Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war : master Jonson, (like the former) was built far higher in learning : solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson shew for himself the affection, with which he regarded one, who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the quiet and all-gladdening sun, and turned emulation to worship.

Soul of the age !

Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room;
 Thou art a monument without a tomb;
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

— — — — —
 He was not of an age, but for all time.

ANGLING.

The anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable ; nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nay, if he had books with him and a pleasant day, we can even account for the joyousness of that prince of all punters, who having been seen in the same identical spot one morning and evening, and asked both times whether he had had any success, said No ; but in the course of the day he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime ; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties ; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says,

Here we may
 Think and pray,
 Before death
 Stops our breath.
 Other joys
 Are but toys,
 And to be lamented.

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws.

Other joys
Are but toys.

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp,—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you shew yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud, is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ancles with weeds and stones.

Other joys—
Are but toys.

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is undoubtedly a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his wonderful harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off? All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite insensible to it. And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with loco motion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in;" to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broad cloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more goodnatured and uneasy.* Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies indeed had been a little superabundant; and left him perhaps not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Ac-

* The reader may see both the portraits in the late editions of Walton,

cordingly, we find more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject of angling in his writings, than in those of his father.

Walton says, that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues, that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented;" and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too)

There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey.

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; mere beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by Inquisitors. Indeed among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful chuse to inflict.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Aquiescing with hearty submission, &c.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose pastimes became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes; only the men luckily had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook

with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

Other joys
Are but toys.

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a footpad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and then tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say, that all anglers are of a cruel nature. Many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show, that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.

CASTS FROM SCULPTURE AND GEMS.

There is a set of Italians now going about the streets who sell busts, vases, and other casts in plaister. Every body may not be aware, that some of these casts are after the antique. There is a head, for instance, of the Apollo Belvedere from the statue at Rome; another of Homer; another of Antinous; another, we believe, of a Melpomene, crowned with vine-leaves in allusion to the origin of tragedy; and a head of Sappho, which, if we are not mistaken, is from an ancient gem. They are more frequently seen with busts from statues by Canova, such as a Paris and a Venus; which latter, we confess, with its little scratches of curls in front, and its hair tied up behind like a lump of sausages, we cannot admire. But they will procure the antiques, if asked for. Some of the vases are from the antique; some Florentine, which are fine, but not so good; some French, which are the least in merit. The casts of figures, though copied from the antique, are inferior to the busts. The latter are from good old casts; sometimes worn, but still retaining the general spirit of the original. The figures are from slight and hasty moulds; feeble abridgments,—yet not without their worth either, as resembling the originals, however faintly. There is the Venus de Medici, the Gladiator, the Quoit-Player, the Antinous, the Piping Faun, the Apollo Belvedere, all after the antique; and there is a Couching Venus, after John of Bologna, the original of which must have been like Venus re-appearing from the antique world.

Fewer people are aware how cheaply these things are sold. The little statues are three or four shillings apiece, perhaps less; and a profit is got upon the head of Sappho at eighteen-pence. You may set a price upon Paris's head, and have the knave brought you at two shillings.

Impressions from ancient gems are now also to be had with singular cheapness, in consequence of an invention of Mr. Tassie's, of Leicester-square. He has found out a composition, which enables him to procure in a few days, for three-and-sixpence, an impression exactly resembling that of any gem you may select. This you may either have set for your watch-chain, or keep in your desk or pocket; for the composition is very hard, and does not easily wear or chip off, even at the edges. In a seal or a desk, it might last, we should think, as long as the gem itself. Mr. Tassie's collection of antiques appears to be very extensive. You may have your choice among all the gods and graces of the ancient world,—Jupiters, Apollos, Venuses, the Graces, the Muses, Lyres, Loves, Festivals, Pastorals, Patriots, Poets, and Philosophers.

It may be made an objection to the busts and other plaister casts, that being so white and of such a material, they will not keep clean. But they will keep as clean and as long too as the seals, if taken care of. You have only to wash them lightly but completely over with a brush dipped in linseed oil; and besides their taking a fine yellowish hue, much better than the cold white, the dust may be brushed off ever after as easily as from an oil painting. Paint will secure them in the same way; but it is apt to injure the marking and expression, by thickening the outline, and filling up the more delicate hollows.

Thus for eighteen-pence, a room may be adorned with a cast after the antique. And it must be a very fine picture, in our opinion, which can equal the effect even of a bust, much less of a large statue. There is a kind of presence in sculpture, which there is not in the flat surface and more obvious artifice of painting. It is more companionlike; or rather, it is more godlike, intellectual, and predominant. The very beauty of its shape becomes meditative. There is a look in its calm, sightless eyes, that seems to dispense with the common medium of vision;—a perceiving thought, an undisturbable depth of intuition.

[As this publication is unstamped, it will not circulate by means of the general post without a heavy expense. Persons in the country who wish to become subscribers should therefore order it of booksellers who send weekly or monthly parcels to their respective places of residence. The delay would be of little consequence with a work not containing any thing of merely temporary interest.]

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land; but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CULCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee-Cuckoo, or Honey-Bird.

There he arriving round about doth fly,
And takes survey with baste, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. VII.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1819.

LUDICROUS EXAGGERATION.

Men of wit sometimes like to pamper a favourite joke into exaggeration;—into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible: and the social enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another,—“three-piled hyperboles,”—till the over-done Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Falstaff was a great master of this art. He loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice, that he had lost his voice “with singing of anthems;” and he calls Bardolph’s red nose “a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light;” and says it has saved him “a thousand marks in links and torches,” walking with it “in the night betwixt tavern and tavern.” See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step:—“You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping; from eating draff and husks.—A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies.—No eye hath seen such scarecrows.—I’ll not march through Coventry with them, that’s flat.—Nay, and the villain’s march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had most of them out of prison.—There’s but a shirt and a half in all my company;—and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald’s coat without sleeves.”

An old schoolfellow of ours, (who by the way, was more fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare’s characters) used to be called upon for a story, with a view to a joke of this sort; it being an understood thing that he had a privilege of exaggeration, without committing his abstract love of truth. The reader knows

the old blunder attributed to Goldsmith about a dish of green peas. Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his cook to take some ill-drest peas to Hammersmith, "because that was the way to Turn'em Green;" upon which Goldsmith is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in this fashion;—"John should take those pease, I think, to Hammersmith." "Why so, Doctor?" "Because that is the way to make 'em green." Now our friend would give the blunder with this sort of additional dressing. "At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at his own house, took off the covers, one after another, with great anxiety, till he found that peas were among them; upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and prospective satisfaction. "You are fond of peas, Sir?" said one of the company. "Yes, Sir," said Goldsmith, "particularly so:—I eat them all the year round;—I mean, Sir, every day in the season. I do not think there is any body so fond of peas as I am." "Is there any particular reason, Doctor," asked a gentleman present, "why you like peas so much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste?"—"No, Sir, none whatsoever:—none I assure you" (here Goldsmith shewed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests): "I never heard any particular encomium or speech about them from any one else: but they carry their own eloquence with them: they are things, Sir, of infinite taste." (Here a laugh, which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) "But, bless me!" he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas:—"I fear they are very ill-done: they are absolutely yellow instead of *green*" (here he put a strong emphasis on *green*); "and you know, peas should be emphatically green:—greenness in a pea is a quality as essential, as whiteness in a lily. The cook has quite spoilt them:—but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen, with your permission." Goldsmith then rose and rang the bell violently for the cook, who came in, ready booted and spurred. "Ha!" exclaimed Goldsmith, "those boots and spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, Sir, what you have done?"—"No, Sir."—"Why, you have made the peas yellow, Sir. Go instantly, and take 'em to Hammersmith." "To Hammersmith, Sir?" cried the man, all in astonishment, the guests being no less so:—"please Sir, why am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?"—"Because, Sir," and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation, "that is the way to render those peas green."

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in Butler's *Remains*,—a collection, by the by, well worthy of *Hudibras*, and indeed of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when *Hudibras* is printed without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a short Description of Holland:—

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
 In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous Character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those Anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable, that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning or multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon our amphibious neighbour :—

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
 As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
 And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots, when they heaved the lead;
 Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
 Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with mad labour,* fished the land to shore;
 And dived as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less than what building swallows bear away;
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
 Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole :—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
 Thorough the centre *their new-catched miles*;
 And to the stake *a struggling country* bound,
 Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
 Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
 To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
 Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
 And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
 As if on purpose it on land had come
 To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*;[†]
 A dayly deluge over them does boil;
 The earth and water play at level-coyl;

* Dryden afterwards, of fighting for gain, in his song of "Come, if you dare!"

The Gods from above the mad labour behold.

† A Free Ocean.

The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest :
 And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
 Whole shoals of Dutch seryed up for cabillau.
 Or, as they over the new level ranged,
 For pickled herring, pickled Heeren changed.
 Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake :
 Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like government among them brings :
 For as with Pigmys, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drowned he that drains.
 Not who first sees the rising sun, commands ;
 But who could first discern the rising lands ;
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
 Him they their lord and country's father speak ;
 To make a bank was a great plot of state ;—
 Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these or some other ludicrous verses of Marvell, even, when by ourselves, without laughter ; but we must curtail our self-indulgence for the present.

GILBERT ! GILBERT !

The idea generally conveyed to us by historians of Thomas à Becket is that of a mere haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But in looking more narrowly into the accounts of him, it appears that for a great part of his life he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as man of business ; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness to all ranks, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

All on a sudden, to every body's surprise, Henry the 2nd, from chancellor made him archbishop ; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church put off all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth) ;—and in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced a solitary cloister ; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water ; and in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in it nothing but ambition. We certainly think that three parts of the truth are with the latter ; and that Becket, suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to the new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry, and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life,—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so dif-

ferent a greatness against his former one,—shews, that his character partook at least of as much sincerity, as would enable him to delude himself in good taste. In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was likely that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court: he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his religious office, had a zest given to it's possession, of which the incredulousness of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas à Becket may have inherited his portion of the romantic from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing citizen, was in his youth a soldier in the crusades; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language,—London and Gilbert; and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street pronouncing Gilbert. A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert! Gilbert! She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in prosperous condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servant recognised her; and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary fond word.

These are better histories than the quarrels of kings and archbishops.

FATAL MISTAKE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS FOR INSANITY.

Some affecting catastrophes in the public papers induce us to say a few words on the mistaken notions, which are so often, in our opinion, the cause of their appearance. It is much to be wished that some physician, truly so called, and philosophically competent to the task; would write a work on this subject. We have plenty of books on symptoms and other alarming matters, very useful for increasing the harm already existing. We believe also there are some works of a different kind, if not written in direct counteraction; but the learned authors are apt to be so prodigiously grand and etymological in their title-pages, that they must frighten the general understanding with their very advertisements.

There is this great difference between what is generally understood by the word insanity, and the nervous or melancholy disorders, the excess of which is so often confounded with it. Insanity is a consequence of malformation of the brain, and is by no means of necessity attended with melancholy or even ill health. The patient, in the very midst of it, is often strong, healthy, and even chearful. On the other hand, nervous disorders or even melancholy in it's most aggravated state, is nothing but the excess of a state of stomach and blood, extremely common. The mind no doubt will act upon that state and exasperate it; but there is great reaction between mind and body; and as it is a common thing for a man in an ordinary fever, or fit of the bile, to be melancholy, and even to do or feel inclined to do an extravagant thing, so it is as common for him to get well and be quite chearful again. Thus it is among witless people that the true insanity will be found. It is the more intelligent that are subject to the other disorders; and a proper use of their intelligence will shew them what the disorders are.

But weak treatment may frighten the intelligent. A kind person for instance, in a fit of melancholy, may confess that he feels an inclination to do some desperate or even cruel thing. This is often treated at once as insanity, instead of an excess of the kind just mentioned; and the person seeing he is thought mad, begins to think himself so, and at last acts as if he were. This is a lamentable evil; but it does not stop here. The children or other relatives of the person may become victims to the mistake. They think there is madness, as the phrase is, "in the family;" and so whenever they feel ill, or meet with a misfortune, the thought will prey upon their minds; and this may lead to catastrophes, with which they have really no more to do than any other sick or unfortunate people. How many persons have committed an extravagance in a brain fever, or undergone hallucinations of mind in consequence of getting an ague, or taking opium, or fifty other causes; and yet the moment the least wandering of mind is observed in them, others become frightened; their fright is manifested beyond all necessity; and the patients and their family must suffer for it. They seem to think, that no disorder can properly be held a true Christian sickness, and fit for charitable interpretation, but where the patient has gone regularly to bed, and had curtains, and caudle-cups, and nurses about him, like a well-behaved respectable sick gentleman. But this state of things implies muscular weakness, or weakness of that sort which renders the bodily action feeble. Now, in nervous disorders, the muscular action may be as strong as ever; and people may reasonably be allowed a world of illness, sitting in their chairs, or even walking or running.

These mistaken pronouncers upon disease ought to be told, that when they are thus unwarrantably frightened, they are partaking of the very essence of what they misapprehend; for it is *fear*, in all it's various degrees and modifications, which is at the bottom of nervousness and melancholy; not fear in it's ordinary sense, as opposed to

cowardice, (for a man who would shudder at a bat or a vague idea, may be bold as a lion against an enemy), but imaginative fear;—fear either of something known or of the patient knows not what;—a vague sense of terror,—an impulse,—an apprehension of ill,—dwelling upon some painful and worrying thought. Now this suffering is inevitably connected with a weak state of the body in some respects, particularly of the stomach. Hundreds will be found to have felt it, if patients enquire; but the mind is sometimes afraid of acknowledging it's apprehensions even to itself; and thus fear broods over and hatches fear.

These disorders, generally speaking, are greater or less in their effects according to the exercise of reason. But do not let the word be misunderstood: we should rather say, according to the extent of the information. A very imaginative man will indeed be likely to suffer more than others; but if his knowledge is at all in proportion, he will also get through his ail better than an uninformed man suffering great terrors. And the reason is, that he knows how much bodily unhealthiness has to do with it. The very words that frighten the unknowing, might teach them better, if understood. Thus insanity itself properly means nothing but unhealthiness or unsoundness. Derangement explains itself, and may surely mean very harmless things. Melancholy is compounded of two words, which signify dark bile. Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach, a very instructive etymology. And lunacy refers to effects, real or imaginary, of particular states of the moon; which if any thing after all, are nothing more than what every delicate constitution feels in its degree from particular states of the weather; for weather, like the tides, is apt to be in such-and such a condition, when the moon presents such and such a face.

It has been said,

Great wits to madness nearly are allied.

It is curious that he who wrote the saying (Dryden) was a very sound wit to the end of his life; while his wife, who was of a weak understanding, became insane. An excellent writer (Wordsworth) has written an idle couplet about the insanity of poets:

We poets enter on our path with gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

If he did not mean madness in the ordinary sense, he should not have written this line; if he did, he ought not to have fallen, in the teeth of his information, into so vulgar an error. There are very few instances of insane poets, or of insane great understandings of any sort. Bacon, Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, &c. were all of minds as sound as they were great. So it has been with the infinite majority of literary men of all countries. If Tasso and a few others were exceptions, they were *but* exceptions; and the de-

range in these eminent men has very doubtful characters about it, and is sometimes made a question. It may be pretty safely affirmed, at least, upon an examination of it, that had they not been the clever men they were, it would have been much worse and less equivocal. Collins, whose case was after all one of inanition rather than insanity, had been a free liver; and seems to have been hurt by having a fortune left him. Cowper was weak-bodied, and beset by Methodists. Swift's body was full of bad humours. He himself attributed his disordered system to the effects of a surfeit of fruit on his stomach; and in his last illness he used to break out in enormous biles and blisters. This was a violent effort of nature to help and purify the current of his blood,—the main object in all such cases. Dr. Johnson, who was subject to mists of melancholy, used to fancy he should go mad; but he never did.

Exercise, conversation, cheerful society, amusements of all sorts, or a kind, patient, and gradual helping of the bodily health, till the mind be capable of amusement (for it should never foolishly be told "not to think" of melancholy things, without having something done for it to mend the bodily health),—these are the cures, the only cures, and in our opinion the almost infallible cures of nervous disorders, however excessive. Above all, the patient should be told, that there has often been an end to that torment of one haunting idea, which is indeed a great and venerable suffering. Many persons have got over it in a week, a few weeks, or a month, some in a few months, some not for years, but they have got over it at last. There is a remarkable instance of this in the life of our great king Alfred. He was seized, says his contemporary biographer, with such a strange illness while sitting at table in the twenty-fifth year (we think) of his age, that he shrieked aloud; and for twenty years afterwards this illness so preyed upon him, that the relief of one hour was embittered by what he dreaded would come the next. His disorder is conjectured by some to have been an internal cancer; by others, with more probability, the black bile, or melancholy. The physicians of those times knew nothing about it; and the people shewed at once their ignorance, and their admiration of the king, by saying that the devil had caused it out of jealousy. It was probably produced by anxiety for the state of his country; but the same thing which wounded him might have helped to keep him up; for he had plenty of business to attend to, and fought with his own hand in fifty-six pitched battles. Now exactly twenty years after, in the forty-fifth year of his age (if our former recollection is right) this disorder totally left him; and his great heart was where it ought to be, in a heaven of health and calmness.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly. — SPENSER.

No. VIII.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1819.

MISTS AND FOGS.

THE world never feels so cheerless as when it is undergoing mists and fogs. As long as there are objects to look at, it is hard if we cannot find something to entertain our thoughts; but when the world itself is shut out from our observation; when the same mists that shut it out, come clinging round about us with cold; and when we think what the poor are likely to suffer from the approaching winter, we seem to feel, not only that we are dreary, but that we ought to be so.

And so we ought, as far as our own dreariness will the most excite us to relieve that of others. Sympathy is our first duty, let it come either in the shape of pain or pleasure. But when we have done our duty to others; when we have refused, as much as in us lies, to take our own pleasures till we have done what we can to share them with others, whether by a fortunate power to bestow, or by other personal helping, less fortunate but sometimes more noble, or even by nothing but the dissemination of instructed and cheerful thoughts,—smiles, which even a poverty-stricken hand may sometimes sow in the warm earth of humanity,—then we have the fullest right to gather enjoyment from all we can; and then also, because we have the fullest right, we have the greatest power.

And yet at the same time, when we speak of right, we are struck with the inconclusiveness which is to be found in decisions; apparently the kindest as well as most useful. Who shall say what is the greater right, which any one human being, under all the circumstances which modify his character, has beyond any other to be made happy? However, there seems a great difference between man and man in the actual amount of their enjoyments; and if the great silence of Nature keeps us in ignorance of the reason (for superstition does but perplex the matter, instead of unfolding it), it is a comforting reflection, not only that the general yearning of things is towards happiness, but that happiness is produced, in proportion as the yearning is general and sympathetic; in other words, in proportion as it tends to the greatest sum of happiness.

Behold one of the advantages of fogs and mists! If the southern nations, with their sunshine and clear air, are more joyous than we are, and have a greater but vaguer instinct to make others partake

of their pleasure, our greater share of melancholy sets us upon scheming how to turn that instinct of humanity to the best account. It is thus that England, though slow to enjoy, has of old been quick to relieve;—has had the chief hand in giving those great lifts to the world in knowledge and liberty, for which the sunny Italian was too idle and contented.

It is from the same cause, that our great poets (with *one* exception perhaps as to grandeur of invention) are greater than those of Italy. They have seen the dark as well as the bright side of things; and their knowledge of both, gives to their writings a depth of charity as well as imagination, pre-eminently human. All the things that can be said for human nature, as well as about its passions and imaginings, are to be found perhaps in Shakspeare, and in Shakspeare only; but his contemporaries had a good share of the same gentle spirit of arbitration.

On the other hand, where the English do not cultivate the more genial part of experience, they are likely to err more than most nations: for pain, when it does not turn into knowledge, is apt to turn into sullenness and malignity. Its reliefs also become of the grossest and most selfish nature; and nothing can be more disgustingly pitiable than a gross arrogant Englishman, who in the plenitude of his egotism talks against vanity; and in the midst of the most selfish and sordid vices,—money-scraping, or gormandizing, or drinking, or cock-fighting,—thinks himself entitled to despise other nations, whose vices are rather the excesses of sympathy.

Such a man is not worthy of his very fogs; for even they have their bright sides, and help to increase the comforts of our houses. And now then to say something of their merits and treatment.

Fogs and mists, being nothing but vapours which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, must have body enough to present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes there may be to look down upon them, they must appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The city of London, at the time we are writing this article, is literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps which at other times float far over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.

We do not say, that any one can "hold a fire in his hand," by thinking on a fine sunset; or that sheer imagination of any sort can make it a very agreeable thing to feel as if one's body were wrapped round with cold wet paper; much less to flounder through gutters, or run against posts. But the mind can often help itself with agreeable images against disagreeable ones; or pitch itself round to the best sides and aspects of them. The solid and fiery ball of the sun, stuck, as it were, in the thick foggy atmosphere; the moon just winning her way through it, into beams; nay, the very candles and gas-lights in the shop windows of a misty evening,—all have, in our eyes, their agreeable varieties of contrast to the surrounding haze. We have even halted, of a dreary autumnal evening, at that open part of the Strand by St. Clement's, and seen the church, which is a

poor structure of itself, take an aspect of ghastly grandeur from the dark atmosphere; looking like a tall white mast mounting up interminably into the night overhead.

The poets, who are the common friends that keep up the intercourse between nature and humanity, have in numberless passages done justice to these our melancholy visitors, and shewn us what grand personages they are. To mention only a few of the most striking. When Thetis in Homer's *Iliad* (Book 1, v. 359.) rises out of the sea to console Achilles, she issues forth in a mist; like the gigantic Genius in the *Arabian Nights*. The reader is to suppose that the mist, after ascending, comes gliding over the water; and condensing itself into a human shape, lands the white-footed goddess on the shore.

When Achilles, after his long and vindictive absence from the Greek armies, re-appears in consequence of the death of his friend Patroclus, and stands before the appalled Trojan armies, who are thrown into confusion at the very sight. Minerva, to render his aspect the more astonishing and awful, puts about his head a halo of golden mist, streaming upwards with fire (Book 18, v. 205.) He shouts aloud under this preternatural diadem; Minerva throws into his shout her own immortal voice with a strange unnatural cry; at which the horses of the Trojan warriors run round with their chariots; and twelve of their noblest captains perish in the crush.

A mist was the usual clothing of the gods, when they descended to earth; especially of Apollo, whose brightness had double need of mitigation. Homer, to heighten the dignity of Ulysses, has finely given him the same covering, when he passes through the court of Antinous, and suddenly appears before the throne. This has been turned to happy account by Virgil, and to a new and noble one by Milton. Virgil makes *Æneas* issue suddenly from a mist, at the moment when his friends think him lost, and the beautiful Queen of Carthage is wishing his presence. Milton,—but we will give one or two of his minor uses of mists, by way of making a climax of the one alluded to. If Satan, for instance, goes lurking about Paradise, it is "like a black mist low creeping." If the angels on guard glide about it, upon their gentler errand, it is like fairer vapours;

On the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. (Par. Lost. B. 12. v. 628.)

Now behold one of his greatest imaginations. The fallen demi-gods are assembled in Pandæmonium, waiting the return of their "great adventurer" from his "search of worlds."

He through the midst unmarked,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, passed; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
Ascended his high throne; which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile
He sat, and round about him saw unseen. "

*At last—as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appeared or brighter; clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 Beat their aspect; and whom they wished, behold,
 Their mighty chief returned.*

There is a piece of imagination in Apollonius Rhodius worthy of Milton or Homer. The Argonauts, in broad daylight, are suddenly benighted at sea with a black fog. They pray to Apollo; and he descends from heaven, and lighting on a rock, holds up his illustrious bow, which shoots a guiding light for them to an island.

Spenser in a most romantic chapter of the *Fairy Queen* (Book 2), seems to have taken the idea of a benighting from Apollonius, as well as to have had an eye to some passages of the *Odyssey*; but like all great poets, what he borrows, only brings worthy companionship to some fine invention of his own. It is a scene thickly beset with horror. Sir Guyon, in the course of his voyage through the perilous sea, wishes to stop and hear the Sirens: but the Palmer his companion dissuades him;

*When suddenly a grosse fog over spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heayen's chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great universe seemed one confused mass.*

*Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct theyr way in darkness wide,
 But feared to wander in that wastefull mist
 For tomling into mischief unespide:
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride,
 Suddenlly an innumerable flight
 Of harmfull fowles about them fluttering cride,
 And with theyr wicked wings them oft did smight,
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.*

*Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
 The ill-faced owle, deaths dreadful messengere:
 The hoarse night-raven, trump of dolefull dreare:
 The lether-winged bat, dayes enemy:
 The ruefull stritch, still waiting on the bere:
 The whistler shrill, that whose hears doth dy:
 The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny:*

*All these, and all that else does horror breed,
 About them flew, and filld their sayles with fear;
 Yet staid they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other sturty steere.*

Ovid has turned a mist to his usual account, an amatory one. It is where Jupiter, to conceal his amour with Io, throws a cloud over the valley of Tempe. There is a picture of Jupiter and Io, by Corregio, in which that great artist has finely availed himself of the circumstance; the head of the father of gods and men coming placidly out of the cloud, upon the young lips of Io, like the very benignity of creation.

The poet who is the most conversant with mists, is Ossian, who

was a native of the north of Scotland or Ireland. But we have not his works by us, and must give a specimen or two next week.

We must mention another instance of the poetical use of a mist, if it is only to indulge ourselves in one of those masterly passages of Dante, in which he contrives to unite minuteness of detail with the most grand and sovereign impressiveness. It is in a lofty comparison of the planet Mars looking through morning vapours; the reader will see with what (*Pur. Canto 2, v. 10*). Dante and his guide Virgil have just left the infernal regions, and are lingering on a solitary sea-shore in purgatory; which reminds us of that still and far-thoughted verse—

Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

But to our English-like Italian.

Noi eravam lugh' esso 'l mare ancora, &c.

That solitary shore we still kept on,
Like men, who musing on their journey, stay
At rest in body, yet in heart are gone;
When lo, as at the early dawn of day,
Red Mars looks deepening through the foggy heat,
Down in the west, far o'er the watery way;
So did mine eyes behold (so may they yet)
A light, which came so swiftly o'er the sea,
That never wing with such a fervour beat.
I did but turn to ask what it might be.
Of my sage leader, when its orb had got
More large meanwhile, and came more gloriously:
And by degrees, I saw I knew not what
Of white about it; and beneath the white
Another. My great master uttered not
One word, till those first issuing candours bright
Fanned into wings; but soon as he had found
Who was the mighty voyager now in sight,
He cried aloud, "Down, down, upon the ground:
It is God's Angel!"*

* These are the famous *terzetti* or triplets of the Italians, which are linked together like a chain; the fresh rhyme in the middle of every stanza being connected with the first and last lines of the next. We think we recollect that Mr. Hayley has given a specimen of a translation of Dante in the original measure. If not, the present one is perhaps the first that has appeared in the language; which we mention, of course, as a mere curiosity.

THE SHOEMAKER OF VEYROS.

A PORTUGUESE TRADITION.

In the time of the old kings of Portugal, Don John, a natural son of the reigning prince, was governor of the town of Veyros, in the province of Alentejo. The town was situated (perhaps it there still), upon a mountain, at the foot of which runs a river; and at a little distance there was a ford over it, under another eminence. The bed of the river thereabouts was so high as to form a shallow sandy place; and in that clear spot of water, the maidens of Veyros, both of high rank and humble, used to wash their clothes.

It happened one day, that Don John, riding out with a company,

came to the spot at the time the young women were so employed: and being, says our author, "a young and lusty gallant," he fell to jesting with his followers upon the bare legs of the busy girls, who had tucked up their clothes, as usual, to their work. He passed along the river; and all his company had not yet gone by, when a lass in a red petticoat, while tucking it up, shewed her legs somewhat high; and clapping her hand on her right calf, said loud enough to be heard by the riders, "Here's a white leg, girls, for the Master of Avis."^{*}

These words, spoken probably out of a little lively bravado, upon the strength of the governor's having gone by, were repeated to him when he got home, together with the action that accompanied them: upon which the young lord felt the eloquence of the speech so deeply, that he contrived to have the fair speaker brought to him in private; and the consequence was, that our lively natural son, and his sprightly challenger, had another natural son:

Ines (for that was the girl's name) was the daughter of a shoemaker in Veyros; a man of very good account, and wealthy. Hearing how his daughter had been sent for to the young governor's house; and that it was her own light behaviour, that subjected her to what he was assured she willingly consented to; he took it so to heart, that at her return home, she was driven by him from the house, with every species of contumely and spurning. After this, he never saw her more. And to prove to the world and to himself, that his severity was a matter of principle, and not a mere indulgence of his own passions, he never afterwards lay in a bed, nor eat at a table, nor changed his linen, nor cut his hair, nails, or beard; which latter grew to such a length, reaching below his knees, that the people used to call him Barbadon, or old Beardy.

In the meantime, his grandson, called Don Alphonso, not only grew to a man, but was created Duke of Braganza; his father Don John having been elected to the crown of Portugal; which he wore after such noble fashion, to the great good of his country, as to be surnamed the Memorable. Now the town of Veyros stood in the middle of seven or eight others, all belonging to the young Duke, from whose palace at Villa Viciosa it was but four leagues distant. He therefore had good intelligence of the shoemaker his grandfather; and being of a humane and truly generous spirit, the accounts he received of the old man's way of life made him at last extremely desirous of paying him a visit. He accordingly went with a retinue to Veyros; and meeting Barbadon in the streets, he alighted from his horse, bare-headed; and in the presence of that stately company and the people, asked the old man his blessing. The shoemaker, astonished at this sudden spectacle, and at the strange contrast which it furnished to his humble rank, stared in a bewildered manner upon the unknown personage, who thus knelt to him in the public way; and said, "Sir, do you mock me?" "No," answered the Duke; "May God so help me, as I do not: but in earnest I crave I may kiss your hand and receive your blessing, for I am your grandson,

* An order of knighthood, of which Don John was Master.

and son to Ines your daughter, conceived by the king, my lord and father." No sooner had the shoemaker heard these words, than he clapped his hands before his eyes, and said, "God bless me from ever beholding the son of so wicked a daughter as mine was! And yet, forasmuch as you are not guilty of her offence, hold; take my hand and my blessing, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." So saying, he laid one of his old hands upon the young man's head, blessing him; but neither the Duke nor his followers could persuade him to take the other away from his eyes; neither would he talk with him a word more. In this spirit, shortly after, he died: and just before his death he directed a tomb to be made for him, on which were sculptured the tools belonging to his trade, with this epitaph:—

This sepulchre Barbados caused to be made,
(Being of Veyros, a shoemaker by his trade)
For himself and the rest of his race,
Excepting his daughter Ines in any case.*

The author says that he has "heard it reported by the ancientest persons, that the fourth Duke of Braganza, Don James, son to Donna Isabel, sister to the King Don Emanuel, caused that tomb to be defaced, being the sepulchre of his fourth grandfather."†

As for the daughter, the conclusion of whose story comes lagging in like a penitent, "she continued," says the writer; "after she was delivered of that son, a very chaste and virtuous woman; and the king made her commandress of Santos, a most honourable place, and very plentiful; to the which none but princesses were admitted, living, as it were, abbesses and princesses of a monastery built without the walls of Lisbon, called Santos, that is Saints, founded by reason of some martyrs that were martyred there. And the religious women of that place have liberty to marry with the knights of their order, before they enter into that holy profession."

The rest of our author's remarks are in too curious a spirit to be omitted. "In this monastery," he says, "the same Donna Ines died, leaving behind her a glorious reputation for her virtue and holiness. Observe, gentle reader, the constancy that this Portuguese, a shoemaker, continued in, loathing to behold the honourable estate of his grandchild, nor would any more acknowledge his daughter, having been a lewd woman, for purchasing advancement with dishonour. This considered, you will not wonder at the Count Julian, that

* We have retained the homely translation of our informant as most likely to resemble the cast of the original. His account of the story is to be found in the Supplement to the Adventures of Don Sebastian: Harleian Miscellany, Vol. 2. We omitted to mention last week, that the ground-work of the article headed Gilbert! Gilbert! was from Turner's History of England from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward the First: Chap. 9. We thank the correspondent who has sent us the account of Gilbert Becker's mother, from the Quadrilogus, which is Mr. Turner's own authority; but he will doubtless perceive, that we cannot afford room to indulge in extracts, the main spirit of which has already been given.

† It appears by this, that the Don John of the tradition is John the 1st, who was elected king of Portugal, and became famous for his great qualities; and that his son by the alleged shoemaker's daughter was his successor, Alphonso the 5th.

plagued Spain, and executed the king Roderigo for forcing his daughter la Cava. The example of this shoemaker is especially worthy the noting, and deeply to be considered; for, besides that it makes good our assertion, it teaches the higher not to disdain the lower, as long as they be virtuous and lovers of honour. It may be that this old man, for his integrity, rising from a virtuous zeal, merited that a daughter coming by descent from his grandchild, should be made Queen of Castile, and the mother of great Isabel, grandmother to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and Ferdinando."

Alas! a pretty posterity our shoemaker had, in Philip the 2d and his successors,—a race more suitable to his severity against his child, than his blessing upon his grandchild. Old Barbadon was a fine fellow too, after his fashion. We do not know how he reconciled his unforgiving conduct with his christianity; but he had enough precedents on that point. What we admire in him is, his shewing that he acted out of principle, and did not mistake passion for it. His crepidarian sculptures indeed are not so well; but a little vanity may be allowed to mingle with and soften such edge-tools of self-denial, as he chose to handle. His treatment of his daughter was ignorant, and in wiser times would have been brutal; especially when it is considered how much the conduct of children is modified by education and other circumstances: but then a brutal man would not have accompanied it with such voluntary suffering of his own. Neither did Barbadon leave his daughter to take her chance in the wide world, thinking of the evils she might be enduring, only to give a greater zest of fancied pity to the contentedness of his cruelty. He knew she was well taken care of; and if she was not to have the enjoyment of his society, he was determined that it should be a very uncomfortable one to himself. He knew that she lay on a princely bed, while he would have none at all. He knew that she was served upon gold and silver, while he renounced his old chesnut table,—the table at which she used to sit. He knew while he sat looking at his old beard and the wilful sordidness of his hands, that her locks and her fair limbs were objects of worship to the gallant and the great. And so he set off his destitutions against her over-possession; and took out the punishment he gave her, in revenge upon himself. This was the instinct of a man who loved a principle, but hated nobody:—of a man, who in a wiser time, would have felt the wisdom of kindness. Thus his blessing upon his grandchild becomes consistent with his cruelty to his child: and his living stock was a fine one in spite of him. His daughter shewed a sense of the wound she had given such a father, by relinquishing the sympathies she loved, because they had hurt him: and her son, worthy of such a grandfather and such a daughter, and refined into a gracefulness of knowledge by education, thought it no mean thing or vulgar to kneel to the grey-headed artisan in the street, and beg the blessing of his honest hand.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR,

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. IX.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8th, 1819.

MORE NEWS OF ULYSSES.

TALKING the other day with a friend about Dante, he observed, that whenever so great a poet told us any thing in addition or continuation of an ancient story, he had a right to be regarded as classical authority. For instance, said he, when he tells us of that characteristic death of Ulysses in one of the books of his *Inferno*, we ought to receive the information as authentic, and be glad that we have more news of Ulysses than we looked for.

We thought this a happy remark, and instantly turned with him to the passage in question; for not having read Dante regularly, we had passed it over so slightly as not to remember it. Yet it is a striking one, as the reader will see. The last account of Ulysses upon which we may fairly reckon, in the ancient poets, is his sudden reappearance before the suitors at Ithaca, and his consummate and godlike victory over their crest-fallen insolence. There is something more told of him, it is true, before the *Odyssey* concludes; but with the exception of his visit to his aged father, our memory scarcely wishes to retain it; nor does it controvert the general impression left upon us, that the wandering hero is victorious over his domestic enemies; and reposes at last, and for life, in the bosom of his family.

The lesser poets however could not let him alone. Homer leaves the general impression upon one's mind, as to the close of his life; but there are plenty of obscurer fables about it still. We have specimens in modern times of this propensity never to have done with a good story; which is natural enough, though not very wise; nor are the best writers likely to meddle with it. Thus Cervantes was plagued with a spurious Quixote; and our circulating libraries have the adventures of Tom Jones in his Married State. The ancient writers on the present subject, availing themselves of an obscure prophecy of Tiresias, who tells Ulysses on his visit to hell, that his old enemy the sea would be the death of him at last, bring over the sea Telegonus, his son by the goddess Circe, who gets into a scuffle with the Ithacans, and kills his father unknowingly. It is added, that Telegonus afterwards returned to his mother's island, taking Penelope and his half-brother Telemachus with him; and

here a singular arrangement takes place, more after the fashion of a modern Catholic dynasty, than an ancient heathen one: for while *Oedipus* was fated to undergo such dreadful misfortunes for marrying his mother without the knowledge of either party, *Minerva* herself comes down from heaven, on the present occasion, to order *Telegonus*, the son of *Ulysses*, to marry his father's wife; the other son, at the same time, making a suitable match with his father's mistress, *Circe*. *Telemachus* seems to have had the best of this extraordinary bargain, for *Circe* was a goddess, consequently always young; and yet to perplex these windings-up still more, *Telemachus* is represented by some as marrying *Circe's* daughter, and killing his immortal mother-in-law. Nor does the character of the chaste and enduring *Penelope* escape in the confusion. Instead of waiting her husband's return in that patient manner, she is reported to have been over-hospitable to all the suitors; the consequence of which was a son called *Pan*, being no less a personage than the god *Pan* himself, or *Nature*; a fiction, as *Lord Bacon* says, "applied very absurdly and indiscreetly." There are different stories respecting her lovers; but it is reported that when *Ulysses* returned from *Troy*, he divorced her for incontinence; and that she fled, and passed her latter days in *Manitinea*. Some even go so far as to say, that her father *Leontius* had attempted to destroy her when young, because the oracle had told him that she would be the most dissolute of the family. This was probably invented by the comic writers out of a buffoon malignity; for there are men, so foolishly incredulous with regard to principle, that the reputation of it, even in a fiction, makes them impatient.

Now it is impossible to say whether *Dante* would have left *Ulysses* quietly with *Penelope* after all his sufferings, had he known them as described in *Homer*. The old *Florentine*, though wilful enough when he wanted to dispose of a modern's fate, had great veneration for his ancient predecessors. At all events, he was not acquainted with *Homer's* works. They did not make their way again into Italy till a little later. But there were Latin writers extant, who might have informed him of the other stories relative to *Ulysses*; and he saw nothing in them, to hinder him from giving the great wanderer a death of his own.

He has accordingly, with great attention to nature, made him impatient of staying at home, after a life of such adventure and excitement. But we will relate the story in his own order. He begins it with one of his most romantic pieces of wildness. The poet and his guide *Virgil* are making the best of their difficult path along a ridge of the craggy rock, that overhangs the eighth gulph of hell; when *Dante*, looking down, sees the abyss before him full of flickering lights; as numerous, he says, as the fire-flies, which a peasant, reposing on a hill, sees filling the valley, of a hot evening. Every flame shot about separately; and he knew that some terrible mystery or other accompanied it. As he leaned down from the rock, grasping one of the crags, in order to look closer, his guide who perceived his earnestness, said, "Within those fires are spirits; every one swathed

in what is burning him." Dante told him, that he had already guessed as much; and pointing to one of them in particular, asked who was in that fire, which was divided at top, as though it had ascended from the funeral-pile of the hating Theban brothers. "Within that," answered Virgil, "are Diomed and Ulysses; who speed together now to their own misery, as they used to do to that of others." They were suffering the penalty of the various frauds they had perpetrated in concert; such as the contrivance of the Trojan horse, and the plunder of the Palladium. Dante entreats with the greatest earnestness, that if those who are within the sparkling horror can speak, it may be made to come near. Virgil says it shall; but begs the Florentine not to question it himself; as the spirits, being Greek, might be shy of holding discourse with him. When the flame has come near enough to be spoken to, Virgil addresses the "two within one fire;" and requests them, if he ever deserved any thing of them as a poet, great or little, that they would not go away, till one of them had told him how he came into that extremity.

At this, says Dante, the greater horn of the old fire began to leap hither and thither, murmuring; like a flame struggling with the wind. The top then, yearning to and fro, like a tongue trying to speak, threw out a voice, and said: "When I departed from Cice, who withdrew me to her for more than a year in the neighbourhood of Gaieta, before Æneas had so named it; neither the sweet company of my son, nor pious affection of my old father, nor the long-owed love with which I ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer the ardour that was in me to become wise in knowledge of the world, of man's vices and his virtue. I put forth into the great open deep with only one bark, and the small remaining crew by whom I had not been left. I saw the two shores on either side, as far as Spain and Morocco; and the island of Sardinia, and the other isles which the sea there bathes round about. Slowly we went, my companions and I, for we were old; till at last we came to that narrow outlet, where Hercules set up his pillars, that no man might go farther. I left Seville on the right hand: on the other I had left Ceuta. O brothers, said I, who through a hundred thousand perils are at length arrived at the west, deny not to the short waking day that yet remains to our senses, an insight into the unpeopled world, setting your backs upon the sun. Consider the stock from which ye sprang: ye were not made to live like the brute beasts, but to follow virtue and knowledge. I so sharpened my companions with this little speech on our way, that it would have been difficult for me to have withheld them, if I would. We left the morning right in our stern, and made wings of our oars for the idle flight, always gaining upon the left. The night now beheld all the stars of the other pole; while our own was so low, that it arose not out of the ocean-floor. Five times the light had risen underneath the moon, and five times fallen, since we put forth upon the great deep; when we descried a dim mountain in the distance, which appeared higher to me than ever I had seen any before. We rejoiced, and as soon mourned: for there sprung a whirlwind

from the new land, and struck the foremost frame of our vessel. Three times, with all the waters, it whirled us round; at the fourth it dashed the stern up in air, and the prow downwards; till, as seemed fit to others, the ocean closed above our heads."

Tre volte il fè girar con tutte l' acque :
A la quarta levar la poppa in suso,
E la prora ire in giù, come altrui piacque,
Infia ch 'l mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

Why poor Ulysses should find himself in hell after his immersion, and be condemned to a swathing of eternal fire, while St. Dominic, who deluged Christianity with fire and blood, is called a Cherubic Light, the Papist, not the poet, must explain. He puts all the Pagans in hell, because however good some of them may have been, they lived before Christ, and could not worship God properly—(debitamente). But he laments their state, and represents them as suffering a mitigated punishment: they *only* live in a state of perpetual desire without hope (sol di tanto offesi)! A sufficing misery, it must be allowed; but compared with the horrors he fancies for heretics and others, undoubtedly a great relief. Dante, throughout his extraordinary work, gives many evidences of great natural sensibility; and his countenance, as handed down to us, as well as the shade-struck gravity of his poetry in general, shews the cuts and disquietudes of heart he must have endured. But unless the occasional hell of his own troubles, and his consciousness of the mutability of all things, helped him to discover the brevity of individual suffering as a particular, and the lastingness of nature's benevolence as an universal; and thus gave his poem an intention beyond what appears upon the surface; we must conclude, that a bigoted education, and the fierce party politics in which he was a leader and sufferer, obscured the kind greatness of his spirit. It is always to be recollected however, as Mr. Coleridge has observed somewhere in other words, that when men consign each other to eternal punishment and such like horrors, their belief is rather a venting of present impatience and dislike, than any thing which they take it for. "The fiercest Papist or Calvinist only flatters himself (a strange flattery too!) that he could behold a fellow creature tumbling and shrieking about in eternal fire. He would begin shrieking himself in a few minutes; and think that he and all heaven ought to pass away, rather than that one such agony should continue. Tertullian himself, when he longed to behold the enemies of his faith burning and liquefying, only meant, without knowing it, that he was in an excessive rage at not convincing every body that read him. Yet, in the mean time, these notions disturb humanity, and degrade the Divine Spirit."

FAR COUNTRIES.

Imagination, though no mean thing, is not a proud one. If it looks down from its wings upon common-places, it only the more perceives the vastness of the region about it. The infinity into

which it's flight carries it, might indeed throw back upon it a too great sense of insignificance, did not Beauty or Moral Justice, with it's equal eye, look through that blank aspect of power, and reassure it; shewing it that there is a power as much above power itself, as the thought that reaches to all, is to the hand that can touch only thus far.

But we do not wish to get into this tempting region of speculation, just now. We only intend to shew the particular instance, in which imagination instinctively displays it's natural humility: we mean, in the fondness which imaginative times and people have shewn for what is personally remote from them; for what is opposed to their own individual consciousness, even in range of space, in farness of situation.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take every thing unknown for magnificent, rather than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features; and in *Vanity Fair* there are many booths.

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbours so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty, as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigots. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism. The French, though an amiable and intelligent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go is in a balloon. They get no farther than France, let them go where they will. They "run the great circle and are still at home," like the squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In practical philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve.

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honestest one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities. This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of unbounded religious toleration; a great and extraordinary one certainly, and not the less so, for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was,—any thing in which they differed from the French,—their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall,—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimagnative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious; and have a great talent at bowing out am-

bassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character, that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations, whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most, is that of gun-making, and of the East Indian passage. When our countrymen shewed them a map of the earth, they enquired for China; and on finding that it only made a little piece in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle, the apple of the world's eye.

On the other hand, the most imaginative nations, in their highest times, have had a respect for remote countries. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancient term barbarian, applied to foreigners, suggested the meaning we are apt to give it. It may have gathered some such insolence with it among the Romans, as they spread their own barbarous power; but the more intellectual Greeks venerated the countries from which they brought the elements for their mythology and philosophy. The philosopher travelled into Egypt, like a son to see his father. The merchant heard in Phœnicia the far-brought stories of other realms, which he told to his delighted countrymen. It is supposed, that the mortal part of Mentor in the *Odyssey* was drawn from one of these voyagers. When Anacharsis the Scythian was reproached with his native place by an unworthy Greek, he said, "My country may be a shame to me, but you are a shame to your country." Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the chief accomplishments of the world to themselves; as we see by their delightful tales. Every thing shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are their Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serindib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdat, till you hear of Grand Cairo; and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those, who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city! Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations. So was Aboulfaouris the Great Voyager, in the Persian Tales. His very name sounds like a wonder.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far-distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel; a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance, shaking hands in person!

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited, who took part in them; but for the imaginative persons remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world. When the campaign itself *had* a good effect, it must have been of a very fine and highly-tempered description. Chaucer's Knight had been

Sometime with the lord of Palattee
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he had a sovereign price;
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.

How like a return from the moon must have been the reappearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandevile, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the Great Chian of Tartary! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. The Venetians, who were some of the earliest European travellers, have been remarked, among their other amiable qualities, for their great respect for strangers. The peculiarity of their position, and the absence of so many things which are common-places to other countries, such as streets, horses, and coaches, add, no doubt, to this feeling. But a foolish or vain people would only feel a contempt for what they did not possess. Milton, in one of those favourite passages of his, in which he turns a mere vocabulary into such grand meaning and music, shews us whose old footing he had delighted to follow. How he enjoys the distance; emphatically using the words far, farthest, and utmost!

— Embasies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotick isle; and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane.—Parad. Reg. B. 4.

One of the main helps to our love of remoteness in general, is the associations we connect with it of peace and quietness. Whatever there may be at a distance, people feel as if they should escape from the worry of their local cares. "O that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest." The word far is often used wilfully in poetry, to render distance still more distant. An old English song begins—

In Irelande farre over the sea
There dwelt a bonny king.

Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure:—

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders every thing beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr. Lamb, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his schoolfellows set off, "without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out Philip Quarll's Island." We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead; yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked, "whether, on the other side of that hill there were not robbers:" to which, the minor adventurer of the two added, "And some say serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we: for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylvans and fairies.

"So was it when my life began;
 So is it now. I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father to the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

PASSAGES FROM OSSIAN, ALLUDED TO IN OUR LAST.

On renewing our acquaintance with Ossian, we felt tempted to go to some length about him; but we must reserve our criticism for another time. The following are as many specimens of his uses of mist, as we have room for. The first is very grand; the second as happy in it's analogy; the third is ghastly, but of more doubtful merit.

TWO CHIEFS PARTED BY THEIR KING.—"They sunk from the king on either side, like two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises between them on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side, each toward its reedy pool."

A GREAT ENEMY.—"I love a foe like Cathmor: his soul is great; his arm is strong; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is like a vapour, that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill, lest the winds meet it there."

A TERRIBLE OMEN.—"A mist rose slowly from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. It's large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood."

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fly,
And takes survey with buse, curious eye :
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. X.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1819.

A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER.

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim stories new-a-days, seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's head, as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten every body, he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him ?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story, merely horrible or even awful, which contains no sentiment elevating to the human heart and it's hopes, is a mere appeal to the least judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions, fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it, are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with their wits off ; and this is the cause, why less talents are required to enforce it, than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say, that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of Haunting Old Women, and Knocking Ghosts, and Solitary Lean Hands, and Empusas on One Leg, and Ladies growing Longer and Longer, and Horrid Eyes meeting us through Key-holes, and Plaintive Heads, and Shrieking Statues, and Shocking Anomalies of Shape, and Things which when seen drove people mad ; and indignation knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage.

Mere grimness is as easy as grinning ; but it requires something to put a handsome face on a story. Narratives become of suspicious merit in proportion as they lean to Newgate-like offences, particularly of blood and wounds. A child has a reasonable respect for a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age : but sufferings merely physical (unless sublimated like those of Philoctetes) are common-places to a grown man. Images, to become awful to him, must be removed from the grossness of the shambles. A death's head was a respectable thing in the hands of a poring monk, or of a nun

compelled to avoid the idea of life and society, or of a hermit already buried in the desert. Holbein's Dance of Death, in which every grinning skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the Pope to the gentleman, is a good Memento Mori; but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr. Lewis, who wanted sentiment to complete his talents, are quite puerile. When his spectral nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His little Grey Men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

Stories that give mental pain to no purpose, or to very little purpose compared with the unpleasant ideas they excite of human nature, are as gross mistakes, in their way, as these, and twenty times as pernicious: for the latter become ludicrous to grown people. They originate also in the same extremes, either of callousness, or morbid want of excitement, as the others. But more of these hereafter. Our business at present is with things ghastly and ghostly.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite as much as possible objects such as they are in life with a præternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one,—at least to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility,—they should imply some great sentiment,—something that comes out of the next world to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When "the buried majesty of Denmark" revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised; and the same fine face is there; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

When Donne the poet, in his thoughtful eagerness to reconcile life and death, had a figure of himself painted in a shroud, and laid by his bedside in a coffin, he did a higher thing than the monks and hermits with their skulls. It was taking his humanity with him into the other world, not effecting to lower the sense of it by regarding it piecemeal or in the frame-work. Burns, in his Tam O'Shanter, shews the dead in their coffins after the same fashion. He does not lay bare to us their skeletons or refuse, things with which we can connect no sympathy or spiritual wonder. They still are flesh and body to excite the one; yet so look and behave, inconsistent in their very consistency, as to excite the other.

Coffins stood round like open presses.
Which shewed the dead in their last dresses:
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each, in his cault hand, held a light.

Reanimation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting, as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world,

with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of it's self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of common-place and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change; and the stranger appals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers of the galvanized dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions, that it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world. Perhaps the most appalling figure in Spenser is that of Maleger; (Fairry Queen. B. 2. c. 11.)

Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seemed, whose grave-clothes were unbound.

Mr. Coleridge in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the Ancient Mariner (which works out however a fine sentiment) does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when it's crew are dead; but reanimates, for a while, the crew themselves. There is a striking fiction of this sort in Sale's Notes upon the Koran. Solomon dies during the building of the temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive; till a worm knawing through the prop, he falls down.—The contrast of the appearance of humanity with something mortal or supernatural, is always the more terrible in proportion as it is complete. In the pictures of the temptations of saints and hermits, where the holy person is surrounded, teased, and enticed, with devils and fantastic shapes, the most shocking phantasm is that of the beautiful woman. To return also to the Ancient Mariner. The most appalling personage in Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner is the Spectre-woman, who is called Life-in-Death. He renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in it's own reverse. "Death" not only "lives" in it; but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly passage end in such earthliness, seems at the moment to turn common-place itself into a sort of spectral doubt. The Mariner, after describing the horrible calm, and the rotting sea, in which the ship was stuck, is speaking of a strange sail which he descried in the distance.

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she neers and neers !
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those *her* ribs, through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that Woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

But we must come to Mr. Coleridge's story, with all our imagination upon us. Now let us put out knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier one about Life in Death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys's Commentary upon Ovid, and quoted from Sabinus.*

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself entirely up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgencies contradicted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow ; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet he loved her, as one of the gentlest wills he had ; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned round upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon, while living, than to forget, when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him ; and rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself ; or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving ; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own ; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risk by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity ; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her, by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage ; but by degrees even his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He eat and drank but sufficient to keep him alive ; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner,

* The Saxon Latin poet, we presume, Professor of Belles-lettres, at Frankfort. We know nothing of him except from a Biographical dictionary.

with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, Sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up; "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter; and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:

To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife.

Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying, that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha.

Otto (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world,—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself, once, as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident! Did his earthly humours prevail again, which he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as

he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him; for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of enquiry, he said "Bertha?"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again, as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's reappearance. Something was said about a mock-funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for awhile: but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most aimiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to shew, that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss had been rather remose than affection, and so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her, than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was, that his old habits returned upon him; not so often indeed; but with greater violence and pride, when they did. These were the only times, at which his wife was observed to shew any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice—"This treatment to *me* too! To *me*! To *me*, who if the world knew all!"—At these words, his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He, and two or three who were present, were struck with a dumb horror. They said, she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received

no answer. At last, one of them gently opened it; and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last, one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him, but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them; for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended, when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day, that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good natured-looking earnest kind of person. It was said many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might.

THE OLD SKIFF.

From the style of this animated little poem of Catullus, as well as from its general spirit, the commentators have naturally supposed that it was written in imitation or emulation of the Greeks. "*Adeo spirat,*" says Doering, "*Græcorum indolem, leporem, et in usu metaphorarum audaciam.*" The probability is, that Catullus, who was a traveller, wrote it upon some favourite vessel, which after long service he had thus consecrated to the twin stars of Castor and Pollux, and laid up near his beloved house on the peninsula of Sirmio. The reader is to imagine, that the poet, during a visit of some friends, takes them down to a retired bay of the water, and shews them his old skiff laid up in port, like a battered pensioner.

Phæelus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
 Ait fuisse nāvium celerrimus,
 Neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
 Nequisse præterire, sive palmulis
 Opus foret volare, sive linteo.
 Et hoc negat minacis Adriatici
 Negare litus, insulasve Cycladas,
 Rhodumve nobilem, horridamque Thraciam,
 Propontida, trucesve Ponticum sinum, &c.

The bark, my friends, which you see here,
 Will tell you that it had no peer;
 And that no skiff that swam the main,
 Could get before it, strain for strain,
 Whether it flew with sail or oar.
 And this it says, not Adria's shore
 With all its bluster can deny,
 Nor that Ægean company,
 Nor glorious Rhodes, nor savage Thrace,
 Nor Hellespont with either face,
 Nor the tremendous Pontic bay,—
 Where, till it took it's watery way,
 It was a thing of sylvan locks,
 And used, on the Cytorian rocks,
 To hiss and talk, with windy hair.
 And thou, Amastria, and thou, there,
 Cyturus, with whose box it grew,
 And this, it says, was known to you;
 And that from its remotest birth,
 It held the summit of your earth;
 And in your waters bathed it's oars;
 And so by all the harmless shores,
 Carried it's master in it's breast,
 Whether the wind was east or west;
 Or whether Jove, upon the sail,
 Sent, steady and blithe, a forward gale.
 Nor ever had it vows to pay
 To gods that watch the billowy way,
 When it came home from distant seas
 And in this limpid lake took ease.
 But this is past: and now, grown old,
 It lays it's age in this calm hold,
 And dedicates itself to thee,
 Castor, and thy twin deity.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
 Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with buse, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XI.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22d, 1819.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

HAVING met in the Harleian Miscellany with an account of a pet thief of ours, the famous Du Vall, who flourished in the time of Charles the Second, and wishing to introduce him worthily to the readers, it has brought to mind such a number of the light-fingered gentry, his predecessors, that we almost feel hustled by the thoughts of them. Our subject, we may truly fear, will run away with us. We feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and are not sure that our paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under our pen. Already we miss some excellent remarks, which we should have made in this place. If the reader should meet with any of that kind hereafter, upon the like subject, in another man's writings, twenty to one they are stolen from us, and ought to have enriched this our plundered exordium. He that steals an author's purse, may emphatically be said to steal trash; but he that filches from him his good things—Alas, we thought our subject would be running away with us. We must keep firm. We must put something heavier in our remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

The more ruffianly crowd of thieves should go first, as pioneers; but they can hardly be looked upon as progenitors of our gentle Du Vall; and besides, with all their ferocity, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—*Semihominis Caci facies dira*. (*Æneid*, B. 8, v. 194.) He was the Raw-head-and-bloody-bones of ancient fable. He lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting king Evander's highway like the Apollyon of Pilgrim's Progress.

Semperque recenti

*Cæde tepabat humus; foribusque adfixa superbis
Ora virum tristij pendebant pallida trabo.*

The place about was ever in a plash
Of steaming blood; and o'er the insulting door
Hung pallid human heads, defaced with dreary gore.

2d Edition.

He stole some of the cows of Hercules, and dragged them backwards into his cave to prevent discovery; but the oxen happening to low, the cows answered them; and the demigod, detecting the miscreant in his cave, strangled him after a hard encounter. This is one of the earliest sharpening tricks upon record.

Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Skakspeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*) was a thief suitable to the greater airiness of his origin. He is said to have performed tricks, which must awake the envy even of horse-dealers; for in pretending to return a capital horse which he had stolen, he palmed upon the owners a sorry jade of an ass; which was gravely received by those flats of antiquity. Another time he went still farther; for having conveyed away a handsome bride, he sent in exchange an old lady elaborately hideous; yet the husband did not find out the trick, till he had got off.

Autolycus himself however was outwitted by Sisyphus, the son of *Æolus*. Autolycus was in the habit of stealing his neighbours cattle, and altering the marks upon them. Among others he stole some from Sisyphus; but notwithstanding his usual precautions, he was astonished to find the latter come and pick out his oxen, as if nothing had happened. He had marked them under the hoof. Autolycus, it seems, had the usual generosity of genius; and was so pleased with this evidence of superior cunning, that some say he gave him in marriage his daughter Anticlea, who was afterwards the wife of Laertes, the father of Ulysses. According to others however, he only favoured him with his daughter's company for a time, a fashion not yet extinct in some primitive countries; and it was a reproach made against Ulysses, that Laertes was only his pretended, and Sisyphus his real father. Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. His famous punishment in hell, of being compelled to roll a stone up a hill to all eternity, and seeing it always go down again, is attributed by some to a characteristic trait, which he could not help playing off upon Pluto. It was supposed by the ancients, that a man's ghost would wander in a melancholy manner upon the banks of the Styx, as long as his corpse remained without burial. Sisyphus on his death-bed purposely charged his wife to leave him unburied; and then begged Pluto's permission to go back to earth, on his parole, merely to punish her for so scandalous a neglect. Like the lawyer however, who contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St. Peter's permission to step in for it, Sisyphus would not return; and so when Pluto had him again, he paid him for the trick, with setting him upon this everlasting job.

The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass every thing achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the Hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his pre-maturity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars's sword, and Jupiter's sceptre. He beat Cupid in a wrestling bout on the same day; and Venus caressing him for his conquest, he returned the embrace by filching

away her girdle. He would also have stolen Jupiter's thunderbolts, but was afraid of burning his fingers. On the evening of his birthday, he drove off the cattle of Admetus, which Apollo was tending. The good-humoured god of wit endeavoured to frighten him into restoring them; but could not help laughing, when in the midst of his threatenings he found himself without his quiver.

The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance, or in the details of the history of cities. The latter have not come down to us from the ancient world, with some exceptions in the comic writers, immaterial to our present purpose, and in the loathsome rhetoric of Petronius. The finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer to Alexander, in which he said that the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus we will tell another time. We can call to mind no other thieves in the Greek and Latin writers, (always excepting political ones) except some paltry fellows who stole napkins at dinner; and the robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in Gil Blas. When we come however to the times of the Arabians and of chivalry, they abound in all their glory, both great and small. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten Forty Thieves, with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one? Have we not all ridden backwards and forwards with them to the wood a hundred times? Watched them, with fear and trembling, from the tree? Sewn up, blindfolded, the four quarters of the dead body? And said, "Open, Sesame," to every door at school? May we ride with them again and again; or we shall lose our appetite for some of the best things in the world.

We pass over those interlopers in our English family, the Danes; as well as Rollo the Norman, and other freebooters, who only wanted less need of robbery, to become respectable conquerors. In fact they did so, as they got on. We have also no particular worthy to select from among that host of petty chieftains, who availed themselves of their knightly castles and privileges, to commit all sorts of unchivalrous outrages. These are the giants of modern romance; and the Vegliosi, Malengini, and Pinabellos, of Pulci, Spenser, and Ariosto. They survived in the petty states of Italy a long while; gradually took a less solitary though hardly less ferocious shape among the fierce political partisans recorded by Dante; and at length became represented by the men of desperate fortunes, who make such a figure, between the gloomy and the gallant, in Mrs. Radclyffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The breaking up of the late kingdom of Italy with its dependencies, has again revived them in some degree; but not, we believe, in any shape above common robbery. The regular modern thief seems to make his appearance for the first time, in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Boiardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his way. The way in which he

robs Sacripant King of Circassia, of his horse, has been ridiculed by Cervantes; if indeed he did not rather repeat it with great zest; for his use of the theft is really not such a caricature as in Bolardo and his great follower. While Sancho is sitting lumpishly asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Gines de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somnolent squire propped up on the saddle with four sticks. His consternation on waking may be guessed. But in the Italian poets, the Circassian prince has only fallen into a deep meditation, when Brunello draws away his steed. Ariosto appears to have thought this extravagance a hazardous one, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of repeating it; for he has made Sacripant blush, when called upon to testify how the horse was stolen from him. (Orlando Furio. C. 27, st. 84.)

In the Italian Novels and the old French Tales, are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact. We will give a specimen as we go, by way of making this article the completer. A doctor of laws in Bologna had become rich enough, by scraping money together, to indulge himself in a grand silver cup, which he sent home one day to his wife from the goldsmith's. There were two sharpening fellows prowling about that day in search of a prize; and getting scent of the cup, they laid their heads together, to contrive how they might indulge themselves in it instead. One of them accordingly goes to a fishmonger's, and buys a fine lamprey, which he takes to the doctor's wife, with her husband's compliments, and he would bring a company of his brother doctors with him to dinner, requesting in the mean time that she would send back the cup, by the bearer, as he had forgotten to have his arms engraved upon it. The good lady, happy to obey all these pleasing impulses on the part of master doctor, takes in the fish and sends out the cup, with equal satisfaction; and sets about getting the dinner ready. The doctor comes home at his usual hour, and finding his dinner so much better than ordinary, asks with an air of wonder, where was the necessity of going to that expense: upon which the wife, putting on an air of wonder in her turn, and proud of possessing the new cup, asks him where are all those brother doctors, whom he said he should bring with him. What does the fool mean? said the testy old gentleman. Mean! rejoined the wife:—what does *this* mean? pointing to the fish. The doctor looked down with his old eyes at the lamprey. "God knows," said he, "what it means. I am sure I don't know what it means, more than any other fish; except that I shall have to pay a pretty sum for every mouthful you eat of it." "Why it was your own doing, husband," said the wife; "and you will remember it perhaps, when you recollect that the same man that brought me the fish, was to take away the cup to have your name engraved upon it." At this the doctor started back, with his eyes as wide open as the fish's, exclaiming, "And you gave it him, did you?" "To be sure I did;" returned the good housewife. The old doctor here began a passionate speech, which he suddenly broke off; and

after stamping up and down the room, and crying out that he was an undone advocate, ran quivering out into the street like one frantic, asking every body if he had seen a man with a lamprey. The two rogues were walking all this time in the neighbourhood; and seeing the doctor set off, in his frantic fit, to the goldsmith's, and knowing that he who brought the lamprey had been well disguised, they began to ask one another, in the jollity of their triumph, what need there was for losing a good lamprey, because they had gained a cup. The other therefore went to the doctor's house, and putting on a face of good news, told the wife that the cup was found. "Master doctor," said he, "bade me come and tell you that it was but a joke of your old friend What's-his-name." "Castellani, I warrant me," said the wife, with a face broad with delight. "The same," returned he:—"master doctor says that Signor Castellani, and the other gentlemen he spoke of, are waiting for you at the Signor's house, where they purpose to laugh away the choler they so merrily raised with a good dinner and wine; and to that end they have sent me for the lamprey." "Take it in God's name," said the good woman; "I am heartily glad to see it go out of the house; and shall follow it myself speedily." So saying, she gave him the fine hot fish, with some sauce, between two dishes; and the knave, who felt already round the corner with glee, slid it under his cloak, and made the best of his way to his companion, who lifted up his hands and eyes at sight of him, and asked twenty questions in a breath, and chuckled, and slapped his thigh, and snapped his fingers for joy, to think what a pair of fools two rogues had to do with. Little did the poor despairing doctor, on his return home, guess what they were saying of him as he passed the wall of the house in which they were feasting. "Heyday!" cried the wife, smiling all abroad, as she saw him entering, "What art thou come to fetch me then, bone of my bone? Well; if this isn't the gallantest day I have seen many a year! It puts me in mind—it puts me in mind"—Here the chirping old lady was about to remind the doctor of the days of his youth, holding out her arms and raising her quivering voice, when (we shudder to relate) she received a considerable cuff on the left cheek. "You make me mad," cried the doctor, "with your eternal idiotical nonsense. What do you mean by coming to fetch you, and the gallantest day of your life? May the devil fetch you, and me, and that invisible fiend that stole the cup." "What!" exclaimed the wife, suddenly changing her tone from a vociferous complaint which she had unthinkingly set up, "did you send nobody then for the lamprey?" Here the doctor cast his eyes upon the bereaved table; and unable to bear the shame of this additional loss, however trivial, began tearing his hair and beard, and hopping about the room, giving his wife a new and scandalous epithet at every step, as if he was dancing to a catalogue of her imperfections. The story shook all the shoulders in Bologna for a month after.

As we find, by the length to which this article has already reached, that we should otherwise be obliged to compress our recollections of

Spanish, French, and English thieves into a compass that would squeeze them into the merest dry notices, we will postpone them at once to our next number; and relate another story from the same Italian novelist that supplied our last.* Our author is Massuccio of Salerno, a novelist who disputes with Bandello the rank next in popularity to Boccaccio. We have not the original by us; and must be obliged to an English work for the ground-work of our story, as we have been to Paynter's Palace of Pleasure for the one just related. But we take the liberty usual with the repeaters of these stories. We retain the incidents, but tell them in our own way, and imagine what might happen in the intervals.

Two Neapolitan sharpers, having robbed a Genoese merchant of his purse, make the best of their way to Sienna, where they arrive during the preaching of St. Bernardin. One of them attends a sermon with an air of conspicuous modesty and devotion, and afterwards waits upon the preacher, and addresses him thus: "Reverend father, you see before you a man, poor indeed, but honest. I do not mean to boast. God knows, I have no reason. Who upon earth has reason, unless it be one who will be the last to boast, like yourself, holy father?" Here the saintly orator shook his head. "I do not mean," resumed the stranger, "to speak even of the reverend and illustrious Bernardin, but as a man among men. For my part, I am, as it were, a creeping thing among them; and yet I am honest. If I have any virtue, it is that. I crawl right onward in my path, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and yet I have my temptations. Reverend father, I have found this purse. I will not deny, that being often in want of the common necessities of life, and having been obliged last night, in particular, to sit down faint at the city gates, for want of my ordinary crust and onion, which I had given to one (God help him!) still worse off than myself, I did cast some looks—I did, I say, just open the purse, and cast a wistful eye at one of those shining pieces, that lay one over the other inside, with something like a wish that I could procure myself a meal with it, unknown to the lawful proprietor. But my conscience, thank heaven, prevailed. I have to make two requests to you, reverend father. First, that you will absolve me for this my offence; and second, that you will be pleased to mention in one of your discourses, that a poor sinner from Milan, on his road to hear them, has found a purse, and would willingly restore it to the right owner. I would fain give double the contents of it to find him out; but then, what can I do? All the wealth I have consists in my honesty. Be pleased, most illustrious father, to mention this in your discourse, as modestly as becomes my nothingness; and to add especially, that the purse was found on the road from Milan, lying, miraculously as it were,

* It is by no means our intention in general to carry on a subject from one paper to another. We have our reasons for doing otherwise. But we may take the liberty sometimes, when the subject is of a various nature like the present; and when the reader may, in fact, leave off at several points, if he pleases, without any necessity of going forward.

upon a sunny bank, open to the view of all, under an olive tree, not far from a little fountain, the pleasant noise of which peradventure had invited the owner to sleep." The good father, at hearing this detail, smiled at the anxious sincerity of the poor pilgrim, and giving him the required absolution, promised to do his utmost to bring forth the proprietor. In his next sermon, he accordingly dwelt with such eloquence on the opportunities thrown in the way of the rich who lose purses to behave nobly, that his congregation several times half rose from their seats out of enthusiasm, and longed for some convenient loss of property, that might enable them to shew their disinterestedness. At the conclusion of it, however, a man stepped forward, and said, that anxious as he was to do justice to the finder of the purse, which he knew to be his the moment he saw it (only he was loth to interrupt the reverend father), he had claims upon him at home, in the person of his wife and thirteen children,—fourteen perhaps, he might *now* say,—which, to his great sorrow, prevented him from giving the finder more than a quarter of a piece; this however he offered him with the less scruple, since he saw the seraphic disposition of the reverend preacher and his congregation, who he had no doubt would make ample amends for this involuntary deficiency on the part of a poor family man, the whole portion of whose wife and children might be said to be wrapt up in that purse. His sleep under the olive tree had been his last for these six nights (here the other man said, with a tremulous joy of acknowledgment, that it was indeed just six nights since he had found it); and heaven only knew when he should have had another, if his children's bread, so to speak, had not been found again." With these words, the sharper (for such, of course, he was) presented the quarter of a piece to his companion, who made all but a prostration for it; and hastened with the purse out of the church. The other man's circumstances were then enquired into, and as he was found to have almost as many children as the purse-owner, and no possessions at all, as he said, but his honesty,—all his children being equally poor and pious,—a considerable subscription was raised for him; so large indeed, that on the appearance of a new claimant next day, the pockets of the good people were found empty. This was no other than the Genoese merchant, who having turned back on his road, when he missed his purse, did not stop till he came to Sienna, and heard the news of the day before. Imagine the feelings of the deceived people. Saint Bernardin was convinced that the two cheats were devils in disguise. The resident canon had thought pretty nearly as much all along, but had held his tongue, and now hoped it would be a lesson to people not to listen to every body who could talk, especially to the neglect of Saint Antonio's monastery. As to the people themselves, they thought variously. Most of them were mortified at having been cheated; and some swore they never would be cheated again, let appearances be what they might. Others thought that this was a resolution somewhat equivocal, and more convenient than happy. For our parts, we think the last were right: and this reminds us of a true

English story, more good than striking, which we heard a short while ago from a friend. He knew a man of rugged manners, but good heart (not that the two things, as a lover of parenthesis will say, are at all bound to go together), who had a wife somewhat given to debating with hackney-coachmen, and disputing acts of settlement respecting half miles, and quarter miles, and abominable additional sixpences. The good housewife was lingering at the door, and exclaiming against one of these monstrous charioteers, whose hoarse low voice was heard at intervals, full of lying protestations and bad weather, when the husband called out from a back-room, "Never mind there, never mind:—let her be cheated; let her be cheated."

This is a digression; but it is as well to introduce it, in order to take away a certain bitterness out of the mouth of the other's moral.

We intended to introduce the following delightful little lyric, by a friend, in very different company from that of the gentlemen just presented to the reader; but as Mercury, who was the god of thieves, was also the inventor of the lyre, and as Love himself, time out of mind, has been called a thief, it is not, in all respects, inappropriately situated. We may fancy Mercury playing, and Love singing:—and the song is indeed worthy of the performers. It is elemental, Platonical; a meeting of divineness with humanity.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle;—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdained to kiss its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

Σ.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
 Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busle, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XII.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1819.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

WE now come to a very unromantic set of rogues; the Spanish ones. In a poetical sense at least they are unromantic; though doubtless the mountains of Spain have seen as picturesque vagabonds in their time as any. There are the robbers in Gil Blas, who have at least a very respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Rolando, with his sturdy height and his whiskers, shewing with a lifted torch his treasure to the timid stripling Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurt him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. "God knows," said he, on the present occasion, "I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's help I shall redeem all." The case was this. The Cid, who was too good a subject to please his master the king, had quarrelled with him, or rather had been banished; and nobody was to give him house-room or food. A number of friends however followed him; and by the help of his nephew Martin Antolinez, he proposed to raise some money. Martin accordingly negotiated the business with a couple of rich Jews, who for a deposit of two chests full of spoil, which they were not to open for a year, on account of political circumstances, agreed to advance six hundred marks. "Well then, said Martin Antolinez, ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste, give us the marks. This is not the way of business, said they; we must take first, and then give."—Martin accordingly goes with them to the Cid, who in the mean time has filled a couple of heavy chests with sand. The Cid smiled as they kissed his hand, and said, "Ye see I am going out of the land because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye." The Jews made a suitable answer, and were then desired to take the chests; but though strong men, they could not raise them from the ground. This put them in such spirits, that

after telling out the six hundred marks, (which Don Martin took without weighing) they offered the Cid a present of a fine red skin; and upon Don Martin's suggesting that he thought his own services in the business merited a pair of hose, they consulted a minute with each other, in order to do every thing judiciously; and then gave him money enough to buy, not only the hose, but a rich doublet and good cloak into the bargain.*

The regular sharpening rogues however, that abound in Spanish books of adventure, have one species of romance about them, of a very peculiar nature. It may be called, we fear, as far as Spain is concerned, a "romance of real life." We allude to the absolute want and hunger, which is so often the original of their sin. A vein of this craving nature runs throughout most of the Spanish novels. In other countries, theft is generally represented as the result of an abuse of plenty, or some other kind of profligacy, or absolute ruin. But it seems to be an understood thing, that to be poor in Spain is to be in want of the commonest necessities of life. If a poor man here and there happens not to be in so destitute a state as the rest, he thinks himself bound to maintain the popular character for an appetite; and manifests the most prodigious sense of punctuality and anticipation in all matters relating to meals. Who ever thinks of Sancho, and does not think of ten minutes before luncheon? Don Quixote on the other hand counts it ungentle and undignified to be hungry. The cheat, who flatters Gil Blas, reckons himself entitled to be insultingly triumphant, merely because he has got a dinner out of him.

Of all these ingenious children of necessity, whose roguery has been sharpened by perpetual want, no wit was surely ever kept at so subtle and fierce an edge, as that of the never-to-be-decently-treated Lazarillo de Tormes. If we had not been at a sort of monastic school, and known the beatitude of dry bread and a draught of spring-water, his history would seem to inform us, for the first time, what true hunger was. His cunning so truly keeps pace with it, that he seems recompensed for the wants of his stomach by the abundant energies of his head. One half of his imagination is made up of dry bread and scraps, and the other of meditating how to get at them. Every thought of his mind, and every feeling of his affection, coalesces, and tends to one point, with a ventripetal force. It was said of a contriving lady, that she took her very tea by stratagem. Lazarillo is not so lucky. It is enough for him, if by a train of the most ingenious contrivances, he can lay successful siege to a crust. To rout some broken victuals; to circumvent an onion or so extraordinary, is the utmost aim of his ambition. An ox-foot is his beau

* See Mr. Southey's excellent compilation entitled the Chronicle of the Cid. Book 3, sec. 21. If, Mr. Southey—but we must recollect we are not at our politics. The version at the end of the book, attributed to Mr. Hookham Frere, of a passage out of the Poema del Cid, is the most native and terse bit of translation we ever met with. It rides along, like the Cid himself on horseback, with an infinite mixture of ardour and self-possession; bending, when it chuses, with grace; or bearing down every thing with mastery.

ideal. He has as intense and circuitous a sense of a piece of cheese, as a mouse at a trap. He swallows surreptitious crums with as much zest, as a young servant girl does a plate of preserves. But to his story. He first serves a blind beggar, with whom he lives miserably, except when he commits thefts which subject him to miserable beatings. He next lives with a priest, and finds his condition worse. His third era of esuriency takes place in the house of a Spanish gentleman; and here he is worse off than ever. The reader wonders, as he himself did, how he can possibly ascend to this climax of starvation. To overreach a blind beggar, might be thought easy. The reader will judge by a specimen or two. The old fellow used to keep his mug of liquor between his legs, that Lazarillo might not touch it without his knowledge. He did however; and the beggar discovering it, took to holding the mug in future by the handle. Lazarillo then contrives to suck some of the liquor off with a reed; till the beggar defeats this contrivance by keeping one hand upon the vessel's mouth. His antagonist, upon this, makes a hole near the bottom of the mug, filling it up with wax, and so tapping the can with as much gentleness as possible, whenever his thirst makes him bold. This stratagem threw the blind man into despair. He "used to swear and domineer," and wish both the pot and its contents at the devil. The following account of the result is a specimen of the English translation of the work, which is done with great tact and spirit, we know not by whom. But it is worthy of De Foë. Lazarillo is supposed to tell his adventures himself. "You won't accuse me any more, I hope," cried I, "of drinking your wine," after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it." To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which dissembling at that time, he let me alone till next day at dinner. Not despairing, my reader must know, of the old man's malicious stratagem, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, and receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the ferocious tyrant, taking up *the sweet, but hard pot*, with both his hands flung it down again with all his force upon my face, with the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head; I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment; my forehead, nose and mouth, gushing out of blood, and the latter full of broken teeth, and broken pieces of the can. From that time forward, I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe, how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy. He washed my sores with wine; and with a smile, "What say'st thou," quoth he, "Lazarillo; the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee to health." Courage, my boy! But all his railery could not make me change my mind. At another time, a countryman giving them a cluster of grapes, the old man, says Lazarillo, "would needs take that opportunity to . . . The reader is to understand a common southern wine, more like a wash cyder than any thing else.

shew me a little kindness, after he had been chiding and beating me the whole day before." So setting ourselves down by a hedge, "Come hither, Lazarillo," quoth he, "and let us enjoy ourselves a little, and eat these raisins together; which that we may share like brothers, do you take but one at a time, and be sure not to cheat me, and I promise you for my part, I shall take no more." That I readily agreed to, and so we began our banquet; but at the very second time he took a couple, believing, I suppose, that I would do the same. And finding he had shewed me the way, I made no scruple all the while to take two, three, or four at a time; sometimes more and sometimes less, as conveniently I could. When we had done, the old man shook his head, and holding the stalk in his hand, "Thou hast cheated me, Lazarillo," quoth he, "for I could take my oath, that thou hast taken three at a time." "Who I! I beg your pardon," quoth I, "my conscience is as dear to me as another." "Pass that jest upon another," answered the old fox; "you saw me take two at a time without complaining of it, and therefore you took three." At that I could hardly forbear laughing; and at the same time admired the justness of his reasoning." Lazarillo at length quitted the service of the old hard-hearted miser, and revenged himself upon him at the same time, in a very summary manner. They were returning home one day on account of bad weather, when they had to cross a kennel which the rain had swelled to a little torrent. The beggar was about to jump over it as well as he could; when Lazarillo persuaded him to go a little lower down the stream, because there was a better crossing; that is, there was a stone pillar on the other side, against which he knew the blind old fellow would nearly dash his brains out. "He was mightily pleased with my advice. 'Thou art in the right on it, good boy,' quoth he, 'and I love thee with all my heart, Lazarillo. Lead me to the place thou speakest of; the water is very dangerous in winter, and especially to have one's feet wet.' And again:—'Be sure to set me in the right place, Lazarillo,' quoth he; 'and then do thou go over first.' I obeyed his orders, and set him exactly before the pillar, and so leaping over, posted myself behind it, looking upon him as a man would do upon a mad bull. 'Now your jump,' quoth I, 'and you may get over to rights, without ever touching the water.' I had scarce done speaking, when the old man, like a ram that's fighting, ran three steps backwards, to take his start with the greater vigour, and so his head came with a vengeance against the stone-pillar, which made him fall back into the kennel half dead." Lazarillo stops a moment to triumph over him with insulting language; and then, says he, "resigning my blind, bruised, wet, old, cross, cunning master to the care of the mob that was gathered about him, I made the best of my heels, without ever looking about, till I had got the town-gate upon my back; and thence, marching on a merry pace, I arrived before night at Torrijo."

At the house of the priest, poor Lazarillo gets worse off than before, and is obliged to resort to the most extraordinary shifts to arrive at a morsel of bread. At one time, he gets a key of a tinker,

and opening the old trunk in which the miser kept his bread, (a sight, he says, like the opening of heaven) he takes small pieces out of three or four; in imitation of a mouse; which so convinces the old hunks that the mice and rats have been at them, that he is more liberal of the bread than usual. He lets him have in particular "the parings about the parts where he thought the mice had been." Another of his contrivances is to palm off his pickings upon a serpent, with which animal a neighbour told the priest that his house had been once haunted. Lazarillo, who had been used when he lived with the beggar to husband pieces of money in his mouth, (substituting some lesser coin in the blind man's hand, when people gave him any thing) now employs the same hiding-place for his key; but whistling through it unfortunately, one night, as he lay breathing hard in his sleep, the priest concludes he has now caught the serpent, and going to Lazarillo's bed with a broomstick, gives him at a venture such a tremendous blow on the head, as half murders him. The key is then discovered, and the poor fellow turned out of doors.

He is now hired by a lofty-looking hidalgo; and follows him home, eating a thousand good things by anticipation. They pass through the markets however to no purpose. The squire first goes to church too, and spends an unconscionable time at mass. At length they arrive at a dreary, ominous looking house, and ascend into a decent apartment, where the squire after shaking his cloak, and blowing off the dust from a stone seat, lays it neatly down, and so makes a cushion of it to sit upon. There is no other furniture in the room, nor even in the neighbouring rooms, except a bed "composed of the anatomy of an old hamper." The truth is, the squire is as poor as Lazarillo, only too proud to own it; and so he starves both himself and his servant at home, and then issues gallantly forth of a morning, with his Toledo by his side, and a countenance of stately satisfaction; returning home every day about noon with "a starched body, reaching out his neck like a greyhound." Lazarillo had not been a day in the house, before he found out how matters went. He was beginning, in his despair of a dinner, to eat some scraps of bread which had been given him in the morning, when the squire observing him, asked what he was about. "Come hither, boy," said he, "what's that thou art eating?" "I went," says Lazarillo, "and shewed him three pieces of bread, of which taking away the best, 'upon my faith,' quoth he, 'this bread seems to be very good.'" "'Tis too stale and hard, Sir," said I, "to be good." "I swear 'tis very good," said the squire: "Who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that gave it thee?" "I took it without asking any questions, Sir," answered I, "and you see I eat it as freely." "Pray God it may be so," answered the miserable squire; and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine; adding at every mouthful, "Gadzooks, this bread is excellent."

Lazarillo in short here finds the bare table so completely turned upon him, that he is forced to become provider for his master as well as himself; which he does by fairly going out every day and begging; the poor squire winking at the indignity, though not without a hint

at keeping the connexion secret: The following extract shall be our climax, which it may well be, the hunger having thus ascended into the ribs of Spanish aristocracy. Lazarillo, one lucky day, has an ox-foot and some tripe given him by a butcher-woman. On coming home with his treasure, he finds the hidalgo impatiently walking up and down, and fears he shall have a scolding for staying so long: but the squire merely asks where he has been, and receives the account with an irrepressible air of delight. "I sate down," says Lazarillo, "upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat that he might fancy I was feasting; and observed without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"*May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor squire; daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him, for since he had told me he had dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat; but in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts; it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, "Lazarillo," quoth he, (as soon as he observed me begin to eat) "I never saw any body eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company: let their stomachs be never so full, or their mouth be never so much out of taste."* Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him. "Sir," said I, "good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread, and here's an ox-foot so nicely drest and so well seasoned, that any body would delight to taste of it."

"How!" cried the squire, interrupting me; "an ox-foot?" "Yes, Sir," said I, "an ox-foot." "Ah! then," quoth he, "*thou hast in my opinion the delicatest bit in Spain; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing that I like nearly so well as that.*"

"Will you please to try, Sir," said I, (putting the ox-foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread) "when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that it is a treat for a king, 'tis so well dressed and seasoned,

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. "Oh! the excellent bit," did he cry, "that this would be with a little garlick." Ha! thought I to myself, how hastily thou eatest it without sauce. "Gad," said the squire, "I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to day;" which I did very readily believe.

"He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was as full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had eat any. When his squireship had drank, he civilly invited me to do the like; and thus ended our feast."

We hope the reader is as much amused with this prolongation of

the subject as ourselves, for we are led on insensibly by these amusing thieves, and find we shall have yet another paper to write upon them, before we have done. We will therefore conclude the present one by giving another specimen or two of the sharpening Spaniard out of Quevedo. The Adventures, by the way, of Lazarillo de Tormes, were written in the sixteenth century by a Spanish gentleman, apparently of illustrious family, Don Diego de Mendoza, who was sometime ambassador at Venice. This renders the story of the hidalgo still more curious. Not that the author perhaps ever felt the proud but condescending pangs which he describes; this is not necessary for a man of imagination. He merely meant to give a hint to the poorer gentry not to overdo the matter on the side of loftiness, for their own sakes; and hunger, whether among the proud or the humble, was too national a thing, not to be entered into by his statistic apprehension.

The most popular work connected with sharpening adventures is Gil Blas, which though known to us as a French production, seems unquestionably to have originated in the country where the scene is laid. It is a work exquisitely easy and true; but somehow we have no fancy for the knaves in it. They are of too smooth, sneaking and safe a cast. They neither bespeak one's sympathy by necessity, nor one's admiration by daring. We except, of course, the robbers before-mentioned, who are a picturesque patch in the work, like a piece of rough poetry.

Of the illustrious Guzman d'Alfarache, the most popular book of the kind, we believe, in Spain, and admired, we know, in this country by some excellent judges, we cannot with propriety speak, for we have only read a few pages at the beginning; though we read those twice over, at two different times; and each time with the same intention of going on. In truth, as Guzman is called by way of eminence the Spanish Rogue, we must say for him, as far as our slight acquaintance warrants it, that he is also "as tedious as a king." They say however he has excellent stuff in him.

We can speak a little of Marcos de Obregon, of which a translation appeared a little while ago. We have read it; and if we remember rightly, were pleased; but want of memory on these occasions is not a good symptom. Quevedo, no ordinary person, is very amusing. His Visions of Hell in particular, though of a very different kind from Dante's, are more edifying. But our business at present is with his "History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds." We do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *Kleptocracy*. He is extremely pleasant, especially in his younger days. His mother, who is no better than the progenitor of such a personage ought to be, happens to have the misfortune one day of being carted. Paul, who was then a school-boy, was elected king on some boyish holiday; and riding out upon a half-starved horse, it picked up a small cabbage as they went through the market. The market-women began pelting the king with rotten oranges and turnip-tops; upon which, having

feathers in his cap, and getting a notion in his head that they mistook him for his mother, who agreeably to a Spanish custom was tricked out in the same manner when she was carted, he halloo'd out, "Good women, though I wear feathers in my cap, I am none of Alonza Saturno de Rebillo. She is my mother."

Paul used to be set upon unlucky tricks by the son of a man of rank, who preferred enjoying a joke to getting punished for it. Among others, one Christmas, a counsellor happening to go by of the name of Pontio de Auguirre, the little Don told his companion to call Pontius Pilate, and then to run away. He did so, and the angry counsellor followed after him with a knife in his hand, so that he was forced to take refuge in the house of the schoolmaster. The lawyer laid his indictment, and Paul got a hearty flogging, during which he was enjoined never to call Pontius Pilate again; to which he heartily agreed. The consequence was, that next day, when the boys were at prayers, Paul, coming to the Belief, and thinking that he was never again to name Pontius Pilate, gravely said, "Suffered under Pontio de Auguirre;" which evidence of his horror of the scourge so interested the pedagogue, that by a Catholic mode of dispensation, he absolved him from the next two whippings he should incur.

But we forget, that our little picaro was a thief. One specimen of his talents this way, and we have done with the Spaniards. He went with young Don Diego to the university; and here getting applause for some tricks he played people, and dandling, as it were, his growing propensity to theft, he invited his companions one evening to see him steal a box of comfits from a confectioner's. He accordingly draws his rapier, which was stiff and well pointed; runs violently into the shop; and exclaiming "You're a dead man," makes a fierce lunge at the confectioner between the body and arm. Down drops the man, half dead with fear: the others rush out. But what of the box of comfits? "Where are the box of comfits, Paul?" said the rogues: "we do not see what you have done after all, except frighten the fellow." "Look here, my boys," answered Paul. They looked, and at the end of his rapier beheld, with shouts of laughter, the vanquished box. He had marked it out on the shelf; and under pretence of lunging at the confectioner, pinked it away like a muffin.

Upon turning to Quevedo, we find that the story has grown a little upon our memory, as to detail; but this is the spirit of it. The prize here, it is to be observed, is something eatable; and the same yearning is a predominant property of Quevedo's sharpers, as well as the others.

Adieu, ye pleasant rogues of Spain! ye surmounters of bad government, hunger, and misery, by the mere force of a light climate and fingers! The dinner calls;—and to talk about you before it, is as good as taking a ride on horseback.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard, 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price Twopence.

Printed by C. H. Reynell, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XIII.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1820.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

WE must return a moment to the Italian thieves, to relate a couple of stories related of Ariosto and Tasso. The former was for a short period governor of Grafagnana, a disturbed district in the Apennines, which his prudent and gentle policy brought back from it's disaffection. Among it's other troubles, were numerous bands of robbers, two of the names of whose leaders, Domenico Maroco, and Filippo Pacchione, have come down to posterity. Ariosto, during the first days of his government, was riding out with a small retinue, when he had to pass through a number of suspicious-looking armed men. The two parties had scarcely cleared each other, when the chief of the strangers asked a servant who happened to be at some distance behind the others, who that person was. "It is the captain of the citadel here," said the man, "Lodovico Ariosto." The stranger no sooner heard the name, than he went running back to overtake the governor, who, stopping his horse, waited with some anxiety for the event. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but I was not aware that so great a person as the Signor Lodovico Ariosto was passing near me. My name is Filippo Pacchione; and when I knew who it was, I could not go on without returning to pay the respect due to so illustrious a name."

A doubt is thrown on this story, or rather on the particular person who gave occasion to it, by the similarity of an adventure related of Tasso. Both of them however are very probable, let the similarity be what it may; for both the poets had occasion to go through disturbed districts; robbers abounded in both their times; and the leaders being most probably men rather of desperate fortunes than want of knowledge, were likely enough to seize such opportunities of vindicating their better habits, and shewing a romantic politeness. The enthusiasm too is quite in keeping with the national character; and it is to be observed that the particulars of Tasso's adventure are different, though the spirit of it is the same. He was journeying, it is said, in company with others, for better security against the banditti who infested the borders of the papal territory; when they were told that

Sciarra, a famous robber, was at hand in considerable force. Tasso was for pushing on, and defending themselves if attacked; but his opinion was overruled; and the company threw themselves, for safety, into the city of Mola. Here Sciarra kept them in a manner blocked up; but hearing that Tasso was among the travellers, he sent him word that he should not only be allowed to pass, but should have safe conduct whithersoever he pleased. The lofty poet, making it a matter of delicacy perhaps to waive an advantage of which his company could not partake, declined the offer, upon which Sciarra sent another message, saying that upon the sole account of Tasso, the ways should be left open. And they were so.

We can call to mind no particular German thieves, except those who figure in romances, and in the Robbers of Schiller. To say the truth, we are writing just now with but few books to refer to; and the better informed reader must pardon any deficiencies he meets with in these egregious and furtive memorandums. Of the Robbers of Schiller, an extraordinary effect is related. It is said to have driven a number of wild-headed young Germans upon playing at banditti, not in the bounds of a school or university, but seriously in a forest. The matter-of-fact spirit in which a German sets about being enthusiastic, is a metaphysical curiosity which modern events render doubly interesting. It is extremely worthy of the attention of those rare personages, entitled reflecting politicians. But we must take care again. It is very inhuman of these politics, that the habit of attending to them, though with the greatest good-will and sincerity, will always be driving a man upon thinking how his fellow-creatures are going on.

There is a pleasant well-known story of a Prussian thief and Frederick the Second. [The mention, by the way, of these two personages together puts us in mind of the Scottish answer to travellers about a mile and a bittock,—the said bittock, or little bit, being perhaps three or four miles in addition.

Reader. There, Mr. Indicator, you get upon politics again.

Indic. What, Sir; upon modern politics?

Read. I think so.

Indic. But I cannot help it, you know, if past history applies to present events; or at least, if your wicked imagination makes it apply.

Read. Oh, ho: you have me there.

Indic. I trust you have me every where.]

We forget what was the precise valuable found upon the Prussian soldier, and missed from an image of the Virgin Mary; but we believe it was a ring. He was tried for sacrilege, and the case appeared clear against him, when he puzzled his Catholic judges by informing them, that the fact was, the Virgin Mary had given him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary, was to deny their religion: while, on the other hand, to let the fellow escape on the pretence, was to canonize impudence itself. The worthy judges, in their perplexity, applied to the king, who under the guise of behaving delicately to their faith, was not sorry to have such an opportunity of joking it. His

majesty therefore pronounced, with becoming gravity, that the allegation of the soldier could not but have it's due weight with all Catholic believers; but that in future, it was forbidden any Prussian subject, military or civil, to *accept* a present from the Virgin Mary.

The district, formerly rendered famous by the exploits of Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, and now become infamous by the tyranny of Ali Bey, has been very fertile in robbers. And no wonder, for a semi-barbarous people so governed become thieves by necessity. The name indeed, as well as profession, is in such good receipt with an Albanian, that according to late travellers, it is a common thing for him to begin a story by saying, "When I was a robber——" We remember reading of some Albanian or Sclavonian leader of banditti, who made his enemies suppose he had a numerous force with him, by distributing military caps upon the hedges.

There are some other nations who are all thieves, more or less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character. Such are the piratical Malays; the still more infamous Algerines; the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abyssinia. As to the Arabs, they have a prescriptive right, from tradition as well as local circumstances, to plunder every body. The sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee and other black empires on the coast of Guinea are more like a government of murderers and ogres, than thieves. They are the next ruffians perhaps in existence, to slave-dealers. The gentlest nation of pilferers are the Otaheiteans; and something is to be said for their irresistible love of hatchets and old nails. Let the European trader, that is without sin cast the first paragraph at them. Let him think what he should feel inclined to do, were a ship of some unknown nation to come upon his coast, with gold and jewels lying scattered about the deck. For no less precious is iron to the South Sea Islander. A Paraisaical state of existence would be, to him, not the Golden, but the Iron Age. An Otaheitean Jupiter would visit his Danaë in a shower of tenpenny nails.

We are now come to a very multitudinous set of candidates for the halter, the thieves of our own beloved country. For what we know of the French thieves is connected with them, excepting Cartouche; and we remember nothing of him, but that he was a great ruffian, and died upon that worse ruffian, the rack.

There is, to be sure, a very eminent instance of a single theft in the Confessions of Rousseau; and it is the second greatest blot in his book; for he suffered a girl to be charged with and punished for the theft, and maintained the lie to her face, though she was his friend, and appealed to him with tears. But it may be said for him, at any rate, that the world would not have known the story but for himself: and if such a disclosure be regarded by some as an additional offence (which it may be thought by some very delicate as well as dishonest people,) we must recollect, that it was the object of his book to give a plain unsophisticated account of a human being's experiences; and that many persons of excellent repute would have been found to have committed actions as bad, had they given accounts of themselves as candid. Dr.

Johnson was of opinion that all children were thieves and liars: and somebody, we believe a Scotchman, answered a fond speech about human nature, by exclaiming, that "human nature was a rogue and a vagabond, or so many laws would not have been necessary to restrain it." We venture to differ, on this occasion, with both Englishman and Scotchman. Laws in particular, taking the bad with the good, are quite as likely to have made rogues, as restrained them. But we see, at any rate, what has been suspected of more orthodox persons than Rousseau; to say nothing of less charitable advantages which might be taken of such opinions. He committed a petty theft; and miserably did his false shame, the parent of so many crimes, make him act. But he won back to their infants' lips the bosoms of thousands of mothers. He restored to their bereaved and helpless owners thousands of those fountains of health and joy: and before he is abused, even for worse things than the theft, let those whose virtue consists in custom, think of this.

As we have mixed fictitious with real thieves in this article, in a manner, we fear, somewhat uncritical (and yet the fictitious are most likely founded on fact; and the life of a real thief is a kind of dream and romance) we will dispatch our fictitious English thieves before we come to the others. And we must make shorter work of it than we intended, or we shall never come to our friend Du Vall. The length to which this article has stretched out, week after week, will be a warning to us how we render our paper liable to be run away with in future.

There is a very fine story of Three Thieves in Chaucer, which we must tell at large another time. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that bellipotent and immeasurable wag, Falstaff. If for a momentary freak, he thought it villainous to steal, at the next moment he thought it villainous not to steal.

"Hal, I prythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street, about you, Sir; but I marked him not. And yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not. And yet he talked wisely; and in the streets, too."

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for 'Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.'

Falstaff. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a posse to-morrow, Jack?

Falstaff. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."

We must take care how we speak of Macbeth, or we shall be said

to be getting political again. Fielding's Jonathan Wild the Great is also, in this sense, "caveare to the multitude." But we would say, more of him, if we had room. Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostro and other adventurers, is a thief not at all to our taste. We are continually obliged to call his mother to our recollection, in order to bear him. The only instance in which the character of an absolute profligate pickpocket was ever made comparatively welcome to our graver feelings, is in the extraordinary novel of *Manon L'Escart* by the Abbé Prevost. It is the story of a young man so passionately in love with a profligate female, that he follows her through every species of vice and misery, even when she is sent as a convict to New Orleans. His love indeed is returned. He is obliged to subsist upon her vices; and in return, is induced to help her with his own, becoming a cheat and a swindler to supply her outrageous extravagances. On board the convict ship (if we recollect) he waits on her through every species of squalidness; the convict-dress and her shaven head only redoubling his love by the help of pity. This seems a shocking and very immoral book; yet multitudes of very reputable people have found a charm in it. The fact is, not only that Manon is beautiful, sprightly, really fond of her lover, and after all, becomes reformed; but that it is delightful, and ought to be so, to the human heart, to see a vein of sentiment and real goodness looking out through all this callous surface of guilt. It is like meeting with a tree in a squalid hole of a city—a flower, on a frank face, in a reprobate parlieu. The capabilities of human nature are not compromised. The virtue alone seems natural; the guilt, as it so often is, seems artificial, and the result of some bad education or other circumstance. Nor is any body injured. It is one of the shallowest of all shallow notions to talk of the harm of such works. Do we think anybody is to be harmed but the vicious? Or that there are not privileged harms and vices to be got rid of, as well as unprivileged? No good-hearted person will be injured by reading *Manon L'Escart*. There is the belief in goodness in it;—a faith, the want of which does so much harm both to the vicious and to the over-righteous.

The prince of all robbers, English or foreign, is undoubtedly Robin Hood. There is a worthy Scottish namesake of his, Rob Roy, who has been lately had justice done to all his injuries by a countryman; and the author, it seems, has now come down from the borders to see the Rob of the elder times well treated. We were obliged to tear ourselves away from his first volume,* to go to this ill-repaying article. But Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superfluous" to the poor, "and showed the heavens more just." However, what we have to say of him, we must keep till the trees are in leaf again, and the greenwood shade delightful.

We dismiss, in one rabble-like heap, the real Jonathan Wilds, Aver-

shaw, and other heroes of the Newgate Calendar, who have no redemption in their rascality. And after them, for gentlemen-valets, may go the Barringtons, Major Semples, and other sneaking rogues, who held on a tremulous career of iniquity betwixt pilfering and repenting. Yet Jack Shepherd must not be forgotten, with his ingenious and daring breaks out of prison; nor Turpin, who is said to have ridden his horse with such swiftness from York to London, that he was enabled to set up an *alibi*. We have omitted to notice the celebrated Buccaneers of America; but these are fellows, with regard to whom we are willing to take Dogberry's advice, and "steal out of their company."

All hail, thou most attractive of scape-graces;—thou most accomplished of gentlemen of the road;—thou, worthy to be called one of "the minions of the moon,"—Monsieur Claude Du Vall,—whom we have come such a long and dangerous journey to see!

Claude Du Vall, according to a pleasant account of him in the Harleian Miscellany, was born at Domfront in Normandy, in the year 1643, of Pierre Du Vall, miller, and Marguerite de la Roche, the fair daughter of a tailor. Being a sprightly boy, he did not remain in the country, but became servant to a person of quality at Paris; and with this gentleman he came over to England at the time of the Restoration. It is difficult to say, which came over to pick the most pockets and hearts, Charles the Second, or Claude Du Vall. Be this as it may, his "courses" of life, ("for," says the contemporary historian, "I dare not call them vices,") soon reduced him to the necessity of going upon the road; and here "he quickly became so famous, that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen, he had the honour to be named first." "He took," says his biographer, "the generous way of padding;" that is to say, he behaved with exemplary politeness to all coaches, especially those in which there were ladies; making a point of frightening them as amiably as possible; and insisting upon returning any favourite trinkets or keepsakes, for which they chose to appeal to him with "their most sweet voices."

It was in this character that he performed an exploit, which is the eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility. We will relate it in the words of our informer. Riding out with some of his confederates, "he overtakes a coach, which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of four hundred pounds in it. In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to shew she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays: Du Vall takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach-side. 'Sir,' says he, to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one currant with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good

mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable:’ which said, the lacquey opens the boot, out comes the knight, Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was, that Du Vall performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to shew such footing as he did in his great riding French boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Vall to him, ‘Sir, you have forgot to pay the music:’ ‘No, I have not,’ replies the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him; which Du Vall took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, ‘Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds;’ and giving him the word, that if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him.

“This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the ladies had for Du Vall; for in this, as in an epitome, are contained all things that set a man off advantageously, and make him appear, as the phrase is, *much a gentleman*. First, here was valour, that he and but four more durst assault a knight, a lady, a waiting-gentlewoman, a lacquey, a groom that rid by to open the gates, and the coachman, they being six to five, odds at football; and besides, Du Vall had much the worst cause, and reason to believe, that whoever should arrive, would range themselves on the enemy’s party. Then he shewed his invention and sagacity, that he could *sur le champ*, and, without studying, make that advantage of the lady’s playing on the flageolet. He evinced his skill in instrumental music, by playing on his flageolet; in vocal, by his singing; for (as I should have told you before) there being no violins, Du Vall sung the currant himself. He manifested his agility of body, by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave; his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pounds; his generosity, in taking no more; his wit and eloquence, and readiness at repartees, in the whole discourse with the knight and lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit.”

The noise of the proclamation made Du Vall return to Paris; but he came back in a short time for want of money. His reign however did not last long after his restoration. He made an unlucky attack, not upon some ill-bred passengers, but upon several bottles of wine, and was taken in consequence at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos-street. His life was interceded for in vain: he was arraigned and committed to Newgate; and executed at Tyburn in the 27th year of his age; showers of tears from fair eyes bedewing his fate, both while alive in prison, and while dead at the fatal tree.

Du Vall’s success with the ladies of those days, whose amatory taste was of a turn more extensive than enlarged, seems to have made some very well dressed English gentlemen jealous. The writer of Du Vall’s life, who is a man of wit, evidently has something of bitterness in his

railleries upon this point; but he manages them very pleasantly. He pretends that he is an old bachelor, and has never been able to make his way with his fair countrywomen, on account of the French valets that have stood in his way. He says he had two objects in writing the book. "One is, that the next Frenchman that is hanged may not cause an uproar in this imperial city; which I doubt not but I have effected.

"The other is a much harder task: To set my countrymen on even terms with the French, as to the English ladies' affections. If I should bring this about, I should esteem myself to have contributed much to the good of this kingdom.

"One remedy there is, which, possibly, may conduce something towards it.

"I have heard, that there is a new invention of transfusing the blood of one animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the blood of a sheep into an Englishman. I am against that way of experiments; for, should we make all Englishmen sheep, we should soon be a prey to the *lows*.

"I think I can propose the making that experiment, a more advantageous way. I would have all gentlemen, who have been a full year, or more, out of France, be let blood weekly, or oftener, if they can bear it. Mark how much they bleed; transfuse so much French lacquey's blood into them; replenish these last out of the English footmen, for it is no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this operation *soties* *quoties*, and, in process of time, you will find this event: Either the English gentlemen will be as much beloved as the French lacqueys, or the French lacqueys as little esteemed as the English gentlemen."

Botler has left an Ode, sprinkled with his usual wit, "To the Happy Memory of the Most Renowned Du Val," who

— Like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode;
Take prizes more obligingly from those,
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion.
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

As it may be thought proper that we should end this lawless article with a good moral, we will give it two or three sentences from Shakspeare worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APFLEVARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENCER.

No. XIV.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12th, 1820.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

THIS is an article for the reader to think of, when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly,—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough, to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes: for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising, than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning, is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes however excusable, especially to a watchful or over-worked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of "another doze,"—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping; except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep, than a sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood, before it is exercised in company. To escape

into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing; is not so well: much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying "Just so" to the bark of a dog, or "Yes, Madam" to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people however might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the most excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day, is in summer-time, out in a field. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity, seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer, and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed, is the one which a tired person takes, before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious however to find, how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed, the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy loungeur will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add any thing to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shews himself a greater leveller.

A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may shew himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between it's legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly, even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetos, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry, the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago in the first book of the Faerie Queene; (Canto I, st. 39.) sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth-full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
And ever-dringling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the sounne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enimees.

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body"

of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

This messenger tooke leave, and went
Upon his way; and never he stent
Till he came to the dark valley,
That stant betweene rockes twey.
There never yet grew corne, ne gras,
Ne tree, ne nought that aught was,
Beast, ne man, ne naught else;
Save that there were a few wells
Came running fro the cliffs adowne,
That made a deadly sleeping sounne,
And runnen downe right by a cave,
That was under a rocke ygrave,
Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
There these goddis lay asleepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
That was the god of Sleepis heire,
That slept and did none other worke.

Where the credentials of this new son and heir, Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir presumptive, in sleeping, and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for it's contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes;* and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud:
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses: sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide;
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

* We do not translate it here, as we intend to present the reader with the whole scene in an article upon *Philoctetes*.

THE FAIR REVENGE.

The elements of this story are to be found in the old poem called *Albion's England*, to which we referred in the article on *Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France*.

Aganippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphnea. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence however was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those, who in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least, they speculated upon becoming, each the favourite minister; and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace, on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression,—the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's, that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses, to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have had a right to it; but the popularity of Daphnea supplied her cause with all the ardour, which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal statuary; or striking

their fated horses upon spears rivetted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, re-issuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she: "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic as well as courteous and kind in me to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices, than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison, a conqueror after all; for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and as it seemed to her a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered, she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without motion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to shew thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;" and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released, and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over-grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions; and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good will. He could guess at love in a woman; but he had but a mean opinion both of it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion, which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return;" and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife: and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly offer thee, not

as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison; and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice; for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort; and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguings with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day, gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit, which shewed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wonton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory; the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her, while she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now began to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head, which bound it's healthy white temples, when she sat on horseback, and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of it's twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand; and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards; and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair; and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was; and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He shewed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the particular companion of the late

king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What? Am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words, he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering; and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused, and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful, as I have heard?"—"Pardon me, Sir," answered Phorbas; "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw a while, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail, and after. "Her wits to fail?" murmured the king: "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these - gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how it was that the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year however did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart; and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APPELEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPARKS.

No. XV.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1820.

SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

FROM having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the heathen mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. We are in the habit of supposing, whatever we allow when we come to reason upon the point, that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle doves, the libation of wine, and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

Undoubtedly there were multitudes of free thinkers in the ancient world. Most of the Greek poets and philosophers appear to have differed with the literal notions of the many.* A system of refined theism is understood to have been taught to the initiated in the celebrated Mysteries. The doctrines of Epicurus were so prevalent in the most intellectual age of Rome, that Lucretius wrote a poem upon them, in which he treats their founder as a divinity; and Virgil, in a well-known passage of the Georgics; "Felix qui potuit," &c. exalts either Epicurus or Lucretius as a blessed being, who put hell and terror under his feet. A sickly temperament appears to have made him wish, rather than be able, to carry his own scepticism so far: yet he insinuates his disbelief in Tartarus in the sixth book of his epic poem, where Æneas and the Sybil, after the description of the lower world, go out through the ivory gate, which was the passage of false visions.† Cæsar, according to a speech of his in Sallust, derided the same notions in open Senate; and Cicero, in other parts of his writings, as well as in a public pleading, speaks of them as fables and impertinence,—"*inceptis ac fabulis.*"

* It is remarkable that Æschylus and Euripides, the two dramatists whose faith in the national religion was most doubted, are said to have met with strange and violent deaths.—The latter was torn to pieces by dogs; and the former killed by a tortoise which an eagle let fall upon his bald head, *in mistake for a stone.* These exits from the scene look very like the retributive death-beds which the bigots of all religions are so fond of ascribing to one another.

† Did Dante forget this, when he took Virgil for his guide through the Inferno?

But however this plain-dealing may look on the part of the men of letters, there is reason to believe that even in those times, the people in general were strong upon points of faith. The extension of the Greek philosophy may have insensibly rendered them familiar with latitudes of interpretation on the part of others. They would not think it impious in Cicero and Cato to have notions of the Supreme Being more consistent with the elevation of their minds. But for themselves, they adhered, from habit, to the literal creed of their ancestors, as the Greek populace had done before them. The jealous enemies of Socrates contrived to have him put to death on a charge of irreverence for the gods. A frolic of the libertine Alcibiades, which to say the least of it, was in very bad taste,—the defacing the statues of Mercury,—was followed with important consequences. The history of Socrates had the effect, in after times, at least in the ancient world, of saving philosophical speculators from the vindictive egotism of opinion. But even in the days of Augustus, Ovid wrote a popular work full of mythological fables; and Virgil himself, whose creed perhaps only rejected what was unkindly, gave the hero of his intended popular epic, the particular appellation of Pious. That Augustus should pique himself on the same attribute, proves little; for he was a cold-blooded man of the world, and could play the hypocrite for the worst and most despotic purposes. Did he now and then lecture his poetical friends upon this point, respecting their own appearances with the world? There is a curious ode of Horace (Book 1, Od. 34.) in which he says that he finds himself compelled to give up his sceptical notions, and to attend more to public worship, because it had thundered one day when the sky was cloudless. The critics are divided in their opinion of his object in this ode. Some think him in earnest, others in jest. It is the only thing of the sort in his works; and is, at all events, of an equivocal character, that would serve his purpose on either side of the question.

The opinions of the ancients upon religion may be divided into three general classes. The great multitude believed any thing; the very few disbelieved every thing; the philosophers and poets entertained a refined natural religion, which while it pronounced upon nothing, rejected what was evidently unworthy of the spirit of the creation, and regarded the popular deities as personifications of its various workings. All these classes had their extravagances, in proportion to their ignorance, or viciousness, or metaphysical perplexity. The multitude, whose notions were founded on ignorance, habit, and fear, admitted many absurd and some cruel imaginations. The mere man of the world measured every thing by his own vain and petty standard, and thought the whole goods of the universe a scramble for the cunning and hypocritical. The over-refining followers of Plato, endeavouring to pierce into the nature of things by the mere effort of the will, arrived at conclusions visible to none but their own yearning and impatient eyes; and lost themselves in the ethereal dogmatisms of Plotinus and Porphyry.

The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the

ancient mythology, in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements superadded. We take Apollo, and Mercury, and Venus, as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fancies of the ancient world; and we regard them, as the same thing, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does, too, through avowals of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes; as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical;—as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin; or a lily at noon-day from the wide obscurity of night-time.

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. We will not enquire in this place, how far the mass of mankind, when these shapes were done away, did or did not escape from a despotism anthropomorphic; nor how far they were driven by the vaguer fears, and the opening of a more visible eternity, into avoiding the whole subject, rather than courting it; nor how it is, that the nobler practical religion which was afforded them, has been unable to bring back their frightened theology from the angry and avaricious parents into which they fled for refuge. But setting aside the portion of tawdry, of which heathenism partook in common with all faiths originating in uncultivated times, the ordinary run of pagans were perhaps more impressed with a sense of the invisible world; in consequence of the very visions presented to their imagination, than the same description of men under a more shadowy system. There is the same difference between the two things as is between a populace believing in fairies, and a populace not believing. The latter is in the high road to something better, is not drawn aside into new terrors on the one hand, or mere worldliness on the other. But the former is led to look out of the mere worldly common-places about it, twenty times to the other's once. It has a sense of a supernatural state of things, however gross. It has a link with another world, from which something like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences. Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every house had its protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors; and which would bless him, also, if he cultivated the social affections: for the same world which expressed piety towards the Gods, expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse, as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us, that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona, or the calm groves of the Eumenides,

or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto; or the Great Temple of the Mysteries at Eleusis; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a deymot and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi: with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the presence of the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by. This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

With similar feelings he would cross the ocean, an element that naturally detaches the mind from earth, and which the ancients regarded as especially doing so. He had been in the Carpathian sea, the favourite haunt of Proteus, who was supposed to be gifted above every other deity with a knowledge of the causes of things. Towards evening, when the winds were rising, and the sailors had made their vows to Neptune, he would think of the old "shepherd of the seas of yore," and believe it possible that he might become visible to his eyesight, driving through the darkling waters, and turning the sacred wildness of his face towards the blessed ship.

In all this, there is a deeper sense of another world, than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying nothing but Mammon. There is a deeper sense of another world, precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present; of its varieties, its beauties, its mystery. It was a strong sense of this, which made a living poet, who is accounted very orthodox in his religious opinions, give vent, in that fine sonnet, to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism, and of the planets being dry self-existing things, peopled with mere successive mortalities, and unconnected with any superintendence, or consciousness in the universe about them. It is abhorrent from all we think and feel, that they should be so; and yet Love might make heavens of them, if they were.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds that will be howling at all hours;
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

An Italian author, — Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit, — has written a poem upon Insects, which he begins by insisting, that these troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the North may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up on a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being, — a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh! it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed, on a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out; if they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing charms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid enquirers into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold, — from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harry-footed furies," — fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney. Think of this symptom! Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that! Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?" — "Very cold, Sir." — "Very cold indeed, isn't it?" — "Very

cold indeed, Sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the enquirer lies on thorns for the answer.)—"Why, Sir, I think it is." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.)—"I must rise however—Get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water, during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes.—"Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No, Sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.)—"Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—liken gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, Sir."—Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door.—"Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, Sir."—Here another interval. At length every thing is ready, except myself. I now, congratulate our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar) I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)—No wonder, that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate King; her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriance of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's. I could name a great man for every tick of my watch. Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people. Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from any thing like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shews, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his Seasons—

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?
used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could not imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the

argument to the individual character. A modest gettér may be drawn out of his bed by three and four-pence; but this will not suffice for a student. Anxious than may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to wait; this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion; eyes on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best; and whether Epilbora is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the "enormous bliss"—of the vice in question. A liar in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is shewing the reasonableness of consulting his own, or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady, for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat overpersuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most goodnatured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse, even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good humour and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to him, about his health; but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by—Yet say; we hardly know whether the frailty of a—Yes, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand; and the *vis inertia* on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. admires so much; and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work, in his best manner.

THE INDICATOR

There he arriving round about doth sit,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
Shakspeare.

No. XVI.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1820.

EXTREMES MEET; OR ALL LONDON AND NO LONDON.

A TALE.

In a village not far from the metropolis, liv'd a hearty old fellow, who is the comfort of all his neighbours with his vivacity and his pleasant stories. He goodnaturedly laughs when any one calls him old; and says he looks upon himself as a youth, who has white instead of brown hair, and that he took leave of his old age in the fortieth year of his life.

Happening to stroll as far as this village, one afternoon last summer, I fell into conversation with him, in consequence of putting my head into his cottage to ask my way to some remains of antiquity. He was sitting after dinner, with his spectacles on, reading a book, and getting up with a lively and willing face, said he would shew me the way if I pleased. I was glad to accept his offer, and chat with him, for besides loving cheerfulness for itself, a cheerful old man gives one's own life a pleasant prospect. It seems a kind of baulk given to the gloomy aspect and pretensions of Death. I asked him what book he was reading.

"Why, Sir," said he, half laughing, taking off his spectacles, nodding at the same time his head, and giving a little tremulous jerk of his knee,—“you may think it an odd book for an old man to read, (it was the history of Philip Quarll) but I always tell my neighbours that they and the parish-register are mistaken, and that having returned to my native village, after a death of fifteen years in the city of London, I took up my life where I left it, at thirty, and so though they take me for seventy-five, am not more than fifty-five at most.”

You may imagine I was highly delighted with this notion of a metropolitan non-existence; I told him as much; and while he was reaching his hat down from a peg, took an opportunity of looking at his other books and his pictures about the room. Among the latter, were the Four Seasons, prodigiously red-lipped and smiling; and among the former, Robinson Crusoe, Robin Hood's Garland, The Gardener's Calendar, an odd volume of Shakspeare, and De Foe's History of the Plague of London.

"You seem to have an antipathy to London?" said I. "Why I must own, Sir," answered he, "there is no love lost between us. It would be very well, if it wasn't such a great overgrown, smoky, sickly, place; but they build, and they build, and all the gentry go there as if they were going to a fair; and so they stop when the fair is over, and make a dismal odd sojourning of it. There were two squires who went up to London, when I was a little boy, and got places there, as they are called. Very pretty places they left behind them, I know; but times were hard, and people said the squires couldn't descend. You know what they meant, Sir. So the squires not being able to descend, went up to town; and there I saw them and their's, when I went afterwards, squeezed up in tall narrow houses, not a fourth part of the size of their own pretty ones over the way yonder;—you may see one of 'em, Sir, among the limes;—it belongs now to a lawyer; and the other belongs to What's-his-name there, the great distiller, who never sets eyes on it. Well, Sir, as I was saying, I saw the squires and their families, and young master, who gave me my dog here—Robin, Robin—ah, he's got out of doors—we shall find him, when we go—but I'm keeping you, Sir—Nay, nay, I needn't keep you, Sir, for I can tell you my story as you go, and perhaps it may amuse you, as you seem fond of the country." Here he took up his book again, and put it into his pocket; and then clapping the pocket smartly with one hand, and buttoning one of the buttons of his coat with the other, lifted a latch on the opposite side of the passage, and putting in his head with, "Get the tea, Goody, for myself and neighbour Parkins," went out of the door with me. In an instant we were joined by Robin, who was a fine eager-looking dog, and seemed to have all his faculties ready for a scour.

"Robin, Sir," said he, "was given me when I was in London, and was then called Nero; but why they gave the poor beast such an ill name, I couldn't tell; and so, seeing what a delight he took whenever he saw a bit of green grass, or got near the Parks, and how he would dart away, and drive round and round, and roll, and scamper, and pant with joy; I called him Robin, you see,—after Robin Hood, Sir,—who was a sort of prince too, you know, after a kind of a fashion, under his 'greenwood shade.'—Well, Sir, as I was saying, about the squires; when I saw them living so humbly, as it were, or in such small houses, I thought to myself at first—Oh oh! what,—does coming up to London help to bring up the thing they talk of in books, some for, and some against, about putting people in general more on a level with one another! I didn't think so, you know, Sir; but somehow or other, the fancy struck me. I know it's impossible for such a thing to be, unless people could be all born with the same brains and bodies, though I do think with some, that there is a much greater difference in the business than need be; though before it can be altered, it will take a vast deal of better learning in the poor and humble, and, as for that matter perhaps, in the rich and high too.—Well, Sir, to cut this matter short, for I must con-

fess I have got somehow or other a mighty trick of talking since I came back to my village, and can't tell a thing half so speedily as I could in London, and so I shall never get to my story. I saw the squires, and there instead of being grown humble, in one way at least, they had grown more grand a great deal,—only as I thought with a very odd sort of exchange. In their old homes here—we are now going by one of 'em, Sir,—you might have had a dance in the hall, and there were at least twenty rooms a-piece to 'em: but in London,—what they called the hall of one of the houses, wasn't much bigger than my own little passage, though exceeding trim and tight to be sure. I remember I almost broke the lamp-glass with the bundle at the end of my stick:—instead of the great piece of ground there in front of the house, and the roses and honeysuckles all over the windows, there was no ground at all, and only a dusty bit of a vine, which I thought looked better too than nothing; and instead of the fine garden behind, and the paddock, and the kitchen-garden, and the fine prospect, I almost started when the footman shewed me the back of the house, which was a bit of a yard, hardly big enough for a couple of boys to play at hop-scotch in, surrounded with the walls of other yards, and the backs of other houses. The house of the other squire had a bit of garden, to be sure,—long, and narrow, and with strips of brick wall, boxed flower-ground, and gravel, that almost set one's teeth on edge to look at; they seemed so hard and dry. I remember however I thought it a very pretty thing, after I had been in London for a year or two. I didn't know whether the squires were glad to see me or not. They spoke to me more familiarly than usual, and yet somehow or other, didn't seem so kind nor so un-proud. Their rooms were full of black and gilt furniture, mighty fine and gloomy as I thought; and coming out of Squire Wilson's, I ran against the physician, who was coming up the steps, and who cursed me in the oddest sweet tone of voice I ever heard swear. However he laughed the next minute.

“ Well, Sir; I've been talking to you a great deal about other people, but it shews you what I thought of going to London; and yet would you believe it, I lived in that very London for fifteen years afterwards, and for the last ten never stirred out of it! I didn't indeed! I'll tell you how it was. My young master, as I called him, the son of one of the squires,—(I was the village-carpenter's son, and he used to play with me) had got a place as well as his father,—not under government though,—but in the city, at a great banker's; and so, as there was a man wanting there to do a number of things, such as go of messages, and help to take care of the premises at night, he got me a place too. Young master, I know, intended kindly to me; and I thought it a fine thing when I was sent for. I was not a clerk, to be sure, but then I was not a mere servant; and the under clerks and the housekeeper used to let me dine with them. I soon got into what they called the routine of my business. I did a quantity of messages and things all day, and strolled a little

way out of town on Sundays, when it was not my turn to stop at home. Sometimes I'd walk about twenty miles out on a Sunday; sometimes I went a nutting, sometimes a boating, and sometimes only loitered about the suburbs for fear of being caught in the rain with my new hat, and so poked about the new buildings, with a six-penny cane, and eat apples and gingerbread. I looked in at church by the way; but always used to feel as if I said a kind of prayer in the fields, things were so beautiful there and grand. I remember there were two chief clerks in our office, one of whom was a Methodist, while the other laughed at the Methodists - - You are not a Methodist, are you Sir?—I thought not. You laugh differently, and seem to think there are good things in this world as well as in the next. Look, Sir, at the beautiful prospect there.—Ah, Molly, how d'ye do to-day? Why you look as kind and handsome as ever!—A dairy-maid, Sir, at Squire Smith's—bless her good-tempered face. Well, Sir, the Methodist wanted to make one of me; but no, no, thought I—I am not so sick or so selfish as that comes to; for I knew him and the rest of 'em well enough. So the other clerk used to laugh at him, when he made me argue, as they call it, and used to laugh at me too, for seeming to think more than I chose to say. There are some good men among 'em too, but they all seem so hard-hearted in their notions, whatever they may be in their conduct; whereas the laughing clerk, who could be the gravest and kindest gentleman in the world too when you wanted it, was soft-hearted both in his notions and conduct; and I take that to be the better side. For my part, I really wonder sometimes how such notions of a good God and his works can get abroad; but then I think of the great town, and all their plagues, and diseases, and driving of monies, and who's to wonder that people get sick and superstitious, and full of bad consciences, and think to get on in the next world as they do in this, with all sorts of bad opinions, both of themselves and their betters?

"Bless me:—well I shall never get to my story, to be sure, and yet here we are at the top of the hill. Egad, Sir, this is very different air that comes in one's face, from that one meets on Snow-hill or Cheapside. Hah!—hah! Glorious indeed!" and so saying, the old youth took off his hat, and stood a minute, shutting his eyes, and drinking in, as it were, draughts of health. I enjoyed the freshness with him, and took off my gloves that I might feel as much of it as I could, lifting my palms to catch the breeze, for I was feverish with having stopped too long indoors. I told him so; upon which he put on his hat again with a sigh, and began moving down the hill;—Ah, young gentleman, said he (for so he called me in the fatherliness of his age) "now would I lay my life, that you are one of those studious persons who read so much about the fields, that they have not time to walk in them." I laughed, and said it was a little too much the case; "and yet," added I, "I have haunted the fields to the north-west of London ever since I was a lad, and hardly ever found another man in them,—never, at any rate, one who seemed on the same business of enjoyment."

"You don't say so!" replied he, stopping for an instant, and turning

full in my face.—"but why do I say you don't say so," continued he, "for as I told you before, Sir, I was myself years together, and never set foot in the fields; and this reminds me that I must come to my story at last. Well then, Sir, I went on living in the way I spoke of; for five years, by which time I had become a confidential servant of the house; I then had a little more leisure. I was always fond of reading, and now I read more than ever. Ay, ay, Sir, you may smile; you have a right to it, and the truth must out. But I love reading as well as you; I think it's only bad, as they say, in the abuse. I was'nt scholar enough however to be spoilt by overmuch study; though, to be sure, I must say, that when I gave up going into the fields, I had better have spent half the time I did in my book, and gone out the other half. But I'll tell you how it was, Sir. I hadn't so much exercise to take as before, though enough to keep me in decent health; my evenings were my own more than they used to be; and what with all this, and some losses that I had, I took to going to a club, which the under clerks frequented, and which they were glad enough I should join, on account of my love of reading, which enabled me to talk better than most of them. To this club I used to go every night after my day's work, and there, what with talking, and debating, and eating hot coarse dishes, and drinking brandy and water, I went home with my head muddled; and that made me prefer lying in bed of a Sunday morning to walking abroad; and that made me a little sick and gloomy; and that made me drink more brandy and water; and that made me muddled again, and sick, and lazy, and so on; till at last between pain and pleasure, and liking and necessity, I got into such a regular habit of spending my days and evenings in this manner, that I never went out of the heat of London, Southwark, and Westminster, for four years. I thought of the country sometimes, and wished I was as comfortable somehow as I used to be there; for my head used to feel thick and dim, as it were, and my eyes hot; but then I had a good deal of walking still, which took off the worst part of the queerness, and there was a little bowling-green public-house, near the suburbs, which contrived to look like a little bit of a village house still; and there I went now and then; but you may think it odd,—I used to lose my temper there more than any where else; and this I didn't like, besides it's exciting me to drink more brandy and water; and so latterly I left off going, and stuck to my club in the city. At last, what was odder still, I took a sort of dislike to the thought of the country; and partly from this, and partly I believe from the vanity of being wondered at for it, made a practice of boasting that I never went to see it; and so between boasting and making a fool of myself, and going of messages, and muddling my head, I arrived at the fifth year of my death, as I call it.

"I was silly enough, Sir, at that period, to have a kind of feast in honor of my nonsense in having stopped so long among the noise and smoke. It was held at the club; and about a week after, the good-tempered clerk of whom I spoke to you, and who had laughed at me for it, and said I was a foolish fellow (which made me drink double the quantity

of brandy that evening) told me that there was an old gentleman, an acquaintance of his, and not much wiser than myself, who wanted to speak with me. It struck me at first I needn't go to see a person, of whom the clerk gave such a character; but then I didn't wish to offend that excellent man, though he made me ashamed of myself; and besides I was a little piqued, if I was not offended, at hearing the gentleman called no wiser than myself, and wanted to think he was a very clever fellow in consequence. So I went to him; and what d'ye think he said to me? I found him with a nightcap on; and a basin of broth by his side;—a little man, with a great puffed red face that looked as if it was full of blood; and I couldn't tell at first whether he was angry with me or pleased.

"So," says he, "they tell me that you have not been out of the metropolis for five years?"

"Yes, Sir, it's very true."

"Eh,—and that you make a joke of the country, and prefer the town?"

"Why, Sir, I joke sometimes about it at the club."

"Eh,—and that you had a supper the other night in commemoration of the fifth year of your never having seen it?"

"Why yes, Sir,—I hope no offence?"

"Offence!—Curse the country,—it's pigs, it's sheep, it's hedges, it's ditches, it's people, it's every thing!"

"I was quite petrified, Sir, as you may suppose, at this burst of the old gentleman's, which ended in making his face look twice as full and fiery as before, and forced him to speak in a whisper. He then told me that he always despised the country with its idle nonsense, and that he had lately got good reason to hate it,—which I found afterwards was the marriage of his daughter with my young master, who had gone with her, to make the best of his little patrimony;—we shall see it in a minute, when we get to the green lane.—But what do you think our conversation about the country ended with? Why, Sir, with his telling me he liked my spirit, and that he would give me twice my present income a year, so as to enable me to leave off going of messages, upon condition that I never saw the face of the country again."

"Done, Sir," said I, in the bragging of my heart. "Done," said he; "and done sure enough it was,—the bargain and my comfort too."

"Sir, I liked my independence, as I thought it, mightily at first; some of the clerks, especially the wise one, shook their heads at me; the others said I was a fine fellow, and had made my fortune. I left off tramping about the streets. I only loitered about them, looked at the picture-shops, and over the book-stalls, which lasted me a pretty good while. By degrees, I got quite a little library; and when I wasn't lounging about, I read, and I went to the two-shilling gallery sometimes at the theatres, and above all, went to the club, and cut more noisy jokes, and drank more brandy and water than ever."

"But, Sir, among my other pleasures, I had leisure to think, and then

I thought of the country ; and that was the devil. (Here's the green lane, Sir, you may see the newly-whitened house a peeping half way down, like a young lass in a corner.) At first I succeeded pretty well in driving the thought off ; but in proportion as I stayed longer at the club, and took less exercise, and got of a sickly kind of stomach, I found the thought stuck by me. The brandy and water only did it away for the time. If I had taken to my messages again, I believe they might have helped me, but I was too lazy, and to tell you the truth, was ashamed. I thought, as the Irishman might say, it would be like laughing in my own face. So I crept on, and crept on, and got very miserable. I went to my old bowling-green ; but that made me worse. I then bethought me of seeing the prospect from the Monument ; for though it was part of my bargain never to see the face of the country again, I had a right, you know, Sir, to look upon that as what they call a figure of speech. So I went up ; and I shall never forget ! I made haste down again, for I thought I should have thrown myself from the top. But I couldn't sleep that night for thinking of the beautiful prospect, the water and distance on one side, and the green hills on the other ; and next evening, as my stars would have it, I went to the theatre, and there what should I see but Love in a Village ! Lord, lord ! How merry and how sad I was by turns ! There was a dance in it ready to make me get up and dance over the gallery ; and there was the old gouty Justice, and Master Hawthorn with his gun, and the pair of lovers in disguise, and gardens and arbours, and the old songs that I sung when a lad ! I couldn't help humming in with some of them, in spite of the looks of people about me.

“ It was all over with me after this. I had already began to find myself a sort of a knave in this unnatural situation. My old pensioner had got his money much like the rest of 'em, by charging, and squeezing, and doing no good that ever I heard of ; and I began to think it might not be so very bad to cheat him a little in the business. Ah, what you, shake your head ;—well, and so did I, and my heart too ;—but you shall hear. What made me less scrupulous was the news of his going out of town himself for the benefit of the air. It struck me, to be sure, that I was going to do a wrong thing ; but then I thought he was very hard upon me too, and unjust, and might have given me the pension for what I had done already, instead of what I was to do ; and so as wrong produces wrong, and nothing, I find, makes one so careless as injustice in one's superiors, I made up my mind to take my pleasure, and suffer pain for it less intolerable than the one I felt.

“ Well, Sir, I found afterwards that my old gentleman went no farther than Hornsey, a very pretty place too, where the New River runs, and very rural. Ah, you know it :—well, now, Sir, it so happened, that he hadn't been there above a month, when he heard of a man, who was quite opposite to what he found me, and who came there sometimes of an afternoon to a pretty house and tea-gardens, and talked away at a great rate against the town.

"Oh, the rascal!" said he; "I suppose he is some fellow running away from the bailiffs:—I should like to tell him of my fellow in the city."

Here I burst out into a fit of laughter, and my hero joined me very heartily, holding his sides, with the tears in his eyes, and whining between the fits at the top of his voice.

"Well, Sir," he resumed, "the old gentleman - - the old gentleman - - he told the waiter he should like to be shewn into the room where the fellow was making merry; and so, one Wednesday afternoon - - one Wednesday afternoon, - - when a whole set of us had got together, and were in the act of hurraing; in he comes,—and there was I,—yes, Sir,—there was I, standing on the table, with a glass of cyder in my hand, just going to give the last hurra; but I caught his eye, and he caught mine, and we stood gaping at each other.

"You may guess the result, Sir. It wasn't much after the fashion of some stories I have read. I didn't convert him with my example, nor he me with his. I lost my pension, made up matters with my conscience, and should never have slept sounder than the night after, if I hadn't been too happy with thinking how I should go into the country. Heaven be praised, I was enabled to go very shortly; for my young master, hearing of my adventure, sent for me down here, and made me his gardener; and so I left off my brandy and water, and took to exercise again, as well as my book, and have a neighbour or so to visit me of an evening, or go to them; and tell merry tales with the young ones, and should be as healthy and happy as the day is long, if it wasn't for seeing so many people plagued with the taxes and such things. But if we must be plagued sometimes, it's a sort of happiness, in my mind, to be plagued in fresh air, instead of foul; and so, Sir, I have made a terrible long business of my story, and here you are at your antiquities."

I thanked him very sincerely for his history, and invited myself with great willingness on his part, to a cup of his tea, in my way home. I did not remain long where he left me; for not having an antiquary's experience, I could find nothing of what I looked for, except the mark of a dyke; and having inspected that with much pretended satisfaction to myself, and felt some of the real emotion, which the thought of any thing old and lasting is sure to give us in this life, I reached my new old acquaintance just as he was entering his door, and took one of the pleasantest cups of tea I ever had in my life, with him and his neighbour Parkins, who was an old sailor, and had been half round the world. A day or two after, I sent my old anti-metropolitan, who pressed me to call that way again, if he might be so bold,—a few books of poetry and story, among which was Fairfax's Tasso, with the page marked down where Erminia gets among the country people.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XVII.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1820.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

OUR Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious:—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to shew his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History

2nd Edition.

of England; the Works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope, and Churchill; Middleton's Geography, the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drank more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful enquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose;

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the Hill
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord

North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular arm and the small type. He then holds the paper at arms length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions, he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser; but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks every thing looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs. L. a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, Sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, Sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He never recollects such weather, except during the Great Frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket. He grows young again in his little grand-children, especially

the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, Sir, mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the house-keeper,)—"She'll talk."

DOLPHINS.

Our old book-friend the Dolphin used to be confounded with the porpus; but modern writers seem to concur in making a distinction between them. We remember being much mortified at this separation; for having, in our childhood, been shewn something dimly rolling in the sea, while standing on the coast at twilight, and told with much whispering solemnity that it was a porpus, we had afterwards learnt to identify it with the Dolphin, and thought we had seen the romantic fish on whom Arion rode playing his harp.

The Dolphin and porpus however have so many characters in common, such as shape, motion, general colour, the absence of gills, &c. that from a passage in Sandys, who was a traveller as well as a poet, we have some hopes the distinction may turn out to be unfounded, or only a variety owing to climate. "The porpus," he says, in his Commentary upon Ovid, (p. 64.) "is out of doubt our true Dolphin; wherein I am not only confirmed by the authoritie of Scaliger. For those that are called Dolphins by our East and West-Indian seamen (who likely give known names to things which they know not) are fishes whereof I have seen many, which glitter in the water with all varietie of admirable colours; and are hardly so bigge as our salmon-trouts; too little by farre to beare those burthens wherewith almost all ancient authors doe charge them; besides none of these were ever seene in the Mediterranean sea, the scene of those stories." Now Falconer, it is true, in his Shipwreck, Canto 2, speaks of Dolphins in the Mediterranean sea, as beaming "refulgent rays;" and describes them, in particular, as shifting into a variety of most brilliant colours, when dying. But this may only prove, that Sandys was wrong in excluding the fish in question from the Mediterranean; and it is remarkable that Falconer, notwithstanding his own poetical tendencies, does not take occasion of the appearance of what he calls Dolphins, to make the least allusion to ancient stories, nor speaks of their tumbling, nor otherwise seems to have recognized in them his

old poetical friends. The writers too, who distinguish the Dolphin from the porpus, make no mention of these brilliant colours; but describe both as pretty much alike in colour, which is of a dusky blue in the one, and of a dark blue or glossy black in the other. The word porpus means originally the same as Dolphin. It is a corruption of *porcus piscis*, or the hog-fish; so called from the curve of its back, as it tumbles in and out of the water, for it is naturally straight. The root of the Greek word Dolphin is the same as that of the word for a hog, Delphax.

It is easy to see how the Dolphin became such a favourite with antiquity. It was owing to his frequency in the Greek seas, the vivacity of his motions, his gregariousness, the presages which he brings respecting the weather, and the familiarity with which he approaches the shore. He was the fish friendly to man, as the horse was among beasts, and the swallow among birds; or as the dog and the redbreast are with us. One of the earliest and most beautiful fictions is a story told in Homer's Hymn to Bacchus of the transformation of a crew of pirates into Dolphins. It was a fine lesson of good treatment to strangers in those times, and perhaps written by the poet to serve travellers like himself, who had occasion to throw themselves on the generosity of the masters of vessels. Bacchus is sitting with his black locks and white shoulders by the sea-shore, in appearance like a young mortal. Some pirates coming towards the shore, and seeing the splendour of the purple cloak that wraps him round, take him for a young prince, and agree to kidnap him. They do so, take him on board, and put him in chains. He extends his hands, and breaks the chains asunder like thread, but still remains quietly sitting. The piety of the helmsman is roused at this piece of supernatural strength, and calling the others aside, he earnestly exhorts them to let the stranger go. But the captain ridicules his fears; and they persist; when all of a sudden, a gush of wine comes pouring over the deck; the oars of the rowers are hampered with garlands; and a vine runs up the mast and throws out its arms full of grapes over the top. The pirates turn pale, and cast their eyes upon the divine stranger, who now starts up, and glares at them from under the hatches in the shape of a lion. He then turns himself into a bear and other frightful figures, and ramping about the vessel, the pirates, all but the helmsman, jump overboard, and are changed as they leap into Dolphins. When the galley is cleared, the god resumes his own shape, and tells the pilot to be of good cheer, for he is Bacchus, the roaring god of wine; and that day shall be a happy one for him and his. The same story has been told, but in a much inferior taste, by Ovid. Nonnus, in his luxuriant poetical history of the god, (*Dionysiaca*, B. 45) describes the pirates as visited with the hallucination of mind, called a *calenture*, in which people at sea fancy that they are among meadows, and other rural scenery, and "babble of green fields." There was a picture in mosaic, perhaps yet to be seen, in the church of St. Agnes at Rome, formerly a temple of Bacchus, in which the story of the transformation of the pirates was represented. The more famous frieze upon the same subject on the

building at Athens, called the Lantern of Demosthenes, has been well known to our countrymen through the medium of Stuart's *Antiquities of that city*. Milton beautifully follows up Homer's story, by making Bacchus sail onward, "as the winds listed," till he fell upon Circe's island, where, in the joviality of his triumph, he begot Comus, the god of delirious feasting.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape,
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell.
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named.

The two Plinys have each a story of a Dolphin. The Elder says, upon the authority of three grave writers, Mæcænas among them, that there was a boy, who by alluring a Dolphin with bread, at last became so intimate with him, that he would ride to school to and fro on his back from Baiæ to Puteoli. The boy died, and the fish pining after him, died also, and was buried in the same tomb. The Younger Pliny gives an account of another at Hippo in Africa, where a boy venturing to swim farther out than his companions, was met by a Dolphin, who after playing about him a little, slipped under him, and taking him on his back, carried him out still farther, to the great terror of the young delphines-trian. Luckily however, he soon returned to shore, and landed his rider safely. The next day the shore was crowded with people, waiting to see if the Dolphin would appear again; and the boys went as usual into the water. The fish did reappear, and came among the youngers, who swam back as fast as they could. It then played all sorts of inviting gambols about the coast, till the people, ashamed of their timidity, gradually got nearer, and at length touched and stroked it. The boy then, losing his fear like the rest, and vindicating his first privilege, swam by his side, and at length leaped upon his back, when the Dolphin carried him about as before, and landed him as safely. Unfortunately, the deputy-governor of the province took it into his head that the good-natured fish must be a god; and seizing his opportunity, when the creature had got upon shore, poured some precious ointment upon it. The ointment happened not to be to the Dolphin's taste; it absented itself for some days; and when it returned appeared sick and feeble. However, it recovered its spirits; but the novelty by this time had drawn such a concourse of high visitors to the place, whom it was the little town's business to entertain gratis, that it is supposed the poor fish was secretly killed, to save further expenses. Alexander the Great is said to have been so struck with the attachment evinced by a Dolphin to a youth, that he made the latter a priest of Neptune.

It is not easy to pronounce how much of truth may be in stories

of this nature. Knowledge, so often deceived by superstition, is inclined to reject the whole of them at once; but on second thoughts, it remembers how often it has been misled by incredulity also; and leaves the more peremptory judgment to those whom less information has rendered less diffident. The exaggerations which there may be in the stories of Dolphins, are probably owing to the celebrated fable of Arion, which seems to have been written with the same view as that of Bacchus and the Pirates. Arion was a lyric poet of Lesbos, and went to live with Periander, king of Corinth; from which place he visited Italy, where his talents procured him great wealth. On taking ship to return to Corinth, the sailors resolved to murder him for his riches. He begged that they would at least allow him to make a swan-like end befitting his divine profession, and at the same time gave them some money; hoping that the gift, followed by the song, would soften their hearts. They consented to hear his harp and his poetry, but told him at the same time that they were resolved he should either be thrown into the sea, or kill himself and so obtain a sepulchre ashore. Resolving however to try what his art could do, he put his purple robe over his shoulders, and his musician's crown on his head; and taking his lyre upon his knee, sang to it a pathetic song. But finding, as he proceeded, that they were bent on their purpose, he suddenly changed his strain, and sang the cruel Orphian Law, by which boys were scourged to death at the altar of Diana. Having finished this hymn of despair, he cast himself, all robed and crowned as he was, into the sea; and the sailors pursued their voyage to Corinth. A little time afterwards, they were sent for to court, and asked news of Arion by the king. They said they had landed him safely in Italy, and taken leave of him at Tarentum. Upon this, a door opens, and they are struck dumb at beholding Arion himself, whom they believed dead, enter the room, dressed exactly as he was when he leaped into the sea. Their guilt was not to be disputed; and they were put to death. As to Arion's return, it was owing to a Dolphin, who having been attracted with others by the music of his harp, had taken him upon his back, and borne him safely after the guilty ship; the poet playing out of gratitude, as he went.

Spenser introduces Arion most beautifully, in all his lyrical pomp, in the marriage of the Thames and Medway. He goes before the bride, smoothing onwards with the sound of his harp, like the very progress of the water.

Then there was heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
Before the Spouse. That was Arion crowned:
Who, playing on his harp, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,
Stood still by him astonished at his lore;
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.
So went he, playing on the watery plain.

Perhaps in no one particular thing or image, have some great poets shewn the different characters of their genius more than in the use of the Dolphin. Spenser, who of all his tribe lived in a poetical world, and saw things as clearly there as in a real one, has never shewn this nicety of realization more than in the following passage. He speaks of his Dolphins with as familiar a detail, as if they were horses waiting at a door with an equipage.

A team of Dolphins ranged in array
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt.
 They were all taught by Triton to obey
 To the long reins at her commandement
 As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
 That their broad flaggy finnes no foam did reare,
 Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent.
 The rest of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their finny oares the swelling sea did sheare.
 Soon as they been arrived upon the brim
 Of the Rich Strand, their charets they forlore;
 And let their teamed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the foamy shore,
 Lest they their finnes should bruise, and surbeat sore
 Their tender feete upon the stony ground.

There are a couple of Dolphins like these, in Raphael's Galatea. Dante, with his tendency to see things in a dreary point of view, has given an illustration of the agonies of some of the damned in his *Inferno*, at once new, fine, and horrible. It is in the 22nd book, "Come i delfini," &c. He says that some wretches, swimming in one of the gulphs of hell, shot out their backs occasionally, like Dolphins, above the pitchy liquid, in order to snatch a respite from torment; but darted them back again like lightning. The devils would prong them as they rose. Strange fancies for maintaining the benevolence of religion!

Hear Shakspeare, always at once the noble and the good-natured. We forget of what great character he is speaking; but never was an image that more singularly yet completely united superiority and playfulness.

His delights
 Were dolphin-like; and shewed themselves above
 The element he lived in.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
 JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XVIII.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1820.

NAMES.

THE object of this article is to call to mind the significations of the Christian names most in use with us; to recommend the revival of others; to shew who has given any of them a grace or a lustre; and to suggest the advantage of paying attention to this apparently trifling matter.

We think it a greater objection than appears at first sight, to our names in general, that they are unmeaning sounds by which individuals are merely known. A man of the name of George or Thomas might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hatband. Names are usually given after some family relation; and doubtless this is often a good and social thing; but as it is done in general to please the elder people, and not the younger, who may grow up without any very fond recollections of them, or perhaps scarcely remember them at all, the least that can be done for the possessors is to give them an additional Christian name; by which they may be called, if they prefer it, when they arrive to maturity. The next principle, upon which children are named, is that of the sound or beauty of the name; and this we think too much undervalued. People in humble life, it is true, are sometimes justly laughed at for giving their children fine names; but it is only when they do so out of an obvious and unmeaning vanity. It is as well certainly not to call a parcel of idle and ragged young rogues by the titles of Augustus, Orlando, and Theodore; nor does it sound very fitting and heroic to hear a father cry out pompously to his little boy, as we did once,—“You, Sir, there,—Maximilian,—come out of the gutter.” But if elegant names, not pompous, are given in humble life by sensible parents, they may influence the holders afterwards to very good purpose. They may assist in producing an unvulgar spirit, properly so called; one that sees how vulgarity and the reverse of it may be produced by circumstances, and are not confined to this or that rank in life;—one that is just conscious enough of something graceful and peculiar, to feel that it has a kind of title upon it without any actual privileges, and that it must resort to a sentiment to maintain and warrant it. To give a child the name of a

favourite hero or heroine is also a good thing. A boy, christened after Alfred the Great, by a father who really feels the merits of that wonderful man, is likely, if he inherits any thing of his father's sense, to turn the name into a perpetual memorandum of worthiness. Care however must be taken not to give great professional names,—as that of Michael Angelo to a boy intended for an artist, or Shakspeare to one that is meant to be literary. If the youth does not turn out clever, his name becomes a burlesque; and if he should be otherwise, the comparison will still be awkward. The notion that a name is not to be changed without legal sanction, and the habit of acquiescing in a name disagreeable to the possessor, appear to us to be equally erroneous. Had a name been given us of this sort, we should have made no scruple to take another, just as an actor changes his surname. We sometimes think it would be an excellent custom, if people, without forsaking the names that might have pleasant family associations with them, were to give themselves new ones when they arrived at years of discretion, or at whatever subsequent time they might think it proper to wait for. They might make it one of the best holidays in their life, and assume the name in the same spirit they would assume a motto or device, for their conduct in future to abide by. They would hardly chuse a mean or a useless one.

A name, to be complete, and serve it's just purposes, should either have a good and understood meaning, or an equally good and understood association. It should also be good to the ear if possible; but at all events, good to the understanding and the feelings. The names of our Saxon ancestors were compounded, like those of the ancients, of words in ordinary use; so that they were not mere sounds, as they are now. Thus Edmund or Eadmund signified Happy Peace; Edward was Happy Warden or Keeper; Leofwin (Love-win) answered to the Greek name Erasmus; Horsa was a Horseman, like Hippias or Hipparchus; and we hereby inform all our readers of the name of Henry that they are neither more nor less than so many Plutarchs, both the words signifying Rich Lord. But the remainder of what we intended to say on those matters will be gathered from the following nomenclature. We put the male and female names together, to avoid the ungallant trouble of making out two separate lists.

Aaron, Hebrew. A Mountain. Haroun al Raschid.

Abel, Heb. Camden says Just; some say Vanity, which is curious. We know nothing of Hebrew, and must leave the point to others.

Abigael, Heb. The Father's Joy. The Jewish names are generally very expressive, and in pleasant taste; but for obvious reasons, they have acquired either a great gravity in modern use, or something the reverse. A female servant is nicknamed an Abigael, perhaps after Nabal's wife, who was so submissive to David.

Abraham, Heb. The Father of Many. This is the same word as Patriarch in Greek. It was the Christian name of Cowley.

Adam, Heb. Red Earth. These scripture names of men are more prevalent among the Scotch than the English, and have given rise to

some curious inapplicabilities, as Adam Smith and David Hume, two infidel philosophers. On the continent, almost all Christian names came from the Virgin or the Saints, and at last produced similar misnomers; as Denys Diderot, Peter Bayle, Francis Mary Arouet de Voltaire,—after St. Francis and the Virgin: for nothing was more common among the Catholics than to give her name to men as well as women. The celebrated constable Montmorency was called Anne, after the scriptural saint.

Adehaide, German. We believe it means Printedly.

Adolphus, Latinized from the Saxon Adolph or Eadolph. Happy Help.

Agatha, Greek. Good.

Agnes, Gr. Chaste. It was an unlucky name for the beautiful patriotic mistress of Charles the Seventh, Agnes Sorel; who was nevertheless a noble creature.

Alan, Slavonian. A Hound: or as Camden thinks, a *British* or *Welsh* corruption of *Albanus*, Sun-bright. Alain René le Sage, the French novelist. Alan Chartier, whose mouth was kissed for his poetry, as he lay asleep, by Queen Margaret of Navarre.

Albert, Saxon. All Bright. Borne by Albert Durer, the celebrated old artist; and Albertus Magnus, the philosopher.

Alexander, Gr. A Helper of Men. Alexander the Great. Scanderbeg, or Lord Alexander, the name given to the celebrated Prince of Epirus, John Castriot. Alexander Pope.

Alfred, Sar. All Peace. Alfred the Great.

Algernon, (Query?) Algernon Sydney.

Alicia, Alice, Adeliz, Germ. Noble.

Alistasia. We have met but once with this name, which is thought to be a corruption of *Anastasia*. Otherwise it might be twisted into an allusion to the sea, or being born at or near the sea; Sea-rising; as *Anadyomene*, spoken of *Venus*.

Almeria, female of *Amery* or *Almericus, Germ.* Always Rich.

Alphonso, Gothic, Elfuns. Our Help.

Amadeus, Amadis, Amias, Lat. A Lover of God; same as the Greek *Theophilus*. It is the name of one of the most celebrated heroes of chivalry. A late illustrious musician was named John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Ambrose, Gr. Immortal, from the same adjective as the word *Ambrosia*. Taken by the early Christians, and borne by one of the most celebrated of the Fathers.

Amelia, Amia or Amy (Emily?) Lat. Beloved. The name of Fielding's celebrated conjugal heroine.

Anastasia, Gr. Uprising; an allusion to the Resurrection. It was the name of the celebrated singer, and mistress of the great Lord Peterborough, *Anastasia Robinson*; whom he afterwards married.

Andrew, Gr. Manly. Most fortunately given to our patriot, *Andrew Marvell*. *Andrew Dacier*, the commentator. *Andrea Palladio*, the architect.

Anne, Anna, Hannah, Nancy or Ninon, Heb. Gracious or Kind. See Joan and Jane. *Anne Killigrew*, the young poetess whose memory was so honoured by Dryden. *Anne Dacier*, famous for her learning. *Ninon de l'Enclos*, the modern *Leontium*. See Adam.

Anthony, Gr. Flourishing. *Marc Anthony*, the Triumvir. *Antonio Allegri*, called *Correggio*, from his birth-place, the great painter. *Anthony Vandyke*, the great portrait painter. *Anthony Watteau*, the painter of elegant intercourse. *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Lord Shaftesbury, the philosopher. *Anthony Francis Prevot*, the French novelist. *Anthony Benezet*, an American philanthropist.

Arabella, Lat. A Fair Altar. *Arabella Fermor*, the heroine of the Rape of the Lock under the title of *Belinda*.

Archibald, Germ. A Bold Observer.

Arthur, Gr. from the constellation *Arcturus* or Great Bear. According to others, from a British word signifying Mighty. It was first rendered famous by the old hero of British romance.

Augustus, Augusta, Lat. Increasing. Waxing in Honour. Unless it rather come from the Greek, and mean Splendid, or Illustrious. It was first given as a name to *Octavius Cæsar*, and has ever since been common in princes' families.

Barbara, Gr. Foreign.

Bartholomew, Heb. The son of him who made the waters to rise. An evident allusion to the passage of the Red Sea.

Basil, Gr. Kingly.

Beatrice, Lat. Happy, or Happy-making. The name of Dante's favourite.

Benedict, Benet or Bennet, Lat. Blessed. *Benedict Spinoza*, the philosopher.

Benjamin, Heb. The Son of the Right Hand, or the Son of Days.

Ben Jonson. Benjamin Franklin.

Bertha, Germ. Bright.

Bertram, Bertrand. Bright or Clear.

Blanche, Fr. *Bianca, Ital.* White or Fair.

Bridget, Irish. Bright.

Cæsar. Some say a Moorish word for an Elephant: others, a name significant of the operation called *Cæsarian*: others, Grey Eyes; and others, Well Haired, or Born with Hair. From *Julius Cæsar* it became an imperial family name, and title of honour.

Caleb, Heb. Hearty.

Caroline, the Latin female of *Charles* or *Carolus*.

Catharine, Gr. Pure.

Cecil, Cecilia, Cicely, Lat. Grey-eyed. It has been chiefly used after *Cecilia*, the Musical Saint.

Charity, Gr. The Delight of Doing Good; Benevolence; Love to all both in Thought and Deed. It originally comes from a word signifying a Saluting Joy; and was the same, among the Greeks, as *Grace*, and the Sentiment of Beauty. The three goddesses whom the Romans called *Graces*, the Greeks called *Charities*.

Charles, Germ. Valiant; Prevailing; the same word as the Valens of the Romans, not the more modern Valentine. Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. Carl Von Linne (Linnæus) the great naturalist. Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, the philosopher. Charles Mondault, Earl of Peterborough.

Charlotte, the German female of Charles.

Christian, Christiana, Gr. A follower of Christ.

Christopher, Gr. Christ's-Bearer. An allusion to the patient duty of Christians; but by some brought from a legend of a saint, who is said to have carried Christ over a piece of water. Christopher Columbus. Christopher Marlowe. Christopher Martin Wieland. Sir Christopher Wren.

Clara, Clarissa, Lat. Clear. The name of Richardson's heroine; most likely adopted by him intentionally.

Clement, Clemence, Clementina, Lat. Kind and Forgiving. Perhaps originally from a Greek word signifying a vine; when it would mean Tenderly Inclining; Apt to Embrace. Clement Marot, the early French poet.

Comfort, Lat. F. Strong with; Helping to Bear. A female name, rare and good.

Constance, Constantia, Constantine, Lat. Firm, Constant; literally Withstanding, or as we now say, Standing by us. A name of noble meaning.

Cornelia, Lat. From Cornu, a Horn, the ancient emblem of plenty. It has been made a favourite with posterity by that fine maternal Spirit who produced the Gracchi.

Cuthbert, Saxon. Bright Knowledge.

Cyprian, Gr. A native or inhabitant of Cyprus, the isle of Venus. The fortune of this name is singular. It is given to women in reproach; but men were first christened by it after a father of the church.

Daniel, Heb. Judgment of God. Daniel de Foe.

David, Heb. Beloved. David Rizzio. David Teniers. David Garrick. See Adam.

Debora, Heb. A Bee.

Denys, Dennis, from Dionysius or Dionysus, the Greek name of Bacchus. According to some, it comes from a Syrian word alluding to lameness or pain in the thigh, in reference to the birth of Bacchus. Others make it a Greek compound, signifying the Divine Mind or the Spirit of the Universe. The modern use of it came from St. Denis, of France. See Adam.

Diana, Gr. It means Jove's Daughter. It used to be a favourite name in the times of the old stately French romances; and has survived chiefly among people of rank.

Dorothy, Dorothea, Dora, Gr. God's Gift. The same as Theodora. It was the name of our late cordial actress, Mrs. Jordan. The Italians, who make pretty words of every thing, turn it into *Dorabella*, or Dora the Fair.

Drusilla, Heb. Dewy Eyes. The familiar abbreviation of it is Dru, which appears to have been a man's name in Camden's time, but

derived either from a Saxon word, signifying subtle, or most likely from the French and old English word *Druerie* or *Drury*, which meant Gallantry.

Edgar, *Sax.* Happy Power.

Edith, formerly Eade, Ada, &c. from the Saxon word signifying Happy. It was the name of Pope's mother.

Edmund, *Sax.* Happy Peace. Edmund Spenser. Edmund Halley. Edmund Burke.

Edward, *Sax.* Happy Guarder or Keeper. Edward Fairfax. Edward Gibbon. Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Edwin, *Sax.* Happy Winner. It is a favourite name in the Sandys family, of whom was Sandys the poet.

Eleanor, Eleonora, *Sax.* All Fruitful. But Camden brings it from Helen, *Gr.* One who takes Pity. Spenser seems to derive it also from the Grecian Helen, as he spells it *Hellenore*.

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, Isabel, for they are all of one stock, *Heb.* The Oath of the Lord; or, Camden says, Peace of the Lord. Isabel, or Isabella, is only the termination of Eliza with the addition of *Bella*. See *Dorothea*. It seems strange at first how the name of Eliza got into Virgil's *Æneid*, as that of the sister of Dido; but the sisters were of Phœnician origin, and thus the name gets back to Asia.

Emma. Some think the same as *Amie* or *Amelia*; others, an old German or Norman word signifying a Good Nurse; others the same as the Saxon *Elgiva*, Help-mate. It was the name of Charlemagne's daughter, who married his secretary Eginhart.

Erasmus, *Gr.* Loveable, Amiable. The name was introduced by the celebrated scholar of Rotterdam. It seems to have become a favourite in the Dryden family, perhaps when they were growing lukewarm to popery.

Ernest, *Germ.* Sincere and Ardent. Earnest. According to Camden, it is Cæsar's word *Ariovistus*; which, say the Italian genealogists, is the origin of the name of Ariosto. It is evident from the Commentaries, that the Romans must have mauled foreign appellations as badly as the French do now; so much so, that it seems impossible to recognize the pithy Celtic names in their lengthened Latinisms.

Esther, *Heb.* Secret.

Everard, *Germ.* Well Reported, according to some; but Camden thinks with others, that it means a good kindly disposition or *Towardness*.

Eugene, Eugenia, *Gr.* Well Born.

Euphemia, *Gr.* Well Spoken.

Eustace, *Gr.* Well Standing; not easily turned aside. The fit name of the famous French patriot Eustace St. Pierre, who delivered himself up to Edward the Third, as a sacrifice for his fellow-citizens.

Eve, Eva, *Heb.* Giving Life.

Evelina, Evelin. Probably a familiar alteration of Eve.

Felix, Felicia, *Lat.* Happy. The same as the Greek *Macarius*, and the Saxon *Edith*. *Lope Felix de Vega Carpio*.

Ferdinand, Fernando, Fernan, Hernan, is a name of very disputed origin. Camden thinks it may come from the German words Fred and Rand, Pure Peace; and this appears a very likely etymology, for names alter strangely in making the Grand Tour. Hernan Cortes.

Flora, *Lat.* Flowery.

Florence, a name both of men and women, *Lat.* Flourishing.

Francis, Frances, Franck, from the German Franc, which signifies Free, as opposed to Servile; whence our metaphorical word Frank, and the old saying of Frank and Free. It is the same word as French. Francesco Petrarca. Francis Rabelais. Francis Bacon. Francis Quesvedo. Francis Beaumont. Francis de la Rochefaucault. Francis de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon. Francis Marie Arouet de Voltaire. See Anthony. Francis is one of the pleasantest names in use. It has a fine open air with it,—a sound correspondent to it's sense.

Frederick, *Germ.* Rich Peace. Frederick Schiller. George Frederick Handel. Frederick of Prussia. It was brought among us by the Germans.

Fulk, Foulk, *Sax.* Folk or People. A very popular meaning, answering to the Publius of the Romans. Sir Fulke Grevile, the Friend of Sir Philip Sydney.

Gabriel, *Heb.* The Strength of God. This appears to have been at one time a common name among rustics, if we may judge from the reproach of clownishness conveyed in the old saying of a "great Gaby."

Geoffrey, Jeffrey, *Germ.* Joyful Peace. Geoffrey Chaucer.

George, *Gr.* Husbandman, Tiller of the Earth; the same as the *Latina Agricola*. In spite of the word Georgics, one is surprised to find this name of Greek origin, it has retained so little of it's character, and been so much identified with modern England. It was the national Saint that brought it into such repute; a personage who, according to Gibbon, turns out to have been no greater than a jobber and contractor, of very equivocal character. George Buchanan. George Chapman. George Frederick Handel. George Berkeley. George Louis le Clair, Count Buffon. George Washington.

Georgiana, a compound of George and Anne.

Gerard, Gerald, often corrupted into Garret. Female Geraldine, *Germ.* All Towardness; Perfect Good-will. Gerard Douw. The name of Lord Surrey's celebrated mistress, real or poetical, was Geraldine.

Gertrude, *Germ.* All Truth.

Gervas, Jervas, Jervoise, *Germ.* All Fast or Sure.

Gilbert, *Germ.* Gilt-Bright; or as Camden rather thinks, according to an old spelling, Gislebert, *Sax.* Bright Pledge, like the *Pignora Amoris* of the ancients, and our modern phrase of a Pledge of Love.

Giles, "Miserably disjointed," says Camden, by the French, from the *Lat.* Egidius, *Gr.* Aigidion. A Little Kid. The word Giles is still translated into *Latina Egidius*. Camden thinks however that it is probably brought from Julius, as Gillian from Juliana: which appears the more likely from the French word Jules for Julius.

Godfrey, Germ. God's Peace. Godfrey of Boulogne, who went to make war in the Holy Land.

Grace, Lat. Grace, in the sense of Favour.

Gregory, Gr. Watchful, Vigilant.

Guy, from the Italian Guido, which they derive from the French Guide. A Guide or Conductor. Guido Reni. In this country, the name is probably from our hero of romance, Guy Earl of Warwick.

Hector, Gr. Defender. This, like Solomon and Alexander (Sawney) came to have a contemptuous mock-heroical meaning, for an obvious reason.

Helen, Gr. One who takes Pity. Paris and the Trojans must have differed on the applicability of this name.

Henry, Henrietta, Harry, Harriet, Germ. Rich Lord: the same as the Greek Plutarch. Henry the Fourth. Henry Purcell. Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. Henry Fielding. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Herbert, Germ. Bright Lord.

Horatio, Horace, Lat. Camden says he is ignorant of the etymology of this word, but with his usual acuteness offers us that of Horatos or Horatikos from the Greek, "as of good eyesight." Etymologists after him have translated it, Worth looking at. Worthy to be beheld. Sightly. Query? Whether it was a name given in gratitude to the Horæ or Seasons, who were always supposed to be bringing us something new, and one of whose pleasantest gifts were children. See Theocritus. Syrakousiai, v. 105.

Hubert, Sax. Bright Hue.

Hugh, Germ. The same as our English word Hough. To cut and lame. Hugo de Groot, or Grotius. Hugh Middleton.

Humphrey, Germ. Home Peace. See John. The Italians, we have been told, make a similar butt of their word Onoffio.

Isaac, Heb. Laughter. The Gelasius of the Greeks. Isaac Newton. Isaac, or (as he more Judaically spelt it) Izaak Walton.

Isabel. See Elizabeth.

Jane, from Joan and Joanna, the female of John. Lady Jane Grey. Joan of Arc.

Jacob, James, Giacomo, Giacompo, Iago, Jachimo, Jacques, Heb. A Supplanter, or Tripper-up: in allusion to the birth of Jacob. James Chrichton the Admirable. James Thomson. K. James the First of Scotland. Jean Jacques Rousseau. James Cook.

[We miscalculated our room this time, owing to the breaks in the print, which make such a number of paragraphs; otherwise this article would not have been left unfinished. The rest will appear, of course, next week.]

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH ARNOLD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with buse, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XIX.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1820.

NAMES.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

JASPER, Gaspar, *Arab.* The precious stone of that name. Gaspar Poussin.

Jemima, *Heb.* Meaning unknown to us.

Jeremy, *Heb.* High of the Lord. Jeremy Taylor.

Jessica, Jessy, *Heb.* We know not the signification; but the little music-loving Jewess in the Merchant of Venice has rendered it's pleasant simplicity still pleasanter.

John, *Heb.* Gracious. Giovanni in Italian. Jean in French. The commonest Christian name in use, given originally from the most amiable of the Apostles. It's being so great a favourite seems at last to have turned the tables upon it, and brought it's familiarity into disrepute; as was the case with Humphrey and Anthony. This is another reason for bringing the word Jack from it, as every body does; otherwise we should have thought it came from Jacques or James. Jack has been tagged to every possible name of homeliness, ridicule, and contempt:—as Jack-a-napes. Jack-ass. Jack-daw. Jack Pudding. Jack-a-dandy. Jack (to roast meat with.) Black Jack (to hold beer.) Jack Boots. Every Jack has his Gill. Jack-a-lantern. Jack in the Green. Jack in the Box. Jack in the Corner. Jack Sprat. Jack Priest. Jack Ketch. A Jack in Office. But now hear the name resume it's dignity in John Milton, John Hampden, John Fletcher, John Dryden, John Locke, John Selden, John Marston, John Webster, John Evelyn, John Ford, John Howard, &c. &c. Then in the French there is Jean Racine, Jean Baptiste Moliere, Jean de la Fontaine, Jean le Rond d'Alembert, Jean Jacques Rousseau: and in Italian, Giovanni Boccaccio, Giovanni Lodovico Ariosto, Giovanni Paesello, &c.

Joan, Joanna, see **Jane**. The word Anne seems to be from the same root.

Jonathan, *Heb.* God's Gift. The same as the Greek Theodore and Theodosius, and the Latin Deodatus. Jonathan Swift.

Joseph, *Heb.* Addition. Joseph Addison: Joseph Hadyn.

Joshua, the same as Jesus, *Heb.* A Saviour. Joshua Reynolds.

Julia, Juliana, Gillian, *Lat.* From Julianus, Julius.

Julius, or Julus, originally *Gr.* Soft-haired, or Mossy-bearded. Julius Cæsar. Giulio Romano.

Lætitia, Lettice, *Lat.* Joy.

Lancelot, Launcelot, Lancillotto, a Little Lance. *Spanish* or old *French*. It is supposed to have been invented for the famous hero of romance, Launcelot of the Lake; from whom it became a common name.

Laurence, Lorenzo, Laura, *Lat.* Laurel-like. Flourishing like the Bay. The Daphnis of the Greeks. A happy name for Lorenzo de Medici, under whose shadow lived so many poets and learned men. Lorenzo Lippi. Laurence Sterne.

Leonard, *Germ.* People-Pleaser. Like the Greek Demochares.

Leopold, *Germ.* Defender of the People. Answering to Alexander.

Lewis, Louis, Louisa, Luigi, Ludovico, from Lodowick, *Germ.* Refuge of the People. From it's Latin Ludovicus came by familiar transposition Clovis; and then by dropping the C, Lovis and Louis. The Italians turn the final s into igi, as Amadis, Amadigi; Fleur-de-lis, Fiordiligi; Louis, Luigi. Luigi Pulci. Louis de Comoens. Lodovico Giovanni Ariosto.

Lionel, *Lat.* A Little Lion.

Lucretia, *Lat.* Profitable; Lucrative. The name of the celebrated Roman wife. More suitable to your chaste marriers for money.

Lucy, *Lat.* Like Light. Camden says it was given to girls born at daylight; which is very probable. The Romans gave their names for very idle reasons, compared with the Greeks, throughout whose language indeed the superiority in sentiment is remarkable. A better cause would be a Brightness of Aspect,—a Glad Clearness of Eye and Look. Lucifer or Light-bringer, the Phosphorus of the Greeks, used to be counted a good name; till the application of it to the devil, from a passage in one of the Prophets, brought it into disrepute. There was a well-known Lucifer, Bishop of Cagliari.

Luke, if *Hebrew*, Lifting up; if *Greek*, a Wood or Grove. Luca Giordano.

Lydia, *Gr.* A female born in Lydia. It is a name in the New Testament.

Mabel. We believe still survives, as it ought, whether it comes from Mabella, My Fair One; or from Mabilia, Amabilia, Amabilis,—Amiable.

Magdalen, Madelina, Madeline, Maudlin, *Heb.* Majestic; some say Magnificent. It conveys a very different, though not less pleasant idea, from the gentle penitent in the Bible.

Margaret, Marget, Margery, *Gr.* A Pearl. In French it signified also a Daisy, which gave occasion to a world of amatory and flowery allusions. Margaret of Navarre.

Marianne, Marian, Marion. A compound of Mary and Anne. Marian, a gentle and sprightly word, became in request as the name of the real or fancied mistress of Robin Hood.

Mark, if *Hebrew*, High; if *Latin*, it referred to the month of March, or to Martialness. Mark Akenside.

Marmaduke, *Germ.* More Mighty.

Martin, *Lat.* Martial. Martin Luther. Martin Wieland.

Martha, *Heb.* Bitterness.

Mary, Maria, *Heb.* Some say Exalted; others, Bitter. The sweet, unaffected, and feminine sound of Mary will always redeem it from an ill meaning, whether of pride or pain. Mary, the Anglo-Norman poetess. Queen Mary, who married Charles Brandon. Marie de Rabutin, Marchioness de Sévigné. Mary Woolstonecraft.—See Matthew and Adam.

Matthew, *Heb.* A Gift. Matthew Prior. Matteo Maria Boiardo.

Matthias, *Heb.* A similar allusion. Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary.

Matilda, Maud, *Germ.* Noble Maid.

Maurice, *Lat.* Born or descended of a Moor; or born in Mauritania.

Maximilian. A modern name, compounded by a German emperor of Fabius *Maximus*, and Scipio *Emilianus*. Maximilian de Bethune, Duke de Sully.

Melicent, Milly, *Fr.* Honey-Sweet.

Michael, *Heb.* Who is like God? Michael Angelo. Michael de Montaigne. Miguel Cervantes. Michael Drayton.

Nathaniel, *Heb.* God's Gift. Answering to Theodore, &c.

Nicholas, Nicol, Colin, Cole, *Gr.* Conqueror of the People. Niccolo Macchiavelli. Cola di Rienzi. Nicholas Boileau. St. Nicholas among the Catholics is the patron of seamen.

Oliver, Olivia, *Lat.* From the Olive-tree, an emblem of peace; but more likely perhaps in allusion to the utility and pleasantness of the tree itself. Oliver, the Oliviero of the Italian, is the great gallant of the romances relating to Charlemagne and Orlando: whence the proverb of 'a Rowland for an Oliver.' Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Goldsmith.

Osmund, *Sax.* House Peace.

Oswald, *Germ.* House-Ruler—Major Domo. The De Spenser, now Spenser, of the Normans.

Patrick, *Lat.* Patrician.

Paul, if *Heb.*, Wonderful, or Rest; if *Lat.*, Parvulus, or Little, a term of endearment. Paulus Gavius, or Paulo Giovio. Peter Paul Sarpi. Peter Paul Rubens.

Penelope, *Gr.* A species of Turkey.

Peregrine, *Lat.* Foreign.

Peter, *Gr.* A Stone. See Paul. The Czar Peter. Pietro Giannone. Pietro Metastasio. Pierre Abelard. Pierre Bayle. Pedro Calderón de la Barca. Pierre du Terrail, called the Chevalier Bayard.

Philip, Philippa, *Gr.* A Lover of Horses. Sir Philip Sydney. Philip Melancthon.

Priscilla, *Lat.* A Little Ancient.

Prudence, *Lat.* Humanized into Pru. We suspect that these prodigiously staid names are apt to overshoot themselves, and disgust the possessor. We know of no fair Prudence but one, whom our English

Anacreon, Robert Herrick, a bachelor and poet, has often recorded as an exquisite maid-servant. Hear his epitaph upon her:—

Underneath this turf is laid
Prudence Baldwin,—once my maid.
From her happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Quintin, *Lat.* A Fifth Child.

Rachael, *Heb.* A Sheep or Lamb. Well bestowed on the excellent Lady Rachael Russell, the gentle and patient widow of the Lord Russell that was beheaded.

Ralph, *Germ.* From Randolph, Help-Counsel.

Raphael, *Heb.* The Medicine of God. Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino.

Raymond, *Germ.* Quiet Peace.

Rebecca, *Heb.* Fleshy and Full; a word apparently answering to the Bathukolpos, or Deep-bosomed, of the Greeks.

Reuben, *Germ.* The Son of Visions, or Quick-Seeing.

Richard, *Sax.* Rich Heart. Richard the First.

Robert, Robin, *Germ.* Bright Counsel. Robin Hood. Robert Herrick. Robert Burns.

Roger, *Germ.* Strong Counsel. Roger Bacon.

Rose, *Lat.* The Flower so called.

Rosamund, *Lat.* The Rose of the World. The name of the fair mistress of Henry the Second.

Rowland, Orlando, *Germ.* Counsel for the Land. The name of the hero of the old French and Italian romance.

Sampson, *Heb.* There the Second Time, says Camden: others say, a Little Son.

Samuel, *Heb.* Placed of God. Samuel Butler. Samuel Richardson. Samuel Johnson.

Sebastian, *Gr.* Worshipful—Worthy of Honour. Sebastian Cabot. John Sebastian Bach.

Simon, *Heb.* Obedient Listening.

Sophia, *Gr.* Wisdom. Rendered pleasanter by Tom Jones's heroine.

Stephen, *Gr.* A Crown.

Susanna, Susan, *Heb.* A Rose.

Sylvanus, Sylvester, *Lat.* Of the Woods, Delighting in Trees. It would shorten well into Sylvan.

Tabitha, *Heb.* A Roebuck. Evidently the same allusion to eyes and figure, as the favourite Eastern simile of the gazel or antelope. Yet from grave appropriation it has come to mean something ludicrously opposed to grace and sprightliness.

Theodore, *Gr.* God's Gift.

Thomas, *Heb.* A Twin. Sir Thomas More. Thomas Hobbes. Thomas Decker. Thomas Gray. Thomas Chatterton.

Timothy, *Gr.* Honouring God.

Valentine, *Lat.* See Charles.

Vincent, Victor, Victoria. Conquering. Vittorio Alfieri. Vittoria Colonna, a celebrated Italian poetess.

Walter, *Germ.* According to some, a Pilgrim; to others, a Wood-

man or Lover of Woods, like Sylvanus; and to others, a General of an Army. In all senses it will be suitable to Sir Walter Raleigh. Walter Furst, one of the founders of Swiss liberty.

William, Wilhelmina, *Germ.* The Defender of Many. A good name; and together with Alfred, the most honoured in our language, for it belonged to Shakspeare. See also the illustrious names that follow him. William Wallace. William Penn. William Tell.

These are all names still in use. But they who would give a name to their children in a right spirit, might introduce others, especially female ones, from favourite authors.

As the whole of what we had written on this subject could not be got into our last week's paper, we shall proceed to enlarge upon it a little more, and give a selection of names from the greatest writers, ancient and modern. They will chiefly be female; not only because they are the more beautiful ones, but because the fair sex, being less out in the common world than men, preserve a kind of natural romance about them, which makes a poetical name suit them better. They can wear it as they do a crown of flowers. At the same time, there will be a choice of every species of meaning, from the highest and most abstract down to the homeliest or most housewifely.

We of the *brown* sex however might be named to better advantage than usual, if our parents should not anticipate for us a character exceedingly low, groveling, or ridiculous, or unable to afford a respectable association of ideas. And it would be as well for parent as well as child, if the former would think what he is going to do with the latter, when he is afraid of giving him a good name.

GREEK NAMES.

Andromache, Man-fight. The wife of Hector. Not a Virago surely, as some give it, but spoken in allusion to qualities which attract rivals, —the Men's Contest.

Calypso, Concealing, Secret. The Nymph who detained Ulysses so long in her green island. According to some she was the Goddess of Silence; but the first thing we know personally of her in Homer, is her singing.

Euryclea, Ample Honour.

Eurynome, Ample Feeding or Distribution.

Polymele, Many-Measured. A Dancer.

Phaethusa, Lightsome or Shining.

Pasithea or Pasithae, a Wonder to All.

Galene, Calm and Glad.

Thyene, Odorous.

Melissa, a Bee.

Eudora, Well Gifted, Accomplished.

Dione, Divine, Sprung from Jove.

Caronis, Crowned or Tufted, a Crown.

Aglaiā, Sparkling.

Thalia, Flowery Joy.

Euphrosyne, Well-minded, Cheerful.

} The Graces or Charities.

Ismene, Conscientious? } The two generous sisters, daughters of
 Antigone, Worth a Family? } Œdipus.
 Merope, Gifted with Speech, Humane.
 Eurydice, Ample Justice. Wife of Orpheus.
 Philphosa, Sylph-like, Superior to Old Age.
 Evadne, Well Pleasing? or Full of Simplicity? A name admired by
 our old dramatists.

Æthra (pronounced Aithra, our diphthong pronunciation in these instances being a barbarism) Fair Weather, Ætherial Calmness.

Harmonia, Harmony.

Cynthia, Cynthus, from Mount Cynthus. Names of Diana and Apollo, preserved in modern Italy. Cintio Giraldi.

Endymion, Indued. It was a name in England before the time of the Puritans.

Venus, Coming. So was this, according to Camden.

Œnone, Winy.

Iris, the Rainbow. A good name for one that comforts in sorrow, or smiles through tears.

Latona, Retired. The Mother of Apollo.

Phœbus, Phœbe, the Pureness of Light., Phœbus was a name in old France, probably through the romances. See Diana.

Calliope, Fine Voice. The Epic Muse.

Erato, Loving. The Amatory Muse.

Euterpe, Completely Delighting. The Instrumental Muse.

Terpsichore, Delighting in Choirs or Dances. The Muse of Dancing.

Urania, Heavenly. The Muse of Astronomy. Also a name of Venus.

Andromeda, the Care of Men.

Hyacinthus, Hyacinth, the Flower of that Name. Still used in France. Jacintha is the feminine.

Narcissus, the Flower of that Name. Narcissa, Narcisse.

Daphne, the Poetic Laurel or Bay.

Halegone, from Pregnancy at Sea. An allusion to the fish of that name, or King Fisher, who is said to make her nest on the waters.

Callianira, Fair Enchainer?

Iphigenia, Bravely Born, Stoutly Brought Forth. This, had it been a girl, instead of Henry the 4th, should have been the name of the Queen of Navarre's infant, when she sang a song in child-birth.

Melite, Honey-Sweet.

Janthe, Flourishing like the Violet.

Atalanta, Invaluable.

Rhodope, Rosy Look. The famous fellow-servant of Æsop, whom Psammeticus King of Egypt married, in consequence of the beauty of one of her sandals, which an eagle had dropped in that country.

Aspasia, Saluting, Receiving with an Embrace, The name of the eloquent mistress of Pericles, who counted Socrates among her scholars. Xenophon's wife was called Aspasia, according to some. It was adopted also by the mistress of the younger Cyrus, whose real or former name was Milto, Vermilion.

Apollonius, of or belonging to Apollo.

Cleopatra, the Father's or Country's Glory.

Patroclus, the same reversed.
 Amaryllis, Splendid. Q. A Fountain in a Grove?
 Agathon, Good.
 Agenor, Most Manly.
 Amyntas, Amyntor, a Helper or Defender.
 Callisthenes, Beautiful Strength. The name of the philosopher who
 was put to death for refusing to pay divine honours to Alexander.
 Euphranor, Well Minded, Chearfully Disposed.
 Pamphilus, Pamphila, a Friend to All.
 Leuconoe, White Minded, Perfectly Simple and Sincere.
 Lysander, a Freer of Men.
 Philemon, One Who Loves Us.
 Philoxenus, a Lover of Hospitality.
 Philomusus, Philomuse, a Lover of the Muses.
 Elycera, Elycerium, Sweet.
 Chloe, Green Grass.
 Galatea, Milky, Milk-white.
 Hylas, Fond of the Woods, Sylvan.
 Leander, Polished.

NAMES EXCLUSIVELY LATIN,

Yet mostly from a Greek root.

Sylvanus, Sylvius, *Ital.* Sylvio; the same as Hylas.
 Stella, a Star.
 Feronia, Bearing. The Goddess of Copses.
 Pomona, Fruity. The Goddess of Orchards.
 Hortensius, Fond of Gardens. The Italians still have Hortensia;
Fr. Hortense.
 Aurora, Golden. The Goddess of Morning.
 Aurelius, Aurelia, Sunny-Golden.
 Veronica, True Likeness.
 Scipio, Walking-stick. A name first given to Pullius Cornelius of
 the Scipio Family, for leading about his blind father. Still kept in
 Italy, as in the instance of Scipione Maffei.
 Flaminius, for Pilaminus, Hat-wearing, in allusion to the custom
 of Numa's priests. A good name for the family of the De Courcys,
 Lords Kinsale, who, for overthrowing a foreign champion in days of
 old, have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence.
 Camillus, the same as Casmillus, a name of Mercury, we know not
 of what signification.
 Æmilius, Urbane, Affable, Sociable. We take this opportunity of
 solving our query respecting the name of Emily (see Amelia) which
 undoubtedly is the feminine of Æmilius.

ITALIAN NAMES.

Laura, from Laurel.
 Pampinea, Viny, Crowned with Vine Leaves.
 Meridiana, Noon-like, Bright as Noon-day.
 Forisena, Fiorisena, Bosom of Flowers.
 Luciana, Like Light.

Chiariella, Little Clear One.
 Angela, Angelica, Angel, Angelic.
 Ginevra, Gineura, the Juniper. The name of Ariosto's mistress.
 Fiordiligi, Flower of Lily.
 Fiordispina, Flower of Thorn. A good name for an infant welcomed in the midst of distress.
 Bianca, White, Very Fair.
 Graziosa, Graceful or Gracious.
 Erminia, Fond of Solitude? or from Ermine?
 Alba, the Dawn, Fair as Daylight.
 Rosalba, Rosy Dawn, or White Rose.
 Rosabella, Beautiful Rose.
 Rosetta, Rosalia, Rosina, Little Rose. *Fr.* Rosette, Rosalie.
 Rosaura, Air of Roses.

NAMES FROM THE ENGLISH POETS.

Una, the Only One. Unless it came from the Irish Oonagh, of which we know not the signification.
 Amoret, a Little Love.
 Florimel, Honey of Flowers.
 Belphebe, Fair Phœbe.
 Marinel, of the Sea.
 Elf, Elfin, Elfilin, Elfinore, Quick, Nimble Spirit.
 Alma, Genial, Cherishing.
 Calidore, Fine Gift, or Finely Gifted.
 Calantha, Beautiful Flower.
 Ariel is a Hebrew word, we forget of what meaning; but the reader may find it, if we remember, in Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels. The airy sound of it admirably suits the "delicate" sprite of the Tempest.
 Miranda, One to be Admired.
 Silvia, see Hylas or Sylvanus.
 Rosalind. We know not the etymology of Lind. But Shakspeare's heroine will warrant the name without the necessity of a meaning.
 Viola, a Violet.
 Perdita, Lost; a Foundling.
 Imogen. We believe an old German name; but are ignorant of the etymology.
 Cordelia, Cordial. Unless it originally meant, with another accent, Heart of Leah.
 Juliet, Little Julia.
 Pamela, properly called Pamèla, All Apples.
 Oriana, some allusion to Gold or Sun-rise.
 Philaster, Star-lover.
 Astrophel, the same.
 Earine, Vernal.

Orders received by the Booksellers, by the Newsmen, and by the Publisher,
 JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XX.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1820.

RONALD OF THE PERFECT HAND.

[The following tale is founded upon a tradition in Mrs. Grant's Superstitions of the Highlands. It was originally intended to be written in verse; which will account for it's present appearance.]

THE stern old shepherd of the air,
The spirit of the whistling hair,
The wind, has risen drearily
In the Northern evening sea,
And is piping long and loud
To many a heavy upcoming cloud,—
Upcoming heavy in many a row,
Like the unwieldy droves below
Of seals, and horses of the sea,
That gather up as drearily,
And watch with solemn-visaged eyes
Those mightier movers in the skies.

Tis evening quick;—tis night:—the rain
Is sowing wide the fruitless main,
Thick, thick;—no sight remains the while
From the farthest Orkney isle,
No sight to sea-horse, or to seer,
But of a little pallid sail,
That seems as if 'twould struggle near,
And then as if it's pinion pale
Gave up the battle to the gale.
Four chiefs there are of special note,
Labouring in that earnest boat;
Four Orkney chiefs, that yesterday
Coming in their pride away
From the smote Norwegian king,
Led their war-boats triumphing
Straight along the golden line
Made by morning's eye divine.

Stately came they, one by one,
 Every sail beneath the sun,
 As if he their admiral were
 Looking down from the lofty air,
 Stately, stately through the gold.—
 But before that day was done,
 Lo, his eye grew vexed and cold;
 And every boat, except that one,
 A tempest trampled in its roar;
 And every man, except those four,
 Was drenched and driving, far from home,
 Dead and swift, through the Northern foam.

Four ate they, who wearily
 Have drunk of toil two days at sea;
 Duth Maruno, steady and dark,
 Cormar, Soul of the Winged Bark;
 And bright Clan Alpin, who could leap
 Like a torrent from steep to steep;
 And he, the greatest of that great band,
 Ronald of the Perfect Hand.

Dumbly strain they for the shore,
 Foot to board, and grasp on oar,
 The billows, panting in the wind,
 Seem instinct with ghastly mind,
 And climb like crowding savages
 At the boat that dares their seas.
 Dumbly strain they, through and through,
 Dumbly, and half blindly too,
 Drenched, and buffeted, and bending
 Up and down without an ending;
 Like ghostly things that could not cease
 To row among those savages.

Ronald of the Perfect Hand
 Has rowed the most of all that band;
 And now he's resting for a space
 At the helm, and turns his face
 Round and round on every side
 To see what cannot be descried,
 Shore, nor sky, nor light, nor even
 HOPE, whose feet are lost in heaven.
 Ronald thought him of the roar
 Of the fight the day before,
 And of the young Norwegian prince
 Whom in all the worryings
 And hot vexations of the fray,
 He had sent with life away,
 Because he told him of a bride
 That if she lost him, would have died;

And Ronald then, in bitter case,
 Thought of his own sweet lady's face,
 Which upon this very night
 Should have blushed with bridal light,
 And of her downward eyelids meek,
 And of her voice, just heard to speak,
 As at the altar, hand in hand,
 On ceasing of the organ grand,
 'Twould have bound her, for weal or woe,
 With delicious answers low,
 And more he thought of, grave and sweet,
 That made the thin tears start, and meet
 The wetting of the insolent wave;
 And Ronald, who though all so brave,
 Had often that hard day before
 Wished himself well housed on shore,
 Felt a sharp impatient start
 Of home-sick wilfulness at heart,
 And steering with still firmer hand,
 As if the boat could feel command,
 Thrilled with a fierce and forward motion,
 As though 'twould shoot it through the ocean.

"Some spirit," exclaimed Duth Maruno, "must pursue us, and perpetually urge the boat out of it's way, or we must have arrived by this time at Inistore." Ronald took him at his word, and turning hastily round, thought he saw an armed figure behind the stern. His anger rose with his despair; and with all his strength he dashed his arm at the moveless and airy shape. At that instant a fierce blast of wind half turned the boat round. The chieftains called out to Ronald to set his whole heart at the rudder; but the wind beat back their voices, like young birds into the nest; and no answer followed it. The boat seemed less and less manageable, and at last to be totally left to themselves. In the intervals of the wind they again called out to Ronald, but still received no answer. One of them crept forward, and felt for him through the blinding wet and darkness. His place was void. "It was a ghost," said they, "which came to fetch him to the spirits of his fathers. Ronald of the Perfect Hand is gone, and we shall follow him as we did in the fight. Hark! The wind is louder and louder: it is louder and many-voiced. Is it his voice which has roused up the others? Is he calling upon us, as he did in the battle, when his followers shouted after his call?"

It was the rocks of an isle beyond Inistore, which made that multitudinous roaring of the wind. The chieftains found that they were not destined to perish in the mid ocean; but it was fortunate for them that the wind did not set in directly upon the island, or they would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With great difficulty they stemmed their way obliquely; and at length were thrown violently to

* The old name for the Orkneys.

shore, bruised, wounded, and half inanimate. They remained on this desolate island two days, during the first of which the storm subsided. On the third, they were taken away by a boat of seal-hunters.

The chiefs, on their arrival at home, related how Ronald of the Perfect Hand had been summoned away by a loud-voiced spirit, and disappeared. Great was the mourning in Inistore for the Perfect Hand; for the Hand that with equal skill could throw the javelin and traverse the harp; could build the sudden hut of the hunter; and bind up the glad locks of the maiden tired in the dance. Therefore was he called the Perfect Hand; and therefore with great mourning was he mourned; yet with none half as great as by his love, his betrothed bride Moilena; by her of the Beautiful Voice; who had latterly begun to be called the Perfect Voice, because she was to be matched with him of the Perfect Hand. Perfect Hand and Perfect Voice were they called; but the Hand was now gone, and the Voice sang brokenly for tears.

A dreary winter was it, though a victorious, to the people of Inistore. Their swords had conquered in Lochlin; but most of the hands that wielded them had never come back. Their warm pressure was felt no more. The last which they had given their friends was now to serve them all their lives. "Never, with all my yearning," said Moilena, "shall I look upon his again, as I have looked at it a hundred times, when nobody suspected. Never." And she turned from the sight of the destructive ocean, which seemed as interminable as her thoughts.

But winter had now passed away. The tears of the sky at least were dried up. The sun looked out kindly again; and the spring had scarcely re-appeared, when Inistore had a proud and a gladder day, from the arrival of the young prince of Lochlin with his bride. It was a bitter one to Moilena, for the prince came to thank Ronald for sparing his life in the war, and had brought his lady to thank him too. They thanked Moilena instead; and proud, in the midst of her unhappiness, of being the representative of the Perfect Hand, she lavished hundreds of smiles upon them from her pale face. But she wept in secret. She could not bear this new addition to the store of noble and kind memories respecting her Ronald. He had spared the bridegroom for his bride. He had hoped to come back to his own. She looked over to the north; and thought that her home was as much there as in Inistore.

Meantime, Ronald was not drowned. A Scandinavian boat, bound for an island called the Island of the Circle, had picked him up. The crew, which consisted chiefly of priests, were going thither to propitiate the deities, on account of the late defeat of their countrymen. They recognized the victorious chieftain, who on coming to his senses freely confessed who he was. Instantly they raised a chorus, which rose sternly through the tempest. "We carry," said they, "an acceptable present to the Gods. Odin, stay thy hand from the slaughter of the obscure. Thor, put down the mallet with which thou beatest, like red hail, on the skulls of thine enemies. Ye other feasters in Valhalla, set down the skulls full of mead, and pledge a health out of a new and noble one to the King of Gods and Men, that the twilight of heaven may come

late. We bring an acceptable present: we bring Ronald of the Perfect Hand." Thus they sang, in the boat, labouring all the while with the winds and waves, but sorer now than ever of reaching the shore. And they did so, by the first light of the morning. When they came to the circle of sacred stones, from which the island took its name, they placed their late conqueror by the largest, and kindled a fire in the middle. The watry smoke rose thickly against the cold white morning. "Let me be offered up to your gods," said Ronald, "like a man, by the sword; and not like food, by the fire." "We know all," answered the priests: "be thou silent." "Treat not him," said Ronald, "who spared your prince, unworthily. If he must be sacrificed, let him die as your prince would have died by this hand." Still they answered nothing, but "We know all: be thou silent." Ronald could not help witnessing these preparations for a new and unexpected death with an emotion of terror; but disdain and despair were uppermost. Once, and but once, his cheek turned deadly pale in thinking of Moïenar. He shifted his posture resolutely, and thought of the spirits of the dead whom he was about to join. The priests then encircled the fire and the stone at which he stood, with another devoting song; and Ronald looked earnestly at the ruddy flames, which gave to his cold body, as in mockery, a kindly warmth. The priests however did not lay hands on him. They respected the sparer of their prince so far as not to touch him themselves; they left him to be dispatched by the supernatural beings, whom they confidently expected to come down for that purpose as soon as they had retired.

Ronald, whose faith was of another description, saw their departure with joy; but it was damp'd the next minute. What was he to do in winter time on an island, inhabited only by the amphibious creatures of the indrshern sea, and never touched at but for a purpose hostile to his hopes? For he now recollected, that this was the island he had so often heard of, as the chief seat of the Scandinavian religion; whose traditions had so influenced countries of a different faith, that it was believed in Scotland as well as the continent, that no human being could live these many hours. Spirits, it was thought, appeared in terrible superhuman shapes, like the bloody idble which the priests worshipped; and carried him off to the land of the dead.

The warrior of Inisere had soon too much reason to know the extent of this belief. He was not without fear himself; but disdained to yield to any circumstances without a struggle. He refreshed himself with some snow-water; and after climbing the highest part of the island to look for a boat in vain (nothing was to be seen but the waves tumbling on all sides after the storm) he instantly set about preparing a habitation. He saw at a little distance, on a slope, the mouth of a rocky cavern. This he destined for his shelter at night; and looking round for a defence for the door, as he knew not whether bears might not be among the inhabitants, he cast his eyes upon the thinnest of the stones which stood upright about the fire. The heart of the warrior, though of a different faith, misgave him as he thought of appropriating this mystical stone;

certed fall of strange figures; but half in courage, and half in the very despair of fear, he suddenly twisted it from its place. No one appeared. The fire altered not. The noise of the fowl and other creatures was no louder on the shore. Ronald smiled at his fears, and knew the undiminished vigour of the Perfect Hand.

He found the cavern already fitted for shelter; doubtless by the Scandinavian priests. He had bitter reason to know how well it sheltered him; for day after day he hoped in vain that some boat from Inistore would venture upon the island. He beheld sails at a distance, but they never came. He piled stone upon stone, joined old pieces of boats together, and made flags of the sea-weed; but all in vain. The vessels, he thought, came nearer, but none so near as to be of use; and a new and sickly kind of impatience cut across the stout heart of Ronald, and set it beating. He knew not whether it was with the cold or with misery, but his frame would shake for an hour together, when he lay down on his dried weeds and feathers to rest. He remembered the happy sleeps that used to follow upon toil; and he looked with double activity for the eggs and shell-fish on which he sustained himself, and smote double the number of seals, half in the very exercise of his anger: and then he would fall dead asleep with fatigue.

In this way he bore up against the violences of the winter season, which had now past. The sun looked out with a melancholy smile upon the moss and the poor grass, chequered here and there with flowers almost as poor. There was the buttercup, struggling from a dirty white into a yellow; and a faint-coloured poppy, neither the good nor the ill of which was then known; and here and there by the thorny underwood a shrinking violet. The lark alone seemed cheerful, and startled the ear of the desolate chieftain with its climbing triumph in the air. Ronald looked up. His fancy had been made wild and wilful by strange habits and sickened blood; and he thought impatiently, that if he were up there like the lark, he might see his friends and his love in Inistore.

Being naturally however of a gentle as well as courageous disposition, the Perfect Hand found the advantage as well as necessity of turning his violent impulses into noble matter for patience. He had heard of the dreadful bodily sufferings which the Scandinavian heroes underwent from their enemies with triumphant songs. He knew that no such sufferings, which were fugitive, could equal the agonies of a daily martyrdom of mind; and he cultivated a certain humane pride of patience, in order to bear them.

His only hope of being delivered from the island now depended on the Scandinavian priests; but it was a moot point whether they would respect him for surviving, or kill him on that very account, out of a mixture of personal and superstitious resentment. He thought his death the more likely; but this at least was a termination to the dreary prospect of a solitude for life; and partly out of that hope, and partly from a courageous patience, he produced as many pleasant thoughts and objects about him as he could. He adorned his cavern with shells and feathers; he made himself a cap and cloak of the latter, and boots and

a vest of seal-skin, girding it about with the glossy sea-weed; he cleared away a circle before the cavern, planted it with the best grass, and heaped about it the mossiest stones: he strung some bones of a fish with sinews, and fitting a shell beneath it, the Perfect Hand drew forth the first gentle music that had ever been heard in that wild island. He touched it one day in the midst of a flock of seals, who were basking in the sun; they turned their heads towards the sound; he thought he saw in their mild faces a human expression; and from that day forth no seal was ever slain by the Perfect Hand. He spared even the huge and cloudy-visaged walrusses, in whose societies he beheld a dull resemblance to the gentler affections; and his new intimacy with these possessors of the place was completed by one of the former animals, who having been rescued by him from a contest with a larger one, followed him about, as well as it's half-formed and dragging legs would allow, with the officious attachment of a dog.

But the summer was gone and no one had appeared. The new thoughts, and deeper insight into things, which solitude and sorrowful necessity had produced, together with a diminution of his activity, had not tended to strengthen him against the approach of winter; and autumn came upon him like the melancholy twilight of the year. He had now no hope of seeing even the finishers of his existence before the spring. The rising winds among the rocks and the noise of the whales blowing up the spouted water till the hollow caverns thundered with their echoes, seemed to be like heralds of the stern season which was to close him in against all approach. He had tried one day to move the stone at the mouth of his habitation a little further in, and found his strength fail him. He laid himself half reclining on the chilly ground; full of such melancholy thoughts as half bewildered him. Things by turn appeared a fierce dream and a fiercer reality. He was leaning and looking on the ground, and idly twisting his long hair, when his eyes fell upon the hand that held it. It was livid and emaciated. He opened and shut it, opened and shut it again, turned it round, and looked at it's ribbed thinness and laid-open machinery; many thoughts came upon him, some which he understood not, and some which he recognized but too well; and a turbid violence seemed rising at his heart, when the seal his companion drew nigh, and began licking that weak memorial of the Perfect Hand. A shower of self-pitying tears fell upon the seal's face and the hand together.

On a sudden, he heard a voice. It was a deep and loud one, and distinctly called out, Ronald! He looked up, gasping with wonder. Three times it called out, as if with peremptory command; and three times the rocks and caverns echoed the word with a dim sullenness.

Recollecting himself, he would have risen and answered, but the sudden change of sensations had done what all his sufferings had not been able to do; and he found himself unable either to rise or to speak. The voice called again and again, but it was now more distant; and Ronald's heart sickened as he heard it retreating. His strength seemed to fail him in proportion as it became necessary. Suddenly the voice

came back again. It advances. Other voices are heard, all advancing. In a short time, figures come hastily down the slope by the side of his cavern, looking over into the area before it as they descend. They enter. They are before him and about him. Some of them, in a Scandinavian habit, prostrate themselves at his feet, and address him in an unknown language. But these are sent away by another, who remains with none but two youths. Ronald has risen a little, and leans his back against the rock. One of the youths puts his arm between his neck and the rock, and half kneels beside him, turning his face away and weeping. "I am no god, nor a favourite of gods, as these people supposed me," said Ronald, looking up at the chief who was speaking to the other youth:—"if thou wilt dispatch me then, do so. I only pray thee to let the death be fit for a warrior, such as I once was." The chief appeared agitated. "Speak not ill of the gods, Ronald," said he, "although thou wert blindly brought up. A warrior like thee must be a favourite of heaven. I come to prove it to thee. Dost thou not know me? I come to give thee life for life." Ronald looked more steadfastly. It was the Scandinavian prince whom he had spared, because of his bride, in battle. He smiled, and lifted up his hand to him, which was intercepted and kissed by the youth who held his arm round his neck. "Who are these fair youths?" said Ronald, half turning his head to look in his supporter's face. "This is the bride I spoke of," answered the prince, "who insisted on sharing this voyage with me, and put on this dress to be the bolder in it." "And who is the other?" The other, with dried eyes, looked smiling into his, and intercepted the answer also.—"Who," said the sweetest voice in the world, "can it be, but one?"—With a quick and almost fierce tone, Ronald cried out aloud "I know the voice;" and he would have fallen flat on the earth, if they had not all three supported him.

It was a mild return to Inistore, Ronald gathering strength all the way at the eyes and voice of Moilena, and the hands of all three. Their discovery of him was easily explained. The crews of the vessels, who had been afraid to come nearer, had repeatedly seen a figure on the island making signs. The Scandinavian priests related how they had left Ronald there, but insisted that no human being could live upon it, and that some God wished to manifest himself to his faithful worshippers. The heart of Moilena was quick to guess the truth. The prince proposed to accompany the priests. His bride and the destined bride of his saviour went with him, and returned as you heard; and from that day forth many were the songs in Inistore, upon the fortunes of the Perfect Hand, and the kindness of the Perfect Voice. Nor were those forgotten, who forgot not others.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catharine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXI.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st, 1820.

SCENES FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following scenes are from a play which the Editor intended to write, and belonged to the more serious part of it. The rest he has retained for another purpose. The objects of the piece in general were to shew the character of an English gentleman in the time of Elizabeth; the manners at the same period of the Venetians, both rich and poor; and the generous struggle of a mother to suppress a passion she conceived for our countryman, who had saved her daughter from drowning. The accident, like the scheme of Pollexfen in Sir Charles Grandison, had been purposely contrived by a Venetian of darker character, Malipiero, as the only means of gaining the young lady's affection; but the Englishman was quicker to rescue her, and so threw him doubly aback. The incidents, or rather the dialogues, which took place immediately after this circumstance, occupy the scenes now laid before the reader. Vittoria and Fiammetta, the mother and daughter, are of a similar character for goodness and frankness; but the one is the more stately minded, the other sparkling and full of spirits. Candian, her grand-uncle, Sebastian, her brother, Molino, Contarini, and Malipiero, are Venetian gentlemen, the four first of different characters of sprightliness or warmth; the last an intelligent man like the rest, but of a violent and envious disposition. Vanni and Gregory are the servants of Candian and the Englishman. With Walter Herbert the Englishman, and indeed with most of the others, it is lucky perhaps that the author had nothing farther to do; for he intended him as one of those high and graceful spirits, in the best age of this country, who were admitted to the society of its poets and other great men.

"For valour, is not Love a Hercules?"

CONTARINI. The Englishmen indeed, Sir, have graced us,
Not we the Englishmen. How instantly
Sebastian's friend laid himself out o' the boat,
Before our thoughts had time to find themselves,
And gave us back our pale one.

MOLINO. Like a god
In his own element. 'Twas a strange thing,—
That sudden shock. I never knew the like
Happen before in Venice, though our gondolas
Serve us for every purpose of the road,
And pierce about like fish.

CONT. It marred so too
The stately self-possession of the day,
Especially before our naval emulators.
How Malipiero's vexed!

MOL. He seized directly
Piero, the gondolier, who is supposed
To have meant this mischief out of some revenge
Towards his good master; and conveyed him off
With his fierce fist against the scoundrel's throat.

CONT. That's settled then. Some singular punishment
Will mark this singular disgrace of Venice.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

MOL. How are the ladies now?

SEBASTIAN. Quite well again.
'Twas but a fright at last, though a severe one.
Fiammetta sparkles like a flower new washed,
And turns it all, as she is wont to do,
To cheerfulness and grace.

CONT. A charming lady.
But how's your mother?

SEB. She's recovered too;
Yet though she had no drowning, takes on still,
Kissing my sister's hand, and cheek, and pressing her,
And then again turning to plenteous tears,
As if she wept for all that might have happened.

MOL. I have observed it so: the heart, as 'twere,
Takes pity on itself, and so turns fond
On it's own gentle nature.

SEB. Yes, when tears
Come, as these do, seldom, and out of sweetness.
My dearest mother is of a true clay,
Much like her daughter; only former trouble—
The loss of a loved partner,—made her quit
The dance, and sit her down in a still patience,
Happy to see us nevertheless enjoy it.
She seldom weeps; but now that this rude shock
Has shaken up the long-collecting fountains,
She bathes her heart's great thirst.

Enter CANDIAN.

CAND. Piero's escaped.

SEB. Escaped?

CAND. Escaped,—in an unguarded moment.
Poor Malipiero reddens for mere rage,
And will not patiently endure to hear
Even the English praised:—he says their coming
Is a bad omen.

MOL. 'Tis his vehemence.
He's vexed at the escape; and to speak truly,

I think his natural emulation chides him
For not being quicker than the Englishman.
CONT. He'll make it up to him with double prattle.

This jealousy in noble spirits runs forth
For it's own self, only to turn again
With a new shape of ardeur, and perform
Another's messages to fame more quickly.

SEB. It does so. I have heard my noble friend
Our visitor say, that spirits which have wings
Of muscular root enough to winnow up,
As they go on, the petty from the great,
Find something more successful than success
Itself, or rather than the name of it,—
Succeeding most where they must realize
Their own calm world of beauty, and inspire
A self-divested sense of it in others:
Like odour-wafting airs in summer-time,
In which the odour's praised, though not the air.

CAND. 'Tis wondered at by some, that Piero escaped;
And certainly 'tis strange, especially
As his own tribe are jealous of their fame,
And fall, like clamorous birds, upon foul play.
Yet as to what concerns our anxious friend,
Who is to wonder, that a spirit like his,
Unused to keep constrained it's very thoughts,
Should let his generous hand forget it's hold,
And find it a bad jail.

CONT. Who, Sir, indeed?
But we'll detain you, gentlemen, no longer
From our fair friends; pray tell them of our joy,
And willing envy of the Englishman.

CAND. Nay we will praise, and thank him, but not envy.
We can afford, I hope, to let a foreigner
Plunge in our waters for a lady's sake,
Without making the windows stare the wider,
And lift their stony brows up in astonishment.
But he's a gallant fellow, and we'll tell him so.

SCENE.—The front of the Candian Palace.

Enter GREGORY.

GREGORY. This comes of travelling. It seems all a dream. I'm not sure that I sha'n't wake and find myself in the arms of the dear old chair at the Bull. My master, whom it is impossible to resist, offers me to go with him; I consent; and so he ties me in a manner to his coat like a witch, and off I go; first scouring over the road to the sea-side; then rocking up and down, up and down, till I'm sick; then scouring away again; then dragged up mountains into the clouds, till my teeth chatter for fear and cold; then whew! down again like a flourish on paper; then jolted along, all unbuttoned for heat; then bitten till I could have got the sign of the comb to scratch me; or scraped acquaintance with a brick wall; or taken to the cunning custom of flogging myself for penance; or winced, and tumbled, and beaten myself and the very air about me, like a shirt hung out to dry in a high wind:—then comes some more sea-rocking, and then says my master, "Now, Gregory, we land for good:"—thinks I, looking about me, and seeing nothing but canals for streets, and houses standing out of them like so many cows in a pond,—I hope we don't land for evil: and I had scarcely thought the word, when we took to boating it again, and hey! presto! down goes that Will-o'-the-wisp, my master, souse over head and ears after a fish in petticoats.

Enter VANNI.

VANNI. Well, Gregory, this is a strange unaccountable circumstance, isn't it!

GREG. What, a fall in the water! not half so strange to me, Vanni, as that you Venetians will have so much water to fall in.

VAN. If we hadn't so much water to fall in, we shouldn't have so much love to fall in. Our shews and our shews-off by day, our gondolas, and our serenades, what should we do without them? And the water causes or sweetens them all. You'll hear guitars to-night twinkling about like stars. I won my mistress's heart by a plunge higher than was known before into the River of Song!

GREG. How these Venetians do talk! Guitars twinkling about like stars! and a plunge into the River of Song! there's a name for a canal! It's fine talking; and sometimes puts me in mind of my master's friends, Master Shakspeare and the others at the Mermaid; but what name comes home to me like the manly and natural one of Fleet Ditch!

VAN. You seem sad, Gregory. We shall cheer you up before long. We have every thing here to make a man merry,—rowing, laughing, sunshine, music, women, every thing.

GREG. No, Sir,—no, Sir,—you haven't my wife and Bunhill-fields.

VAN. There's plenty of fields over the water, and as to your wife, my dear Gregory, I never heard you talk much about her before. Besides, she told you she should be quite happy, you know; and she looked so.

GREG. Ah, Sir, and then you pretend that the English women are not so cheerful as your's. Oh, I never loved my wife more than now I am in the thick of 'em. Oh, how I loved her during the squall at sea! and how prodigiously I did love her, when I thought I should have broken my neck on the top of the Alps! I hope, Sir, you found your intended as well as could be expected after your absence.

VAN. Better than ever: as hearty as you'll find your wife, Gregory:—but how formal and ceremonious you seem to think it necessary to be in your pathetics. Come, man, I'll shew you the lions, as you used to say, and keep my word better too, as far as stone lions can go; and then I'll introduce you to Momola. She'll rouse your spirits for you. We'll cross the way to St. Mark's. Bartolo, there! Hallo! Mind the canal, Gregory, you'll run over the parapet.

GREG. Lord! the very dangers in this place have nothing Christian about them! We can't even be run over by a horse, but must be warned how a parapet is run over by a man.

VAN. We'll go round by the bridge if you prefer it, Gregory.

GREG. Ah, do.

VAN. Never mind, then, Bartolo, this time.

GREG. Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting with some dust. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—An apartment in the Palace Candian. VITTORIA and FIAMMETTA sitting together, with books, music, and flowers about them; the former with her face towards a looking-glass, adjusting something about her head.

FIAM. My dear, dear mother, let me make you merry again. I'm merry.

VIT. Be so, child,—be so, dear child.

FIAM. You see how stout I am; I'm drest before you.

'Twas but a kind of unexpected bath.

'Twas frightful to be sure; the sudden missing Of one's dry senses,—the deaf plunge and bubbling, And wrapping up in heavy wateriness:

But now that it is past, somehow or other, One feels the grander for it, and, poor soul!

Fancies one's accident a grand achievement!

You're absent, mother! You're in the boat still!

VIT. No more of that, my love, I have you fast;

Your brother is come home, our noble bird,

Nobler than ever! What can I want more

To make me happy? I believe I want

Some pain to pinch away these foolish tears,

And make me, as before, give smile for smile.

FIAM. Shall I read to you, mother?

VIT. No, my child.

FIAM. Or sing? or dance? or bring your favourite picture
Of Dido playing with the cheeks of Cupid,
As if she said unwittingly, "You rogue!"

VIT. Oh no, no, no! talk to me of things common;
Of dress, for instance, flounces, coifs, and fashions,
And what new creature we're to look like next,
When some great lady quarrels with her shoulder-blade,
Or has a private pique against her waist.

FIAM. Oh, if no waist, like a tied sack of charcoal,
Or like the letter B run up to seed;
And if a waist, why then we must be wasps
Cut right in two, or hour-glasses that shew
The time by letting their wise heads run empty.
Or if we must be neither, we'll preside
O'er hoops, like busts upon a cupola;
Or turn to real walking bells, with feet
For double clappers; and let mother church
Look to high winds, or we'll have belfry and all,
For bonnet, with the penthouse, and stick in it
The whole Flower-Market and the shops of plumes,
And all the Sunday ribbons in the parish.

VIT. Why you dash on this morning like Sebastian,
Along your gay reflections in wit's gondola.

FIAM. And you must think of gondolas again,
And sigh, dear mother. Well, if you will think of 'em,
Pray tell me now what think you of the Englishman;
Taking him in the common light, you know,—
His look, his figure; for to say the truth,
Only don't tell, I've hardly seen him yet;
Though I've the recollection at my heart
Of—

VIT. What, my love?

FIAM. His terrible pinching fingers.

VIT. Why, you sweet trifter! this is the way, is it,
You treat a—gentleman that saves your life.

FIAM. A gentleman that saves one's life! Well, really now,

That is a proper philosophic way
Of putting it, before we've got the right
Of speaking highlier of him for himself.
You mean, I know, you dare not trust yourself
Just now, upon that watery subject, mother;—
But this, believe me, is the very way
To speak of such good chances giv'n the gentlemen.
From what I've read, there are some ladies who
Think one such plunge renders a man invulnerable
To all objection. By their rule, one ought
To save one's life, only to lose one's freedom;
Begging the gentleman, that since a shark
Was not to have you, or since he had kindly
Taken the trouble to pick you up, he'd have you.
'Tis lucky, mother, the same principle
Does not extend to limbs, or 'twould be requisite
To give one's hand for saving it a scratch;
Or when a dog was hindered of his bite,
Present one's foot with an elaborate stretch,
Like a French dancer, and say, "Gracious Sir,
You saved this foot of mine; will't please ye accept it?"

VIT. Oh rattler, rattler! How am I to know
That all this smiling surface of your talk
Has not grave ground beneath?

FIAM. Nay, mother, now
 You make me blush to think that I could give
 More than my thanks at first to one of whom
 I know so little; grateful thanks, 'tis true,
 Most grateful,—but—I'm sure *you* think a man
 Should shew that he has picked up a few qualities
 As well as ladies, ere he picks our hearts.
 My brother, to be sure, is fond of truth,
 Extremely fond,—but then as uncle said—

Enter CANDIAN, followed by MOLINO, CONTARINI, and MALIPIERO.

CAND. And what did uncle say? Ladies, allow me—
 The Signor Maliplero, a sad gentleman,
 Who thinks it necessary to apologize
 For not being a king-fisher.—We found him
 Eyeing his would-be element at the door.

MAL. Nay, Sir, I yield to none in hearty cheerfulness;
 And as I hope and think the best of others,
 'Tis thought, I trust, of me: and yet, dear ladies,
 A man may reasonably regret, that chance
 Should on the turn, as 'twere, of one swift instant,
 Whisk him from shewing all his zeal for ye.

VIT. My daughter loves a good intention, Sir,
 Too well to make it answerable to fortune.

MAL. (to FIAM.) Then, Madam, I may hope that this omission
 Will not be held a punishable sin,
 When heavenly eyes look down upon one's homage.

FIAM. If you mean my eyes, Signor Maliplero,
 Which heaven forbid should look down on tall gentlemen,
 I think no evil of our other friends here,
 And why should I of you?

CAND. Come, Maliplero,
 Settle these grave state questions by and bye,
 For here's Sebastian and the Englishman:
 I saw them from the window, coming in.

Enter SERVANT.

Signor Sebastian, and his noble friend, Sir.

Enter SEBASTIAN and WALTER HERBERT.

SEB. Dear mother, uncle, sister sweet, and gentlemen,
 I need not introduce my noble friend
 And your's—the Signor Walter Herbert, Englishman.
 Dear Walter, this is the affectionate circle
 I've told you of so often. Heaven be praised
 You're in the midst of it, and have been so.

CAND. Our silence, Sir, must shew you what we feel.
 This ready swiftness to oblige your friends,
 Is, I perceive, a habit with you.

HERB. If, Sir,
 Winning their ready kindness be obliging them.
 'Tis counted so by some.

VIT. Sir, the best thanks
 A mother can pay to you, who has been
 Made breathless with two rushing visitations,
 Terror and joy, is to shew what you saved for her:—
 My daughter, Sir.

HERB. A pearl indeed, whose sight
 Would pay a fathomless plunge.

FIAM. I cannot, Sir,
 Pay compliments; I fear, I had expected—
 I thank you, Sir, from bottom of my heart.

HERB. I am paid, Madam, beyond compliment,—
Almost beyond surprise, to think that two
Such spirits from the earthly heaven of womanhood
Should stand before me—pardon me this burst,—
And fancy that they owed me any thing.

VIT. You can pay compliments at any rate, Sir,
Whether we must or not.

HERB. You make me vain, Madam;
And vanity assumes the right to praise,
Where silence is best worship.

VIT. Nay, Sir, I neither
Deny your right, nor, to say truth, our pleasure.
We feel but doubly flattered to conjecture
That you are driven by your sympathy
Out of your plainer path.

HERB. You judge me, Madam,
Truly and nobly.

CAND. You're no friend then, Sir,
To compliment in general?

HERB. Oh yes, Sir,
Where 'tis th' escape of pleased sincerity,
And not so needlessly alone, as shews it
Vanity and a superfluous common-place.

VIT. And what, Sir, as to taking compliments?

HERB. It seems to me, Madam, as I presume
It does to you, by your reception of them,
That not to take a compliment in general,
With leaning rather to the praiser's feelings
Than his true sight, or our own better merits,
Argues self-love rather than modesty.

CAND. You see, Sir, we have scarcely yet recovered
Our drowning, and our gratitude. Come, this weight
Of mutual homage bows us into ceremony
In our own spite. It must give way to something
Quite as respectful, and more easy and pleasant:
Mutual enjoyment.

SEB. The right proposition.

HERB. I feel the hand of home, Sir, in this grasp.

SEB. Yes, Walter, we but fancy we're new friends here;
We are as old ones as the tastes we love.

HERB. And friends have other privileges in England.

CAND. Ay, and in most places. Come, girls, your cheeks.

(HERBERT kisses them.)

FIAM. (aside). I told you how 'twould be, Mother.
My cheek's gone off already.

VIT. And your heart;
(aside) She blushes, and I fear I do so too:—
I have most cause.

SEB. (to FIAM.) Well, Sister gravity, and have you no praises
As well as cheeks?

FIAM. Yes, just as many as friends
Would wish to have just now;—at least I think so.

HERB. Your brother could not be more gladly answered,
Nor I more honoured.

MAL. 'Tis an answer, Sir,
Befitting the coy oracle that sits
Within a maid's sincerity: but suffer
Us to give louder grace to your achievement,
And hail you at the shrine whose present goddess
You have preserv'd. It was a happy deed,
And might have made us watery champions jealous,
Did it not set an outburst envy.

HERB.

That

Were to outdo the deeds of Hercules,
And make old Atlas turn to kiss his burden,
Like a borne lass. Your generous spirit, Sir,
Sees, like an eye, more infinite things outside it,
Than ever it would boast to hold itself.
You measure my desert by your great joy.

MAL. Is not this contradicting your own sentiment,
A little so at least,—denying us
The pride of giving you what you give others?

HERB. Well, Sir, to shew you I can claim my due,
And have my benefits returned, I'll ask
This lady to speak for me, and to own
That what would have been done by any gentleman
Should not be charged so brightly on my scutcheon.

FIAM. Nay, Sir, I'll own still more, and plainly tell you,
And that without the fear of being tossed back
Into the sea for my ingratitude,
That I insinuated as much just now
To Signor Malipiero here himself.
Did I not, gentlemen? And did I rate
You, Signor Contarini, or you, Sir,
For not being quicker than our other friend,
And catching me no agues!—Pardon me,
But I should have asked, Sir, whether you suffered
The least -- no clinging chilliness, I trust,
Or other --

HERB. Not the least, Madam; no more
Than if I had put my hand into a brook,
To bring away a lily. I had heard
Of your own welfare: and if I had not,
I see.—You, Madam, (to VIT.) scarcely seem so well,
As when I first came in.

VIT. Oh quite, Sir, thank you,
I feel the ebbing of these waters yet
At intervals. Quite well, child,—quite indeed.
Uncle, we're getting at our compliments
Again.

CAND. Indeed! I fear I've scarcely given our friend
A proper English welcome. Well; I hope
You'll spend the day with us, and teach us how
To interchange each other's cordial customs.
My nephew tells me you must leave us now
To visit the ambassador. Be it so;
But come back quickly—will you? that's well looked:
For you must know, you have a face, young gentleman,
As full of dialogue as my niece's here.

SEB. In the evening we shall have a masquerade,
Which was already intended, and will serve
To let the whole tide of congratulation
Come in at once. A dance, a little music,
Hearts at their merriest, faces at their best,
And after all, a look into the still
And smiling ferment of our starry hour,
Whose ear is kissed with waters gently spooned,
Whose nightingale is Love, shall give you a taste
Of Venice to the core.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APPELYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busle, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENCER.

No. XXII.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8th, 1820.

HATS, NEW AND ANCIENT.

WE know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it: it seems to value itself upon its finished appearance, and to presume upon our liking before we are acquainted with it. In the first place, it comes home more like a marmot or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is boxed up, and wrapt in silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced: our only resource (which is also difficult) is to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milk-women they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze,—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in every thing else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty: if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dirt: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud; just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh ye gallant apprentices, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane or Susan, careless either of storms at night-fall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have received your new hat and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and handkerchief in hand, blushing,

2nd Edition.

or eating gingerbread, trips on: ye, admiring, trudge: we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower? Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which tied round the hat, and flowing off in a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gate-way, or the impossible notion of a coach! The rain will continue; and alas! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout! Think of it's well-built crown, it's graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of it's rim, it's shadowing gentility when seen in front, it's arching grace over the ear when beheld sideways! Think of it also the next day! How altered, how dejected!

How changed from him,
That life of measure, and that soul of rim!

Think of the paper-like change of it's consistence; of it's limp sadness, —it's confused and flattened nap, and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore!

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat; but abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border: though upon the whole we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr. Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*. But in proportion as society has been put into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions: the flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing; so that what with our close heads and our tight succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves; but good-looking or not, we know of no situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather: but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot sunshine; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us: no great evil, it is true! but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power:—we must write upon him. For every other purpose, we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety, is a church; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place it's only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called:—we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the gentle worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr. and

Mrs. Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion ; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions :— but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's-street ; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford-street, London ;—after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognition aforesaid.

But wherever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The maiting over the floor of the Opera does not hinder it from getting dusty ; not to mention it's chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres, you may bring it away covered with saw-dust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the nap, or monstrously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure, is a great poke in it's side like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat ; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off ; and then fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of it's nap and your own. If you take it off, where is it's refuge ? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in one corner in his nightcap ? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably ? Or the regular traveller, who in his fur-cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt ? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in vain to request to be tender ? Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing ? In the morning, you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it with trepidation. The traveller smiles. They all move their legs, but know nothing of it ; till the market-woman exclaims, " Deary me ! Well - lord, only think ! A hat, is it, Sir ? Why I do believe,—but I'm sure I never thought o' such a thing more than the child unborn,—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I've been a buying ; and so I've had my warm foot in it, Lord Bless us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning !"

It is but fair to add that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school so hats were worn, and the cap was too small to be a substitute. It's only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on ; and to this end, it used to be rubbed into the back or side of the head, where it hung

like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Catharine's cap in the play: it seems as if

Moulded on a poringer;
 Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
 A custard coffin, a bauble.

But we may not add;

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Ill befall us, if we ever dislike any think about thee, old nurse of our childhood! How independent of the weather used we to feel in our old friar's dress,—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as pleasure, when every body else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general, that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient; for a negro who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people; and they liked to be so; but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped, and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's straw-bonnet. The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in every thing else; but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may now see about the streets upon the busts of Canova's Paris. The others would put their robes about their heads upon occasion,—a custom which probably gave rise to the hoods of the middle ages, and to the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. From these were taken the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings and of Chaucer. The velvet cap which succeeded, appears also to have come from Italy, as in the portraits of Raphael and Titian, and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles the Second, for our ancestors up to that period were always great admirers of Italy, had not Philip the Second of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious union of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles the Fifth, who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry the 8th. The ascendancy of Spain

in these times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French, not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, like a child with his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front; then came pinches up at the side; and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of it's victories when young. We remember it's going away from the heads of the foot-guards. The heavy dragoons retained it till very lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined, as we before observed, to beadles and coachmen, &c. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from old custom, is a cocked hat with the hind flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining in front. This is what is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still however the true cocked hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman; and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in it's connexion with the high-bred drawing-room times of the 17th century; in the gallant though quaint ardour of it's look; and in it's being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front and slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb,—that could not easily die. We remember, when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked hat for a round one; there was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His Crown-Imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of it's capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

Had not yet lost

All his original beaver; nor appeared

Less than arch-steward ruined, and the excess

Of glory obscured.

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked hat, aggravated by it's having given way to the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia.

Hats, being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers instead of turbans; which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the sovereign; telling him (we suppose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free will for their master. The grandees only claim to be

as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is represented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman, who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat, belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kinsale. One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole court, was desired by the king to ask him some special favour. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keeping their heads covered in the royal presence; and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard, that on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with; which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing: for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grandees originally took their privilege instead of receiving it; but when the spirit of it had gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grandee's.

THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE SERPENTS.

Translated from the 24th Idyll of Theocritus.

JUPITER having taken Amphitryon's shape during the absence of that hero in the wars, begot Hercules of his wife Alcmena. The husband, when the circumstance came to his knowledge, felt nothing but a generous pride at the deity's admiration of his beloved wife; and with all care and tenderness brought up the infant demi-god with his own twin son Iphiclus. But Juno's feelings were not so godlike as the mortal's. She laid various plans for the destruction of this new child of her husband's; and among others, sent two dreadful serpents at midnight to devour it. This is the subject of the present idyll, which in the original is exceedingly fine and real, and shews that Theocritus had a perception of grandeur becoming his deep insight into nature in general. We have seen an outline after a picture of this story by one of the Caracci, which must be very noble; though his Hercules seems to retain too little of the unconscious baby. His look is too full of intention. The poet has preserved an admirable propriety in this respect.

Young Hercules had now beheld the light
 Only ten months, when once, upon a night,
 Alcmena having washed, and giv'n the breast
 To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.
 Their cradle was a noble shield of brass
 Won by her lord from slaughtered Pterelas.
 Gently she laid them down, and gently laid

Her hand on both their heads, and yearned, and said,
 "Sleep, sleep my boys, a light and pleasant sleep;
 My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep!
 Sleep happy, and wake happy!" And she kept
 Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight,—when the Bear went down, and broad
 Orion's shoulder lit the starry road,
 There came, careering through the opening halls,
 On livid spires, two dreadful animals,
 Serpents; who Juno, threatening as she drove,
 Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove.
 Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out,
 They towered along; and as they looked about,
 An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping:
 A heavy poison dropt about their champing.

And now they have arrived, and think to fall
 To their dread meal, when lo! (for Jove sees all)
 The house is lit, as with the morning's break,
 And the dear children of Alcmena wake.
 The younger one, as soon as he beheld
 The evil creatures coming on the shield,
 And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry
 And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try
 All his poor little instincts of escape:—
 The other, grappling, seized them by the nape
 Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,
 And held, like iron, in it's little fists.
 Buckled and bound he held them, struggling wild;
 And so they wound about the boy, the child,
 The long-begetting boy, the suckling dear,
 That never teased his nurses with a tear.

Tired out at length, they trail their spires, and gasp,
 Locked in that young indissoluble grasp.

Alcmena heard the noise, and "Wake," she cried,
 "Amphitryon, wake; for terror holds me tied!
 Up; stay not for the sandals; hark! the child—
 The youngest—how he shrieks! The babe is wild!
 And see the walls and windows! 'Tis as light
 As if 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night.
 There's something dreadful in the house; there is
 Indeed, dear husband!"—He arose at this;
 And seized his noble sword, which overhead
 Was always hanging at the cedar-bed:
 The hilt he grasped in one hand, and the sheath
 In t' other, and drew forth the blade of death.

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom,
 Returning midnight smote upon the room.

Amphitryon called; and woke from heavy sleep
 His household, who lay breathing hard and deep.
 "Bring lights here from the hearth; lights, lights; and guard
 The doorways, Rise, ye ready labourers hard!"

He said; and lights came pouring in; and all
 The busy house was up in bower and hall.
 But when they saw the little suckler, how
 He grasped the monsters, and with earnest brow

Kept beating them together, plaything-wise,
They shrieked aloud; but he, with laughing eyes,
Soon as he saw Amphitryon, leaped and sprung,
Childlike, and at his feet the dead disturbers flung.

Then did Alcmena to her bosom take
Her feebler boy,* who could not cease to shake.
The other son Amphitryon took, and laid
Beneath a fleece; and so returned to bed.

Soon as the cock, with his thrice-echoing cheer,
Proclaimed the gladness of the day was near,
Alcmena sent for old, truth-uttering
Tiresias; and she told him all this thing,
And bade him say what she might think and do:
"Nor do thou fear," said she, "to let me know,
Although the mighty gods should meditate
Aught ill; for man can never fly from Fate.
And thus thou seest" (and here her smiling eyes
Looked through a blush) "how well I teach the wise."

So spoke the queen. Then he, with glad old tone;—
"Be of good heart, thou blessed bearing one,
True blood of Perseus; for by my sweet sight,
Which once divided these poor lids with light,
Many Greek women, as they sit and weave
The gentle thread across their knees at eve,
Shall sing of thee and thy beloved name;
Thou shalt be blest by every Argive dame;
For unto this thy son it shall be given
With his broad heart to win his way to heaven;
Twelve labours shall he work; and all accurst
And brutal things o'erthrow, brute men the worst;
And in Trachinia shall the funeral pyre
Purge his mortalities away with fire;
And he shall mount amid the stars, and be
Acknowledged kin to those who envied thee,
And sent these den-born shapes to crush his destiny."

* Literally, the *extremely bilious* Iphiclus, — *ακραχολον Ιφικληα*. The ancients are accused of being too bodily and superficial in their philosophy. It was one of the advantages however of their attention to these exoterical matters, that they never lost sight of the connexion between mind and body, and their mutual healthiness, beauty, and power;—a part of wisdom which our modern psychosophists are so apt to forget.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In removing a quantity of papers, we have unfortunately mislaid some letters from correspondents. We hope to recover them; but should we still be disappointed, the writers will perhaps have the goodness to oblige us with other copies. We have not forgotten the substance however of some of them; and least of all, what was so good-naturedly said upon the article on the Heathen Mythology.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APFLEYARD, No. 19, Catharine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with basic, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXIII.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15th, 1820.

LADY'S MAID*—SEAMEN ON SHORE.

THE sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry-ground, he turns his back on all salt-beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their every thing; and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

And first of the Common Sailor.—The moment the Common Sailor lands, he goes to see the watchmaker, or the old boy at the Ship.

READER. What, Sir? Before his mistress?

INDICATOR. Excuse me, Madam. His mistress, christened Elizabeth Monson, but more familiarly known by the appellation of Bet Monson; has been with him already. You remember the ballad—

When black-eyed Susan came on board.

LADY'S MAID. I hope, Sir, you are not going to be vulgar in your remarks.

INDIC. Good God, Mrs. Jane, why should you think so! I am sure your lady does not expect it, or I should have had none but men for listeners on this subject.

LADY'S M. Oh, Sir, if my lady does not think it vulgar, I'm sure I shan't; for there isn't a more delicater nor more genteeler person than my lady in all England, though I say it to her face who shouldn't. But you mentioned something about alehouses, or inns, or something; and you know they are rather vulgar.

INDIC. I'm sure, Mrs. Jane, I didn't think so, three years back, when you handed me that frothed glass of porter, with your pretty fingers, on a hot summer's day, under the great elm-tree there, at the door of the Jolly Miller.

* The great changes produced in people's fortunes by the nature of the times, have unfortunately rendered this title but too common to a great variety of females; many of whom will not at all come under our present description. The Lady's Maid in the text, is heiress to the Honours and Mrs. Slipslops of the last century.

2nd Edition.

LADY'S M. Laird in heaven, Mr. Hindergaiter, why I vow you're a witch! Who'd have thought you'd have ever known that I kept my father-in-law's house for him, while my poor mother was laid up with the rheumatiz, all along of that vixen (God forgive me!) my own great aunt, who wouldn't let her come home one night in the shay, because she had married Tom Butts after being the wife of a Serjeant of Dragoons. And yet I must say for Mr. Butts, that for a landlord, and a man in a vulgarish situation, he was as well-behaved a man though a bold one, and might hold up his head as high, and was as kind and good-natured, and was as free from pride, and said as civil things to a body——

LADY. In short, Jane, he was not vulgar, and your dear old vixen of a great aunt was. There is no vulgarity, child, but impertinence and common cant; or being gross and ignorant, and proud of both; or having a feeling for all, and being ashamed of it. Remember the ragged sailor whom you kissed.

LADY'S M. Lord, Ma'am, and did you see me kiss my poor brother William? For it was my own brother, Ma'am, who you've heard me speak of—in the navy; and he was so ragged then, because he had to cross the whole country to his home, and had spent all his money at Portsmouth; and so I gave him my box of half-crowns, and he's now captain's clerk's man, and it was he as sent me that live tortoise that made me scream so, and the cocoa-cup, and the shawl, and the purse made of grass, and the Hoty-hity feathers; and I do think, if he was here, I could kiss him again, if he was as ragged as a rag-or-a-muffin, before all the world, ay, even before Sally Jones.

INDIC. Good. Now there you come round, Mrs. Jane, to the true point of politeness. I thought you better bred than you supposed, since I recollected how good-natured you looked at the Jolly Miller.

LADY'S M. Oh, Mr. Intricator, you're such another man!

INDIC. Nay, I assure you I do not think you even more genteel than you were then.

LADY'S M. Nay, now, Mr. Hingy-grater, I'm sure you flatter.

INDIC. But pray, Mrs. Jane, who is the awful presence of Sally Jones?

LADY'S M. Presents, Sir? She never gives no presents, lawful or unlawful, not she; nor for that matter never gets none, as I know of; except mayhap a brass-thimble at Christmas, or a two-penny song-book, or a Trifle, as they very properly calls it, from Margate, with a piece of looking-glass in the inside, to see her proud, affected, niminy-piminy face in.

INDIC. But why should she object to your kissing your brother William?

LADY'S M. Oh, forsooth, it's vulgar, Sir! So she said, when I kissed him before her once; as if one's brother wasn't one's brother; and as for that, she'd kiss her cousin fast enough before twenty people, if he'd make any thing like an advantage. She is but a maid at boarding-school, where I was; and never writes Miss on my letters; and yet whenever she goes home to her father's, who is nothing but a little petty green-grocer in an alley, she insists, forsooth, on my Missing and

Missing her, or she wont send me any news of the private theatre; and she knows that vexes me, because I really have a taste for the stage, and once played second part at school to Miss Gollogher. She was the Fair Penitent, Sir; a tall brown girl, HORN-BONE FINE, as the French say; and a great fortune, though her father did keep a dog-shop. But she called it a Managearee. So, Sir, Miss SARAH Jones never condescends to write Miss to me, though she daredn't wear her hair without a cap at boarding-school, to save her head; and my lady always permits me to wear my hair in a comb, to distinguish me from common helpers and such like. And besides that, though I have worn a cap, I never wore black worsted stockings as she does; nor never set mop upon floor. As to sailors, she cannot abide 'em.

INDIC. But you, Mrs. Jane, can: and let me tell you, that that is not the least advantage which you have over Miss Sarah Jones. So we will go on with our picture.

The first object of the seaman on landing is to spend his money: but his first sensation is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the rolling chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always, to us, this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe; on a white stocking and a natty shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands, half open, look as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold) he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter: and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys every thing that he comes athwart,—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch, (two, if he has money enough,) gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet, and his mother and sisters, dozens of "Superfine Best Men's Cotton Stockings," dozens of "Superfine Best Women's Cotton Ditto," best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with some day), a footman's laced hat, Bear's Grease to make his hair grow (by way of joke,) several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play, and never intends), a leg of mutton which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the Ship makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole;—in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is every thing but medicine gratis; and this he would insist on paying

for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the Ship, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half a crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nance, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her; which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and Rule Britannia; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white night-cap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback; and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride,—“Only,” says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, “they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft; and shovels like for stirrups.” He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the NEGURS dance, and the monkies pelt you with cocoa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a Peer of the Realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trowsers. He has a sister at a “School for Young Ladies,” who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes, by slipping four-pence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has “no more copper” about him. His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does, telling him however that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb no higher than the window-locker. He tells his mother that she would be a Duchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantle-piece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and God-bless you's, and home-made gingerbread.

His Officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste. The moment he lands, he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an under-tone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honour will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant Lieutenant says to himself, “This fellow knows what's what, by his face;” and

so he proves it by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister with an air of triumph, "There, Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty, if it's worth a dollar." She turns pale—"Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?" "Not I, by the Lord."—"That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why, it's real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster) "I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas."—"Twelve GUINEAS!" exclaims the sister; and then drawing forth "Why—my—DEAR—George," is proceeding to shew him what the articles would have cost at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and chuse for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West Indian beauties and tables. At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality; and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe nevertheless in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he pleases. It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform, for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting

his own becomes, to them as well as to every body else. When he tells his story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book. He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home every where, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the Officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and enquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the Transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otahitean beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punchbowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the Britannia or the Lovely Nancy, for a statue in the garden; where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

Chaucer, who wrote his Canterbury Tales about four hundred and thirty years ago, has among his other characters in that work, a SHIPMAN, who is exactly of the same cast as the modern sailor,—the same robustness, courage, and rough drawn virtue, doing its duty, without being very nice in helping itself to its recreations. There is the very dark, the complexion, the jollity, the experience, and the bad horsemanship. The plain unaffected ending of the description has the air of a sailor's own speech; while the line about the beard is exceedingly picturesque, poetical, and comprehensive. In copying it out, we shall merely alter the old spelling, where the words are still modern.

A Shipman was there, wonned far by west;
For aught I wot, he was of Dartmouth.
He rode upon a rounceie, as he couth,*
All in a gown of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a lace had he,

* He rode upon a hack-horse, as well as he could.

About his neck, under his arm adown.
 The hot summer had made his brow all-brown.
 And certainly he was a good-fellow.
 Full many a draught of wine he hadde draw
 From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapman slept.
 Of nice conscience took he no keep.
 If that he fought and had the higher hand,
 By water he sent 'em home to every land.
 But of his craft, to reckon well his tides,
 His streames and his strandes him besides,
 His harbourough, his moon, and his lode manage,
 There was not such from Hull unto Carthage.
 Hardy he was, and wise; I undertake;
 With many a tempest had his beard been shake.
 He knew well all the havens, as they were,
 From Gothland to the Cape de Finisterre,
 And every creek in Briton and in Spain.
 His barge ycleped was the Magdelain.

When about to tell his tale, he tells his fellow-travellers that he shall think them so merry a bell,

That it shall waken all this company:
 But it shall not be of philosophy.
 Nor of physick, nor of terms quaint of law;
 There is but little Latin in my maw.

The story he tells is a well-known one in the Italian novels, of a monk who made love to a merchant's wife, and borrowed a hundred francs of the husband to give her. She accordingly admits his addresses during the absence of her good man on a journey. When the latter returns, he applies to the cunning monk for repayment, and is referred to the lady; who thus finds her mercenary behaviour outwitted.

TRANSLATION OF

TASSO'S CELEBRATED ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE,

Beginning,—“*O bella età dell' oro.*”

[We should not have ended our present number with this translation, had not the previous matter turned out shorter in the printing than we expected. The transition from a modern seaman to the Golden Age seems no very harmonious piece of contrast; yet we might quote precedent even for this abruptness, in the arrival of Vasco de Gama's Sailors at the Island of Love in Camoens. One of the stanzas has already appeared in this work. A translation of the whole of the *Aminta* by the Editor is now going through the press.]

O lovely age of Gold;
 Not that the rivers rolled
 With milk, or that the woods dropped honey dew;
 Not that the ready ground
 Produced without a wound,
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
 Not that a cloudless blue
 For ever was in sight,
 Or that the heaven which burns,
 And now is cold by turns,
 Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
 No, nor that ev'n the insolent ships from far
 Brought war to new lands, or riches worse than war,

But solely that that vain
 And breath-invented pain,
 That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
 That Honour,—since so called
 By vulgar minds appalled,
 Played not the tyrant with our nature yet,
 It had not come to fret
 The sweet and happy fold
 Of gentle human-kind;
 Nor did its hard law bind
 Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
 Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What pleases, is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
 The little winged Powers
 Went singing carols without torch or bow;
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat
 Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maiden, budding o'er,
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honour, first
 That didst deny our thirst
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
 Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
 Into contrained awe,
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
 Thou gathered'st in a net
 The tresses from the air,
 And mad'st the sports and plays
 Turn all to sullen ways,
 And put'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
 Thy work it is,—thou shade that wilt not move,
 That was once the gift, is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
 These are thy noble gains;
 But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
 Thou conq'rour of the crowned,
 What dost thou on this ground,
 Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
 Go and make slumber dear
 To the renowned and high;
 We here, a lowly race,
 Can live without thy grace,
 After the use of mild antiquity.
 Go; let us love; since years
 No truce allow, and life soon disappears.
 Go; let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
 But unto us the light
 Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal night.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
 JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catharine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. REYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about deth tile,
And takes survey with busle, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXIV.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1820.

ON THE REALITIES OF IMAGINATION.

THERE is not a more unthinking way of talking, than to say such and such pains and pleasures are only imaginary, and therefore to be got rid of or undervalued accordingly. There is nothing imaginary, in the common acceptation of the word. The logic of Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield is good argument here:—"Whatever is, is." Whatever touches us, whatever moves us, does touch and does move us. We recognise the reality of it, as we do that of a hand in the dark. We might as well say that a sight which makes us laugh, or a blow which brings tears into our eyes, is imaginary, as that any thing else is imaginary which makes us laugh or weep. We can only judge of things by their effects. Our perception constantly deceives us, in things with which we suppose ourselves perfectly conversant; but our reception of their effect is a different matter. Whether we are materialists or immaterialists, whether things be about us or within us, whether we think the sun is a substance, or only the image of a divine thought, an idea, a thing imaginary, we are equally agreed as to the notion of it's warmth. But on the other hand, as this warmth is felt differently by different temperaments, so what we call imaginary things affect different minds. What we have to do is not to deny their effect, because we do not feel in the same proportion, or whether we even feel it at all; but to see whether our neighbours may not be moved. If they are, there is, to all intents and purposes, a moving cause. But we do not see it? No;—neither perhaps do they. They only feel it; they are only sentient,—a word which implies the sight given to the imagination by the feelings. But what do you mean, we may ask in return, by seeing? Some rays of light come in contact with the eye; they bring a sensation to it; in a word, they touch it; and the impression left by this touch we call sight. How far does this differ in effect from the impression left by any other touch, however mysterious? An ox knocked down by a butcher, and a man

knocked down by a fit of the apoplexy, equally feel themselves compelled to drop. The tickling of a straw and of a comedy equally move the muscles about our mouth. The look of a beloved eye will so thrill the whole frame, that old philosophers have had recourse to a doctrine of beams and radiant particles flying from one sight to another. In fine, what is contact itself, and why does it affect us? There is no one cause more mysterious than another, if we look into it.

Nor does the question concern us like moral causes. We may be content to know the earth by it's fruits; but how to increase and improve them is a more attractive study. If instead of saying that the causes which moved in us this or that pain or pleasure were imaginary, people were to say that the causes themselves were removeable, they would be nearer the truth. When a stone trips us up, we do not fall to disputing it's existence: we put it out of the way. In like manner, when we suffer from what is called an imaginary pain, our business is not to canvass the reality of it. Whether there is any cause or not in that or any other perception, or whether every thing consist not in what is called effect, it is sufficient for us that the effect is real. Our sole business is to remove those second causes, which always accompany the original idea. As in deliriums for instance, it would be idle to go about persuading the patient that he did not behold the figures he says he does. He might reasonably ask us, if he could, how we know any thing about the matter; or how we can be sure, that in the infinite wonders of the universe, certain realities may not become apparent to certain eyes, whether diseased or not. Our business would be to put him into that state of health, in which human beings are not diverted from their offices and comforts by a liability to such imaginations. The best reply to his question would be, that such a morbidity is clearly no more a fit state for a human being, than a disarranged or incomplete state of works is for a watch; and that seeing the general tendency of nature to this completeness or state of comfort, we naturally conclude, that the imaginations in question, whether substantial or not, are at least not of the same lasting or prevailing description.

We do not profess metaphysics. We are indeed so little conversant with the masters of that profound art, that we are never sure whether we are using even it's proper terms. All that we may know on the subject comes to us from some reflection and some experience; and this all may be so little as to make a metaphysician smile; which if he be a true one, he will do good-naturedly. The pretender will take occasion from our very confession, to say that we know nothing. Our faculty, such as it is, is rather instinctive than reasoning; rather physical than metaphysical; rather wise because it loves much, than because it knows much; rather calculated by a certain retention of boyhood, and by it's wanderings in the green places of thought, to light upon a piece of the old golden world, than to tire ourselves, and conclude it unattainable, by too wide and scientific a search. We pretend to see farther than none but the worldly and the malignant. And yet those who see farther, may not all see so well. We do not blind our eyes with looking upon the sun in the heavens. We believe

it to be there, but we find it's light upon earth also; and we would lead humanity, if we could, out of misery and coldness into the shine of it. Pain might still be there; must be so, as long as we are mortal;

For oft we still must weep, since we are human:

but it should be pain for the sake of others, which is noble; not unnecessary pain inflicted by or upon them, which it is absurd not to remove. The very pains of mankind struggle towards pleasures; and such pains as are proper for them have this inevitable accompaniment of true humanity,—that they cannot but realize a certain gentleness of enjoyment. Thus the true bearer of pain would come round to us; and he would not grudge us a share of his burden, though in taking from his trouble it might diminish his pride. Pride is but a bad pleasure at the expense of others. The great object of humanity is to enrich every body. If it is a task destined not to succeed, it is a good one from its very nature; and fulfils at least a glad destiny of its own. To look upon it austere is in reality the reverse of austerity. It is only such an impatience of the want of pleasure as leads us to grudge it in others; and this impatience itself, if the sufferer knew how to use it, is but another impulse, in the general yearning, towards an equal wealth of enjoyment.

But we shall be getting into other discussions.—The ground-work of all happiness is health. Take care of this ground; and the doleful imaginations that come to warn us against its abuse, will avoid it. Take care of this ground, and let as many glad imaginations throng to it as possible. Read the magical works of the poets, and they will come. If you doubt their existence, ask yourself whether you feel pleasure at the idea of them; whether you are moved into delicious smiles, or tears as delicious. If you are, the result is the same to you, whether they exist or not. It is not mere words to say, that he who goes through a rich man's park, and sees things in it which never bless the mental eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He is richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him: the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and administer to him with full hands. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, are all Divining Rods, with which he discovers treasure. Let a painter go through the grounds, and he will see not only the general colours of green and brown, but all their combination and contrasts, and all the modes in which they might again be combined and contrasted. He will also put figures in the landscape if there are none there, flocks and herds, or a solitary spectator, or Venus lying with her white body among the violets and primroses. Let a musician go through, and he will hear "differences discreet" in the notes of the birds and the lapsing of the water-fall. He will fancy a serenade of wind instruments in the open air at the lady's window, with a voice rising through it; or the horn of the hunter; or the musical cry of the hounds,

Matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each;

or a solitary voice in a bower, singing for an expected-lover; or the chapel organ, waking up like the fountain of the winds. Let a poet go through the grounds, and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colours from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants; will shift the population through infinite varieties; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound; will be human, romantic, supernatural; will make all nature send tribute into that spot.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

But not to go on quoting lines which are ever in people's mouths like a popular tune, take a passage from the same poet less familiar to one's every-day recollections. It is in his Arcadian Mask, which was performed by some of the Derby family at their seat at Harefield, near Uxbridge. The Genius of the place, meeting the noble shepherds and shepherdesses, accosts them:—

Stay, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphæus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good;
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I, full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
In ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove:
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;

And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to these that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
 To lull the daughters of necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw,
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

"Milton's *Genius of the Grove*," says Warton, "being a spirit sent from Jove, and commissioned from heaven to exercise a preternatural guardianship over the 'saplings tall,' to avert every noxious influence, and 'to visit every sprout with puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,' had the privilege, not indulged to gross mortals, of hearing the celestial Syrens' harmony. 'This enjoyment,' continues the critic, in the spirit of a true reader, luxuriating over a beautiful thought,— 'This enjoyment, which is highly imagined, was a relaxation from the duties of his peculiar charge, in the depth of midnight, when the world is locked up in sleep and silence.'* The music of the spheres is the old Platonic or Pythagorean doctrine; but it remained for Milton to render it a particular midnight recreation to 'purged ears,' after the earthly toils of the day. And we partake of it with the Genius. We may say of the Love of Nature, what Shakspeare says of another Love, that it

Adds a precious seeing to the eye.

And we may say also, upon the like principle, that it adds a precious hearing to the ear. This and Imagination, which ever follows upon it, are the two purifiers of our sense, which rescue us from the deafening babble of common cares, and enable us to hear all the affectionate voices of earth and heaven. The starry orbs, lapsing about in their smooth and sparkling dance, sing to us. The brooks talk to us of solitude. The birds are the animal spirits of nature, carolling in the air, like a careless lass.

The gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes; and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils.

PARADISE LOST, B. A.

* If the reader wishes to indulge himself in a volume full of sheer poetry with a pleasant companion, familiar with the finest haunts of the Muses, he cannot do better than get Warton's Edition of the Minor Poems of Milton. The principal notes have been transferred by Mr. Todd to the sixth volume of his own valuable Edition of Milton's Poetical Works; but it is better to have a good thing entire. The two together might be still better; but a work complete now-a-days, in one volume, is—a work complete.

The poets are called creators (*Ποιηται*, *Makers*); because with their magical words, they bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. They put them there, if the reader pleases; and so are literally creators. But whether put there or discovered, whether created or invented, (for invention means nothing but finding out), there they are. If they touch us, they exist to as much purpose as any thing else which touches us. If a passage in *King Lear* brings the tears into our eyes, it is as real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. If the flow of a song of *Anacreon*'s intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank. We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes; but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure; and the advantage, nay, even the test, of seeing and hearing, at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realize, and the pleasure we derive. Intellectual objects therefore, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the population of nature, as visible ones; and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the tree of a country clown, and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness! Between the plodding of a sexton through a church-yard, and the walk of a Gray, what a difference! What a difference between the Bermudas of a ship-builder, and the Bermoothes of Shakspeare; the isle

Full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not;

the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the sea-shore; of coral-bones, and the knells of sea-nymphs; of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip bells, and rode upon the bat; of Miranda, who wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help; telling him,

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant;
Whether you will or no.

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us;—worlds, to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter. It began to be richer for us the other day, when Humboldt came back and told us of it's luxuriant and gigantic vegetation: of the myriads of shooting lights, which revel at evening in the southern sky; and of that grand constellation, at which Dante seems to have made so remarkable a guess (*Purgatorio*, Cant. 1, v. 22.) The natural warmth of the Mexican and Peruvian genius, set free from despotism, will soon do all the rest for it; awaken the sleeping riches of it's eyesight, and call forth the glad music of it's affections.

To return to our parks or landscapes, and what the poets can make of them. It is not improbable that Milton, by his *Genius of the Grove at Harefield*, covertly intended himself. He had been applied to by the Derbys to write some holiday poetry for them. He puts his consent in the mouth of the *Genius*, whose hand, he says, curls the

ringlets of the grove, and who refreshes himself at midnight with listening to the music of the spheres: that is to say, whose hand confers new beauty on it by its touch, and who has pleasures in solitude far richer and loftier than those of mere patrician mortals.

See how finely Ben Jonson enlivens his description of Penshurst, the family-seat of the Sydneys; now with the creations of classical mythology, and now with the rural manners of the time.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
Or touch, of marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile:
And these, grudged at, are revered the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water: therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport;
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort;
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chesnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.*
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvan, taken with his flames:
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fawns to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned dear,
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed:
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney copse,
To crown,—thy open table doth provide
The purple pheasant with the speckled side.

* * * * *
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach,
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach;
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring 'em; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.

Imagination enriches every thing. A great library contains not only books, but

The assembled souls of all that men held wise. DAVENANT.

* Sir Philip Sydney.

The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of it's dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. It's verdure, it's sheep, it's hedge-row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and association can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old, at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of it's history, and it's literature; it's towers, and rivers; it's art, and jewelry, and foreign wealth; it's multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of it's canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of it's many chariots, heard, at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will consider the suggestion respecting a List of Books; though our Correspondent will see, in our present Number, one reason among others, which must at least prevent us from being in a hurry on the subject.

MOTTOES.—Are the Mottoes in question heraldic ones; or any others already existing?

The Verses of B. and of W. B. W. have their graces and other merits; but we are obliged to be so chary in this Department, that they must think as kindly as they can of our omitting them.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher,
JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand,—Price 2d.

Printed by C. H. KEYNELL, No. 45, Broad-street, Golden-square, London.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about deth sie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENDER.

No. XXV.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29th, 1820.

HOOLE'S AND FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

By far the best-known translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, is Mr. Hoole's. It has appeared, and still appears, in editions of all sizes; and is gathered as a matter of course into collections of the British Poets. The sole reason of this is, not that Mr. Hoole translated the work, but that his original was Tasso. It is the name of Tasso, solely, that has carried him on from generation to generation, like a corpse attached to the immortal spirit of the Italian, and making it dull with the burden.

The re-publication, in various quarters, of the finer translation by Fairfax, will doubtless help to detach one idea from the other; but as Mr. Hoole's version has also been often reprinted of late, and as Fairfax himself presents some difficulties in the way of popularity, a few observations on the two works may not be useless in furthering the public interests of poetry.

Hoole is a singular example of the popularity which a man may obtain by taking up a great author to translate, with whom he has nothing in common, and merely subserving to the worst taste of the times. Some readers put faith in the imposture from the mere name of the original; some from a deference to the translator's knowledge of Italian; some from the recommendation of any living author who has talent in any thing; some from a real wish to be acquainted with a great poet; some from national self-love; some from indolence of various kinds, many from the habit of acquiescing in any thing after their own fashion, and many more because the rest have done so before them. Yet many of these, with whatever sincerity they have praised the original author, would have thought no higher of him than of some middle writers of their own country, as indeed has frequently been the case; and others, who have undertaken to agree with the lovers of his native language in their enthusiasm about his pathos and dignity, or his vivacity, naivete, &c. would have owned, if they had the courage, what

a dull fellow they could not help thinking him. The rest, who really loved and understood poetry, Italian or English, could only sit still and wonder at all this, preferring, at the risk of being thought foolish or pedantic, the old obsolete translators of Shakspeare's time, when "our language," saith Mr. Hoole, "was in it's rudiments." It was lucky however for this gentleman, that he had the period he wrote in almost all to himself. There was not a single real poet surviving, except Cowper.—Gray, Armstrong, Akenside, Collins, Churchill,—every body was gone who was likely to detect him publicly; and the age, in every respect, was then in the fullness of it's poetical emptiness. The French school was in it's last weedy exuberance. The apprentices and their mistresses, in their pretty transparent Acrostic masks, walked forth by hundreds to meet each other in Poet's Corner in the magazines; and as nobody knew any thing about poetry, except that it had to repeat "ingenious" common-places, to rhyme upon heart, impart, love, prove, &c., and to pause, as Pope did, upon the fourth and fifth syllables, every body could write poetry, and admit it in others: Pope, whose real merits they did not understand after all, was the greatest poet that ever lived; next to him were Goldsmith, and Collins, and Gray, the two latter however very little understood; then, or perhaps before them, was Dr. Johnson, whom our master at school gave us as a poetical model: then came, in their respective circles, though at due distance, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Tomkins, or Mr. Hipkins, who wrote lines on the beautiful Miss Y. of Bristol, or the charming Miss Z. of Fish Street Hill; and nothing was wanting to make such a person as Mr. Hoole a great and popular writer with these gentlemen and ladies, but that he should write a great quantity of verses; which he accordingly did.

That Dr. Johnson should speak a good word for Mr. Hoole, much less write a dedication for him, is not surprising; though what a poet must he be, who goes to another to write a dedication for him! Johnson was in the habit of writing dedications for those who were conscious of not being good turners of a prose paragraph, and who wished to approach the great with a proper one; and Mr. Hoole, it seems, was among these modest persons, though he did not scruple to approach Tasso and Ariosto with his poetry. The dedication, which is to the late Queen, and which expresses a wish that Tasso had lived in a happier time and experienced from the descendants of the House of Este, "a more liberal and potent patronage," is elegant and to the purpose. The good word is a mere word, and very equivocal besides. Johnson, who is now pretty generally understood not to have been so good a critic in poetry as he was strong in general understanding, and justly eminent in some respects, might have been very capable of applauding a translation upon Mr. Hoole's principles; but it is more than to be suspected, that he would have desired a higher order of workmanship out of the manufactory. Hoole was a pitch too low for his admiration, though it appeared he had private qualities sufficient to secure his good wishes; and even those, there is good reason to conclude, could not have prevented a feeling of contempt for a translator of great poets, who could come to him for a dedication.

When Boswell, in one of his maudlin fits of adulation, affected to consider something with Goldsmith's name to it as supplied by the Doctor, the latter could not restrain his scorn; and said, that Goldsmith would no more come to him for a paragraph, than he would to be fed with a pap-spoon. And it is curious to observe, after all, how and in what place Johnson has said his good word for our translator. It is at the end of the *Life of Waller*, and amounts to this coy prophecy;—that Fairfax's work, "after Mr. Hoole's translation, will not soon be reprinted."

Mr. Hoole indeed, with superfluous ingenuity, has contrived to let us know, by other means than his translation, how totally unfit he was for the task. He came to it with an ignorance of all real poetry, that of his own country not excepted. After telling us that "Fairfax's version is in stanzas that cannot be read with pleasure by the generality of those who have a taste for English poetry,"—that it is "irksome in such a degree as to surmount curiosity, and more than counterbalance all the beauty of expression and sentiment to be found in that work,"—and that, as a proof of all this, "it appears scarcely to have been read at all,"—he adds, "I do not flatter myself that I have excelled Fairfax, except in my measure and versification, and even of these the principal recommendation is that they are modern, and better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times, when our verse, if not our language was in it's rudiments:" that is to say, at the close of our very greatest age both in poetry and prose. So little did Mr. Hoole know what he was about, either in poetry, or the versification of it, that while in the course of his translation he was elaborately doing or undoing something now and then, in order to mingle a little of Dryden with Pope, he forgot, or was not aware, that Dryden himself professed to have learnt part of his versification from Fairfax.

In our first INDICATOR we gave a specimen of the way in which a common-place writer would translate Shakspeare, and melt down his fine things into nothings. The reader might take that specimen alone, as giving a full, true, and particular account of the merits of Mr. Hoole as a translator of Tasso. And we will beg him still to keep it in mind, or to refer to it, as saving us the necessity of many extracts; for it is not a pleasant task to dwell upon the demerits of any body. We will just give a comparative specimen or two of the old and modern version of Tasso, and then take our leave of Mr. Hoole, to indulge ourselves with a few more words upon Fairfax and translation.

Edward Fairfax led a life which a brother poet might envy. He was of a distinguished family, the same as that of Fairfax the Parliament General; and having an estate of his own, and the greater estates of leisure and genius, he passed the whole of his days at a seat in the Forest of Knaresborough, in the bosom of his family, and in the cultivation of poetry. He appears to have had all, and more than a poet wants,—tranquillity, a fortune beyond competence, books, rural scenes, and an age that could understand him. He flourished just at the close of that golden period, that height and strong summer-time of

out poetry, when language, wisdom, and imagination were alike at their noblest, and thoughts were poured forth as profusely as words have been since. He was inclined to the music of verse; and the age was full of music, of every species;—he was of a romantic and most probably superstitious turn of mind*; and popular superstitions were still more in favour than during the preceding era;—he had perhaps something of the indolence of a man of fortune; and in the course of his Italian luxuries, he met with a poet, whose tendencies were like his own, and who was great enough to render the task of translation honourable as well as delightful.

He accordingly produced a version of Tasso, which we do not say is equal to the original, or at all exempt from errors which a future translator (always provided he is a poet too) may avoid; but which we nevertheless do not hesitate to pronounce the completest translation, and most like it's original, of any we have ever seen.—We will open our extracts with that famous blast of the trumpet, which has been so echoed in all countries, and which Voltaire quotes to shew what the Italian language can do in the way of grandeur.

Chiama gli abitator de l'ombre eterna
Il rancio suon de la tartarea tromba,
Tremar le spaziose atre caverne,
E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba;
Nè sì stridendo mai da le superne
Regioni del cielo il folgor piomba;
Nè sì scossa già mai trema la terra,
Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.

Lib. 4. st. 3.

This is certainly nothing like the “tinsel” which Boileau ventured to talk about; but Mr. Hoole would have made it so if he could. This is his translation. He begins with making the trumpet convene the devils. It is Pluto at Home,—or sending a court circular.

The trumpet now with hoarse resounding breath
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death;
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;
The air re-echoes to the noise around;
Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll;
Not greater tremors heave the labouring earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth.

Hoole, Book. 4, v. 17.

Fairfax, though he translates the concluding couplet rather from Virgil than Tasso, lets loose a spirit worthy of both poets. Observe the fine taste with which he has managed to preserve the double rhymes, that make the original so resounding.

The drearie trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
And rombled through the lands and kingdoms under,
Through wastness wide it roar'd, and hollowes vast,
And fill'd the deepe with horror, feare, and wonder;

* He wrote a treatise on Dæmonology, which was founded on “occurrences in his own family,” and is still somewhere in MS. If King James knew this, it must have been an additional incitement to his patronage of the Jerusalem, the second edition of which was printed at his desire.

Not halfe so dreadful noise the tempests cast,
That fall from skies with stormes of haile and thunder;
Nor half so lowd the whistling winds doe sing,
Broke from the sarten prisons of their king.

FAIRFAX, B. 4. st. 3.

We must not, however, take up our room with the original Italian. The next passage we shall quote is a celebrated one also, of a different description,—that of the angel descending on Mount Lebanon;—but it is all the same to Mr. Hoole,

Refulgent rays his beauteous locks unfold;
White are his nimble wings, and edg'd with gold;
With these through winds and clouds he cuts his way,
Flies o'er the land, and skims along the sea.
Thus stood the angelic power prepared for flight,
Then instant darted from th' empyreal height;
Direct to Lebanon his course he bent,
There closed his plumes, and made his first descent.

HOOLE, B. I. v. 107.

This closing couplet is a sad misrepresentation of the original, where the angel is described, on his first touch of the mountain, as balancing himself on his wings. When Mr. Hoole takes leaves of his author, it is for want of strength to accompany him; when Fairfax does it, it is to lead you into some beautiful corner of his own fancy. It is thus he renders the passage;

Of silver wings he tooke a shining paire,
Fringed with gold, unwearied, nimble, swift;
With these he parts the windes, the clouds, the aire,
And over seas and earth himselfe doth lift:
Thus clad he cut the apheres and circles faire,
And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift.
On Libanon at first his foot he set,
And shooke his wings with roarie May-dewes wet.

FAIRFAX, B. I. st. 14.

The most striking part of the beautiful choral stanza describing the chaunting of the army is totally omitted in Hoole's version. We suppose he thought the remainder sufficient, and so indeed his reader will think.

So pass the tuneful band with cadence sweet,
The hollow vales the lengthened notes repeat;
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply.

HOOLE, B. II. v. 77.

Hither the armies went, and chanted shrill,
That all the deepe and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves on every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around;
It seem'd some quire (that sung with art and skill)
Dwelt on those savage dennes and shadie ground;
For oft resounded from the banks they heare
The name of Christ and of his mother deare.

FAIRFAX, B. II. st. 11.

Another specimen of Mr. Hoole, and we have done with him. It is his close of the bird's song in book the sixteenth.

He ceas'd; th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapturous music, and their loves pursue.

Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill,
 The feather'd nations take their amorous fill.
 The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield
 And all the leafy tenants of the field.
 The earth and streams one soul appears to move,
 All seem impregnate with the seeds of love.

Here is not the faintest resemblance of the intense though airy voluptuousness of the original. The conclusion in particular is no more like it, than a nursery-man's ledger is like the scent of his roses. But now hear Fairfax;

He ceas'd; and as approving all he spoke,
 The quire of birds their heavenly tunes renew;
 The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke;
 The fowles to shades unscene, by paires, withdrew;
 It seem'd the laurel chaste and stubborn oak,
 And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
 It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above,
 All breath'd out saucy sweet, and sigh'd out love.

FAIRFAX, B. 16. st. 16.

This is even superior, we think, to the original. It is the *quinta pars nectaris*, and makes the senses swim aside on their own faintness. It is like the perfection of a chrystal summer's day, made a little languid with noon, and seeming to have a sparkling and airy consciousness about it that vents itself in odorous whispers.

The reader will observe in the foregoing specimens of Hoole, how a bad translator takes refuge from the real feelings of his author in vagueness and cant phrases. As he has no feeling of his own, he resorts, when any thing is mentioned, not to the thing itself, but to the terms in which it has been mentioned by the writers with whom he is most familiar. He does not translate his author's thoughts, but his words; or rather, he attempts only to do even that; for on that very account, he does neither. To feel either properly, is to feel both.

We are greatly tempted to make many more extracts from Fairfax; but we must restrain ourselves. In further illustration of what we have said about the lines which he has inserted of his own, or altered to his own ideas, and the sympathy which he still keeps up with his author's feelings, we will just refer to his calling Armida, when she sets off, (4. v. 27.) the Syrians' "night-ambing dame,"—to the two lines (2. v. 26.) in which he calls Sophronia in the hands of the male-factors a "dumb" and "silver dove;"—to the neighing of the horses, and clattering of arms, (1. v. 73.) which, he says,

Pursue the echo over dale and downe;

to the description of Armida (4. v. 29.) in which, with a little overmixture of conceit, yet beautiful, he tells us,

The marble goddess, set at Gnidus naked,
 She seem'd, were she uncloath'd, or that awak'd;—

and to the issuing forth of the devils (4. v. 18.) which as the stanza is almost entirely his own as well as a fine one, and crowded with his favourite love of daemonology, we shall quote entire:—

Before his words the tyrant ended had,
 The lesser devils arose with gastlie rore,
 And thronged forth about the world to gad;
 Each land they filled, river, streame, and shore;
 The goblins, fairies, feends, and furies mad,
 Ranged in flowrie dales and mountains hore;
 And under every trembling leaf they sit,
 Between the solid earth and walkiu flit.

The faults of Fairfax are partly his own, and partly those of the period then commencing. They consist in too great a license of inversion; occasional crampness and obscurity; an over tendency to contrast; and in a singular fondness for occupying a line here and there either with epithets almost synonymous, or with a marked detail of nouns, which close his stanza like palisadoes; as for instance,

The soil was gentle, smooth, soft, delicate—
 With pitie, sadness, grieve, compassion, feare—

Yet we are not sure, whether this kind of repetition does not fall in sometimes with a certain gentle and continuous beauty. It is clear, at any rate, that the Italians, from a feeling of that sort, gave rise to it themselves, though Fairfax has carried it to an excess. Petrarch and his followers sometimes heap a line with descriptive nouns or adjectives; and that delightful wild fellow Pulci seems to take a pleasure even in repeating a multitude of notes of interrogation, and beginning a whole stanza or more with the same word. The over-tendency to contrast may also be traced to the Italians, especially as Marino was now becoming admired in England, and every body had not strength to resist his crowding syrens like Milton. The other faults are perhaps owing to Fairfax's having chosen to abide by the stanza of the original; for not being so great a master of his native language as Spenser, who with his additional line seemed to defy difficulty in this respect, and too often to no purpose, he hampered himself with the great recurrence of rhymes, which suits Italian much better than English. He was also, though by no means the literal translator which Hume has made him, naturally anxious in general to get the sense of his original into the same compass, which hampered him farther; and the result of all this, joined no doubt to a natural inferiority in his own genius, however true a one, is, that he is not equal to his original in the easier part of his majesty,—in his clearness, which is like that of an Italian atmosphere,—and in a certain virgin sweetness, “*casta melodia soave* ;”—in short, he is inferior, generally speaking, in simplicity.

But, on the other hand, he has great beauties. If he roughened the music of Tasso a little, he still kept it music, and beautiful music;—some of his stanzas indeed give the sweetness of the original with the still softer sweetness of an echo; and he blew into the rest some noble organ-like notes, which perhaps the original is too deficient in. He can be also quite as stately and solemn in feeling;—he is as fervid in his devotion, as earnest and full of ghastly apprehension in his supernatural agency, as wrapt up in leafiness in his sylvan haunts, as luxuriant and alive to tangible shapes in his voluptuousness. He feels the

elements and varieties of his nature; like a true poet; and his translation has consequently this special mark of all true poetry, translated or original,—that when the circumstances in the story or description alter, it gives us a proper and pervading sense of the alteration. The surfaces are not all coloured alike, as in a bad and monotonous picture. We have no silken armour, as in Pope's eternal enamel; nor iron silks, as in Chapman (who is perhaps the only other various translator nevertheless); nor an everlasting taste of chips instead of succulence, as in the Ariosto of Harrington.

We repeat, however, that the reader must not expect a perfect version in Fairfax, much less at the outset. Tasso himself, in our opinion, does not well warm you into his work till after several books; but set out resolutely with him or his translator, or with both, get past some cold looking places, and scratch through a few of Fairfax's roughnesses and obscurities, and you come upon a noble territory, full of the romantic and the sweet, of stately and of lovely shapes, of woods, waters, and sunny pleasures,—with drearier seclusions apart, and fields of sonorous battle. We do not wonder that Collins was fond of this author and his translator, since Johnson has told us, in that piece of prose music of his, that “he loved fairies, genii, and monsters,”—that “he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and to repose by the water-falls of Elysium.” Collins has given Fairfax a high and proud eulogy in his ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands.—Speaking of Tasso, he says,

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung,
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung:—

And then he goes on in a strain of softness and luxury, that seem irritated from the countryman he is praising. Yet Collins, be it observed, was an accomplished scholar, and quite conversant with the merits of the original. Indeed that was one great cause of his eulogy. Waller, who appears to have known Italian, and Dryden who undoubtedly did so, were both great admirers of Fairfax. Waller professed to have “derived the harmony of his numbers” from him; and so did Dryden, if a reported speech of his to the Duke of Buckingham is to be taken for granted. He gives him high praise at any rate, and joins him with Spenser as “great masters in our language.” But his greatest title to regard on the score of authority comes from Milton, who when he borrowed from Tasso, took care to look at Fairfax also, and to add now and then something from him by the way.

The Editor will be happy to take up both of the subjects mentioned by J. C. He had already intended to write upon the latter; and the other will fall in excellently with the spirit of his little work.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXVI.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5th, 1820.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that very account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil, on which they pour, would be the worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul,—the dry misery, which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds

of affliction,—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing, at this moment, just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church-spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what it's tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from it's only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of it's mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could: the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one, which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory; as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain, (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, any thing about abilities or otherwise) they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours at all

times to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other; to make the former a zest, and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this; and if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far indeed from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain, when most unselfish; if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind, (and ill health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it, if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains, without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children,—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself,—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every body must lose one of his children, in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived, what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons, who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

* "I sighed," says old Captain Bolton, "when I envied you the two Bonnie children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own."—*Monastery*, Vol. III. p. 341.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

ANOMALIES OF SHAPE. THE STORY OF CYLLARUS AND HYLONOME:

It is not one of the least instances of the force of habit, to see how poetry and mythology can reconcile us to shapes, or rather combinations of shape; unlike any thing in nature. The dog-headed deities of the Egyptians were doubtless not so monstrous in their eyes, as in ours. The Centaurs of the Greeks, as we shall see presently, could be imagined possessing beauty enough for a sort of human love-story: and our imaginations find nothing at all monstrous in the idea of an angel, though it partakes of the nature of the bird. The angel, it is true, is the least departure from humanity. Its wings are not an alteration of the human shape, but an addition to it. Yet, leaving a more awful wonder out of the question, we should be startled to find pinions growing out of the shoulder-blades of a child; and we should wait with anxiety to see of what nature the pinions were, till we became reconciled to them. If they turned out to be ribbed and webbed like those of the imaginary dragon, conceive the horror. If, on the other hand, they became feathers, and tapered off like those of a gigantic bird, comprising also grace and splendour as well as the power of flight, we can easily fancy ourselves reconciled to them. And yet again, on the other hand, the Flying Women, described in the Adventures of Peter Wilkins, do not shock us, though their wings partake of the ribbed and webbed nature, and not at all of the feathered. We admire Peter's gentle and beautiful bride, notwithstanding the phenomenon of the Graundee, its light whalebone-like interfections, and its power of dropping about her like drapery. It even becomes a matter of pleasant curiosity. We find it not at all in the way. We can readily apprehend the delight he felt at possessing a creature so kind and sensitive; and can sympathize with him in the happiness of that bridal evening, equally removed from prudery and grossness, which he describes with a mixture of sentiment and voluptuousness beyond all the bridals we ever read.

To imagine any thing like a sympathy of this kind, it is of course necessary that the difference of form should consist in addition, and not in alteration. But the un-angel-like texture of the flying apparatus of fair Youwarkee (such, if we remember, is her name) helps to shew us the main reason why we are able to receive pleasure from the histories of creatures only half-human. The habit of reading prevents the first shock; but we are reconciled in proportion to their possession of what we are pleased to call human qualities. Kindness is the great elevator. The Centaurs may have killed all the Lapithæ, and shewn considerable generalship to boot, without reconciling us to the brute part of them; but the brutality melts away before the story of their two lovers in Ovid. Drunkenness and rapine make beasts of them;—sentiment makes human beings. Polyphemus in Homer is a shocking monster, not because he has only one eye, but because he murders and eats our fellow-creatures. But in Theocritus, where he is Galatea's lover, and sits hopelessly lamenting his passion, we only pity him. His deformity even increases our pity. We blink the question of beauty, and become one-eyed for his sake. Nature seems to do him an injustice in gifting him with sympathies so human, and at the same time preventing them from being answered: and we feel impatient with the all-beautiful Galatea, if we think she ever shewed him scorn as well as unwillingness. We insist upon her avoiding him with the greatest possible respect.

These fictions of the poets therefore, besides the mere excitement which they give the imagination, assist remotely to break the averseness and uncharitableness of human pride. And they may blunt the point of some fancies that are apt to come upon melancholy minds. When Sir Thomas Brown, in the infinite range of his metaphysical optics, turned his glass, as he no doubt often did, towards the inhabitants of other worlds, the stories of angels and Centaurs would help his imaginative good nature to a more willing conception of creatures in other planets unlike those on earth; to other "lords of creation;" and others, and perhaps nobler humanities, nobler in spirit, though differing in form: If indeed there can be any thing in the starry endlessness of existence, nobler than what we can conceive of love and generosity.

But to our story. Ovid, in one of the finest parts of his *Metamorphoses*, has recounted the famous battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. Our countrymen have the happiness of possessing, in another shape, another fine poem on the same subject; we mean the divine sculptures of Phidias.* But Ovid is as powerful in his way, as the

* We never observed till the other day, that in these Marbles the Centaurs are no taller than the Lapithæ. Upon thinking of the matter, we believe it is also the same in most engravings, where Centaurs are introduced; certainly in some old ones. We are to imagine of course, not that the Centaurs were of the same height as men of "this degenerate age," and ran about with Welch ponies behind them, but that they and the Lapithæ were of gigantic stature, and the horse-part as large as the finest of our modern steeds. An awkward difficulty seems still to remain; since the horse, however large, must be comparatively small to a horse fit for a

English reader may see in the versions of Dryden and Sandys. Phidias has relieved the ferocity of his story with some exquisite figures of women. One in particular, who seems fainting, is the very gentle essence of womanhood personified. Ovid, more exuberant, though not more touching in his imagination, has carried the refinement farther; and contradicting, or rather varying, with a solitary and striking exception, the general character given of Centaurs, has introduced two of them as lovers, remarkable for their gentleness and beauty, and dying side by side. The story is, that Pirithous having invited "the half-horsie people" to his wedding-feast, when he married Hippodamia, one of them was so inflamed with the beauty of the bride, that he started up in the midst of the drinking and carousing, and attempted to carry her off. Theseus, the friend of Pirithous, seized a great antique goblet, craggy with sculpture, and dashed his face to shatters with it, so that he died. The other Centaur, seeing their brother killed, grew frantic with revenge; and a tremendous battle ensued. The whole account fills the ear and the imagination, like an enormous uproar. It is a gigantic hubbub, full of huge fists, hoofs, weapons, and flying furniture, chandeliers torn down, and tables snatched up, shrieks of females, and roarings and trappings of men and half-men. One of the Lapithæ makes nothing of rending away a door-post that would load a waggon: and a Centaur tears up an altar with fire upon it, and sends it blazing among the enemy. The different modes in which the deaths are inflicted are as various any in Homer; and the poet, with admirable propriety, has given his battle all the additional interest, which the novelty of the figures engaged in it could suggest.

The episode of the two lovers comes out of all this hideous turbulence, like the dropping of rain from the eaves after a thunder-storm. If we are asked why we translate it after Dryden and Sandys, it will be sufficient to answer that it gave us some pleasant moments to do so; and that we would rather, on these occasions, furnish something original to the reader than translated. But our readers and we are not quarrelsome parties. With regard to the measure, we have chosen it as the most capable of expressing the alternate laxity and compression, for which Ovid's style is remarkable. We found the heroic couplet hamper us, tending either to too great length or the reverse of it. With the old ballad measure before us, one may do as one pleases; and there is something in it that suits the simplicity of the affections.

Nor could thy beauty, Cyllarus,
Protect thee in the fray;
If we may speak of shapes like thine
After a human way.

Lapithæ to ride. But the reader is to suppose, that there were no horses in those days to provoke the comparison. The notion of the "half-horsie" people (as Spenser, in a true spirit of poetical composition, ventures to call them), originated in the wonder with which men on horse-back were first regarded. When the Mexicans first beheld Cortes and his cavalry, they were struck with the same idea.

His beard was in the flowery bud
Touched, like his hair, with gold;
And down beneath his shoulder blades
His tresses ran and rolled.

An earnest cheer was in his look;
And every human part,
His neck, his shoulders, hands, and breast,
Matched with the proudest art.

Such was his look and shape, so where
The nether form began;
Nor where he put the courser on,
Dishonoured he the man.

Ev'n Castor might have ridden him,
But for his double make;
So built with muscle was his chest,
So rideable his back.

And blacker was his noble hue
Than is the pitchy night;
Only a snowy tail and feet
Finished his look with light.

Many fair creatures of his kind
Besought his love; but he
Was borne away by only one,
The sole Hyacinthe.

No gentle woman-hearted thing
Of all the half-human race,
Carried about the shady woods
A more becoming grace.

With pretty natural blandishments,
And loving, and at last
Owning her love with rosy talk,
She bound the conqueror fast.

Her limbs, as much as in her lay,
She kept adorned with care,
And took especial pride to sleek
Her lustrous locks of hair.

With rosemary she wreathed them now,
With violets and the rose;
And now betwixt their glossy black,
Sparkled the lily snows.

No vest but of the choicest skin,
And suiting her, she wore,
About her shoulder crossing round
Beside her and before.

THE INDICATOR.

And twice a day, in lapsing wells
That from the woods came down,
She bathed her face; and twice a day,
She bathed from sole to crown.

Equal alike the beauty was,
Equal the love in either;
They roamed the mountains hand in hand,
And sheltered close together.

And thus did they attend that day
The Lapithean bride;
Thus came together, and thus fought,
Together, side by side.

A javelin from an unknown hand
Came with too sure a dart,
And pierced in thee, poor Cyllarus,
Right to the very heart.

He drew the bitter weapon out,
And shuddering all over,
Fell against pale Hylonome,
Whose arms received her lover.

And with her hand she nursed the wound,
Of which he fast was dying,
And hurried mouth to mouth, and tried
To stop his soul from flying.

But when she found it all in vain,
And that her lord was dead,
She uttered something which the noise
Deafened about her head;

And falling with her wedded heart
On what had murdered his,
Gathered him blindly in her arms,
And smiled a dying kiss.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 3d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXVII.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12th, 1820.

THE ADVENTURES OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

CEPHALUS, the son of Deioneus, king of Thessaly, married Procris, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. They bound each other by a vow never to love any one else. Cephalus, who was fond of hunting, suffered the wood-nymphs to be charming to no purpose; and Procris, waiting his return every day from the chase, scarcely had a civil answer for the most agreeable of the Wood-Gods.

Their security in each others exclusive attachment was increased, if possible, by a passion which was conceived for Cephalus by Aurora, the Goddess of Morning. To think that the beaming eyes and rosy blushes of so charming a deity were upon him every morning to no purpose, was a high exaltation to the proud confidence which each reposed in the other. Procris, whom the very particular vow which they had entered into had begun to render a little too apt to be jealous, concluded that if he could deny a goddess, she need have no fear of the nymphs. All that disturbed her was lest Aurora should grow angry. Cephalus, on the other hand, whatever airs he might occasionally give himself on the strength of his fidelity, held it to be utterly impossible, that his wife should for a moment forget the rejecter of a divinity.

Aurora however was not angry. She was too much in love. Cephalus began to feel a softer pride when he found that she still loved him secretly, and that she did all in her power to gratify him. The dawns in Thessaly had never been known to be so fine. Rosy little clouds, floating in yellow light, were sure to usher in the day, whatever it might turn out at noon. He had but to wish for more air, and it came streaming upon his face. Did he want light in a gloomy depth of the forest? Beams thrilled through the twisted thickets, and made the hunters start to see their faces so plainly. Some said, that a divine countenance was to be seen at these times, passing on the other side of the trees, and looking through. It is certain, that when Cephalus had lain down towards noon to rest himself in a solitary place, he would see, as he woke, a nymph suddenly departing from the spot, whose hair shook out a kind of sunshine. He knew that this was Aurora, and could not help being touched by so delicate an affection.

By degrees, Cephalus began to think that Procris might spare a little of so great a love; and as these wicked thoughts stole upon him, he found Aurora steal nearer. She came closer to him, as he pretended to sleep; and loitered more in going away. At length they conversed again; and the argument, which was uppermost in both their minds, soon got more and more explicit. We are bound to believe that a goddess could reason more divinely on the subject; but it must not be concealed, that the argument which made the greatest impression on Cephalus, was one, which has since been much in fashion, though we cannot say a great deal for it. All defences of love should proceed upon the kindest grounds, or on none. The moment it refers to any thing like retaliation, or even to a justice which hazards such feelings, it is trenching on the monstrous territory of hate. Be this however as it may, Aurora, one morning, did certainly condescend to finish a conversation with saying, that she would not look to have her love returned, unless Procris should first be found unfaithful.

The husband, in whose mind this suggestion seemed to awaken all his exclusive tenderness for his wife, readily accepted the alternative. But how was Procris to be tried? Aurora soon found an expedient. She changed the appearance of Cephalus to that of a young Phœnician merchant; filled his pockets with gold and jewels; hung the rarest gems from Ormus and the Red Sea in his turban; and seating him in a Sidonian car, drawn by white fawns, with a peacock standing beside him on the edge, sent him to offer all these bribes to Procris for her love. Cephalus turned a little pale at sight of the fawns; but his colour and even his gaiety returned in a minute; and taking a respectful farewell of the Goddess, he shook the reins, and set off down the grassy valley that led to his home.

The fawns, with a yearning yet easy swiftness, wound along down the sides of the hill. Their snowy figures flashed in and out of the trees; the peacock's tail trailed along the air; the jewels sparkled in the stranger's turban. Procris, looking out of the window for her husband, wondered what illustrious unknown was coming. He is evidently coming towards her abode. It is the only one in the valley. He arrives, and making a respectful obeisance, alights and enters. He makes no request for admittance, but yet no fault is to be found with his easy gravity. He says indeed that he could not but come in, whether he would or no, for the fame of Procris's beauty and sweetness had reached him in Phœnicia; and as his father's great riches allowed him to travel at his leisure, he had brought a few trifles,—not as a return for the few hours' hospitality which he should presume upon;—by no means;—but solely as he had not wit or attraction enough of his own, to leave any other memorial of his visit and homage. All this was somewhat too elaborate for the people in those days; but Cephalus, in his confidence, had become a little over-ingenious; and when he had done speaking, and had presented his splendid credentials, Procris thought that the accomplished stranger undervalued himself. A little obstacle presented itself. On giving her the peacock, the handsome stranger stooped his face with an air of confident but respectful pleasure, and was about to kiss her. "How is this?" said

Procris. "We always do so in Phœnicia," said he, "when presents are received;" and without more ado, he kissed her in a sort of formal and cabalistic manner, first on one cheek, then on the other, and lastly on the forehead. Procris submitted, purely because she did not know how to object to a Phœnician custom. But on his presenting a casket full of gold, she demurred. He seemed to take no notice of this, but stooped as before, and kissed her, not only on the cheeks and forehead, but on the lips. Procris blushed, and looked displeased. "We always do so in Phœnicia;" said he, in a tone, as if all offence must be done away by that explanation. Another casket succeeded, full of jewels, and much more precious than the last. Procris wondered whether any additional ceremony was to take place in return, and was about to decline the third present in some alarm, when the stranger, with as brief an indifference of voice as his gallantry could assume, observed, that all that was to be done for the third gift, was to have the kiss returned,—slightly, it was true; but still returned:—it was always the way in Phœnicia. And he had scarcely spoken the word when he stooped as before, and kissed her. Procris would sincerely have objected to returning the salute; but as she said afterwards, she really had not time to consider. Besides, she persuaded herself that she felt relieved at thinking the casket was to be the last present; and so,—giving a short glance at the window,—the kiss was returned. A very odd, and not comfortable expression passed over the face of the stranger, but very quickly. The only reason that Procris could conceive why he should look so, was, that the salute might have been too slight. "He is very generous, I own," thought she; "but these Phœnicians are strange people." The stranger had now a totally different air. It was that of an excessive gaiety, in which respect was nevertheless strongly mingled. "Having honoured me so far with your acquaintance," said he, "nothing remains but to close our Phœnician ceremonies of introduction with this trifle from the Red Sea." So saying, he took a most magnificent ruby from the front of his turban, and hitched it on the collar of her vest. "The hook," said he, "is of Phœnician chrystal." Procris's ears fairly tingled with the word Phœnician. She was bewildered; the ceremonies were indeed about to close; and this word somewhat relieved her; but she was going to demur in a more peremptory manner, when he said that all that was to be done on this final occasion was just to embrace him—slightly—in a sisterly way;—"It is not always done," said he:—"the Tyre people, for instance, do not do it; but the Sidonians do; and generally speaking, it is the closing custom in Phœnicia"—and the final syllable was lost in a new kiss, against which she found it out of her power to remonstrate. In giving her at the same time a brief but affectionate embrace, he contrived to bring her arms about himself. He then bowed in the most respectful and grateful manner imaginable, and handed her to a seat.

Procris, with whom the ice had been thus broken, and who already thought herself half faithless to the strictness of her vow, scarcely knew whether to feel more angry at the warmth, or piqued at the ceremonious indifference, of the stranger. A sense however of gra-

tified pride, and of his extraordinary generosity, was the uppermost feeling in her mind; and this led her to be piqued rather than angry. Luckily, she bethought herself of offering him the hospitality of the house, which helped to divert her confusion. The milk and fruit were brought out; and he tasted them, more, it seemed, out of politeness, than for want of refreshment. Procris cast her eyes, first up the hill, and then at the fawns. She wondered whether the fawns and car would follow the other presents; but upon the whole concluded they would not, unless the traveller meant to stop, which was impossible; at least in that house. She made up her mind therefore to be very angry in case he should offer the fawns; when he interrupted any farther reflections. "Those fawns," said he, "came into my possession in a remarkable manner. They are fatal." "Fatal?" echoed Procris. "Not in a bad sense," returned the stranger, smiling: "I am destined to present them to some fair one, (I know not who she is), who shall honour me with the privileges of a husband, and who is to be fairer than the Goddess that gave them me." "A strange impossible condition," said Procris; "but who, pray was the Goddess?"—"Aurora."—The beautiful wife of Cephalus smiled victoriously at the mention of that name. She had already triumphed over the divinity, and thought that this new test of superiority was scarcely necessary. The Phœnician, upon seeing her turn of countenance, added significantly; "I saw her just now, and must confess that it will take something very extraordinary to surpass her; but I do not conceive it actually impossible." Procris longed to tell him of Aurora's unsuccessful passion for Cephalus. She asked how long it was, since he had seen the Goddess. "I saw her but now," said the stranger: "she was conversing in the forest here." "Do you know with whom?" asked Procris. "Oh yes; it was your husband: and this reminds me, that he told me to beg you not to be alarmed, but he should not return till night-fall." "Not till night-fall?" half murmured and half enquired the fair conqueror of Aurora.—Now this was wrong in Cephalus. He was led into the mention of his interview with Aurora by it's being actually the case; but he need not have gone so far with the lesson she had taught him. We blush to say that it succeeded but too well. There is no necessity to pursue the detail farther. Towards night-fall Procris gave anxious looks up the hill, and hoped (which was kind of her) that her husband might receive great pleasure from the present she intended to make him of the fawns. "I think he is coming down the hill," said she. "No," said the stranger. "How can you tell," returned Procris, "with your face turned from the window?" "Look at me," replied he, "and you will know." Procris turned quickly, and looked him in the face. It was Cephalus himself. Astonishment, fear, shame, and a sense of the triumphant artifice of the Goddess, fell upon her at once. She uttered a loud shriek; and tearing her vest from her husband's grasp, darted off into the woods.

Cephalus, in his chariot of fawns, sought her a hundred ways in vain. He was at once angry and sorry: and Aurora found that her artifice had been of no use. She hoped however that time, and the

absence of his wife, would mollify him; and in the meanwhile, seeing how sullenly he turned aside whenever she ventured to become manifest, she tried to humble him a little. His skill became less super-eminent in the chace. Other dogs ran faster than his; and other lances took truer aim. The gloom of the forest was still enlightened for him, because she did not wish to let him know how she was trying him; but the name of Cephalus suffered in it's reputation. People began to say that Phalerus was as good as he.

He was sitting at home one evening in a melancholy manner, after an unsuccessful day's sport, when a beautiful female with a dog appeared at the door, and begged permission to rest herself. The faintness of her voice interested our suffering huntsman. He brought her in with great kindness, set refreshments before her, and could not help gazing with admiration on her lovely face, which covered with blushes, looked with a particularly melancholy expression on the fruits and the bowls of cream. He thought he distressed her, and began playing in a negligent manner with the dog. The animal, at a slight snap of his fingers, darted up on his legs like lightning, and stood panting and looking eagerly towards the door. Cephalus had the finest dogs in Thessaly, yet he doubted whether this was not finer than any of them. He looked at the female, and now saw that she was huskined up like a nymph of the chace. "The truth flashes upon me," thought he; "this is a fugitive nymph of Diana. Her buskins and her blushes tell her whole story." The fair stranger seemed first oppressed, and then relieved by his gaze. "You guess," said she, "but too well, I fear, what has put me upon your kind hospitality. But the other sex, especially where they are of the best natures, will be too kind to betray me. I have indeed fled from the company of Diana, having been first left myself by a River-God, who"—She blushed, and was silent. "And this dog?" enquired Cephalus, after reassuring her. "It was my favourite dog in the chace," said she; "now my faithful companion in flight. Poor Lailaps!" And the dog, forgetting his vivacity in an instant, came and lay at his mistress's feet, as if he would have wound about them. They were very beautiful feet. "The River-God doubtless admired them," thought Cephalus. But there was a something in her face more touching than all the shapeliness in the world. It was a mixture of the pensive and the pleasurable, which seemed to say that if she had no cause for trouble, she would have been all tender vivacity. "And whither are you going, fairest?" asked Cephalus. "To Cyprus."—"To the temple of Venus?"—"To the temple of Venus:" replied the beautiful stranger, dropping her words and face as she spoke. "I have made a new vow, which—a new vow." And blushing more deeply, she was again silent. "Which she shall be able to keep better than the last," thought Cephalus. She sat in a simple posture, her back gently bending, her knees together, her rosy face and languid eyes looking down sideways between her dark heavy curls. She moved the fingers of her right hand towards the dog, as if snapping them; but it was done faintly, and evidently only to do something. Cephalus thought she had a look of Procris; and he did not pity her the less for that. "But what

are you to do with this dog?" This, it seemed, was a very perplexing question. It was a long time before Cephalus could get an answer; but he was so kind and importunate, and really, with all his love of hunting, appeared to be so much more interested in the nymph than her companion, that at length he did obtain a sort of understanding on the subject. It was necessary to make a renouncement of something highly valued by the possessor, before a new devotee could enter on the service of Venus. The renouncement was to be made to one of the other sex; and Cephalus, partly out of curiosity, partly out of vanity, partly out of self-interest, and not a little out of an interest of a better sort, contrived to discover, that it would be made, with no prodigious unwillingness, to himself. "Lailaps," said he. The dog started towards him, as if he knew his future master. The lady gave a gentle laugh, and seemed much happier. The supper, that evening, was upon a much easier footing than the luncheon. The next morning, on waking, Cephalus, saw the face of Procris hanging over him. He would have been more astonished had he not remembered his own transformation. But he was nevertheless quite enough so. Procris shook her head at him archly; then kissed him kindly; then burst into tears; then declared herself happy and forgiving, as well as forgiven; and neither of them ever passed a happier day in their lives.

Procris's account of herself was partly true. Our informant* does not account for a proceeding which certainly requires some explanation; but she had really gone to the haunts of Diana, whose reception of her, though a huntress, was what might have been expected. She begged her, in very explicit terms, to withdraw. Procris, however, though she could obtain no sympathy purely on her own account, contrived to waken an interest in the bosom of the divine virgin by telling her of the trick played by Cephalus and Aurora. This she thought abominable. She therefore wrought a counter-change in the appearance of Procris; and giving her a hound out of her own pack, sent her to practise artifice for artifice. She regretted afterwards the having consented to interfere at all in such matters; but the impulse had engaged her to commit herself; and she was too proud and stately to recall what she had done. Procris told all to her husband; and the goddess was little aware how they enjoyed the kind result of her anger, at the expense of her dignity.

It is on record, that our married couple were never so fond of each other, or so contented, as now. Procris, in the gratitude of her joy, was not disposed even to quarrel with Aurora, whom her husband no doubt saw occasionally. But it is not known whether he was kinder to her than before. Procris was inclined to think not, as he said nothing about it; so certain she had become of his confidence. As to Cephalus, the praises of his wife by his fellow-huntsmen gave him great pleasure, now that he was sure of her loving him unrestrictedly.

What a pity that such a happy state of things was not to last! But Procris had early been taught jealousy. She had even identified it

* Hyginus Fabularum Liber. Cap. 189.

with a virtue; and by degrees, as little fits of ill temper were exchanged, and she began to think less kindly of herself, she began to be uneasy about others. Unfortunately for this return of her complaint, a little anxious busy-body, whom she had been accustomed to treat with contemptuous indifference, perhaps to shew it too much, came and said to her one day, that as she knew she should not be mortifying her with such petty matters, she might tell her, as a piece of news, that Cephalus was passionately and notoriously in love with a beautiful nymph of the name of Aura. "Aurora, you mean," said Procris, scornfully. "No, no," said the little snappish voice; "Aura, Aura:—I know it well enough; all Athens knows it, or else I should not have repeated it. I am no tale-bearer; but I hate to see a man pretending to be what he is not." "Cephalus pretends nothing," said Procris. "Oh—of course," said the gossip; "and mighty useful it is to him no doubt, to be so wanting in pretence. But my maxim is, Be decent enough, at least, to appear virtuous." "Yes," thought Procris, "and your whole life would be an exemplification of it, if you could hold your tongue." But the blow was struck. She despised the scandal, while she became it's victim.

Procris, who was on a visit with Cephalus to her father, had heard of a spot, in which he reposed himself every day after the chase. Here, it was added, the lady as regularly met him. He was even so impatient for her sight, that if she delayed a minute beyond the usual time, he called upon her aloud, in the fondest manner. "Come, come, sweet Aura," said he, "and cool this glow in my bosom."

Now his delight in the new spot, and the invocation also, were both very true; only the informant forget to mention, and Procris to remember, that although Aura was the name of a female, it also signified the fresh air.

One day, Cephalus went as usual into his favourite haunt, to enjoy it's freshness, verdure, and seclusion. The place has been very prettily described by Ovid.

*Est prope purpureos colles florentis Hymetti
Fons sacer, et viridi cespite molles humus.
Sylva nemus non alta facit: tegit arbutus herbam:
Ros maris, et lauri, nigraque myrtus olent.
Nec densæ foliis buxi, fragilesque myricæ,
Nec tenues cytisi, cultaque pinus abest.
Lenibus impulsæ Zephyris, auraque salubri,
Tot generum frondes, herbaque summa tremunt.*
Art. Amat. Lib. III. v. 687.

Close by the flowery purple hill
Hymettus, may be found
A sacred fountain, and a plot
Of green and lovely ground.

'Tis in a copse. The strawberry
Grows blushing through the grass;
And myrtle, rosemary, and bay
Quite perfume all the place.

Nor is the tamarisk wanting there;,
Nor clumps of leafy box;
Nor slender cytissus; nor yet
The pine with it's proud locks.

Touched by the zephyrs and sweet airs,
Which there in balm assemble,
This little world of leaves, and all
The tops of the grass tremble.

Cephalus lay upon a slope of the velvet ground, his hands behind his head, and his face towards the balmy heaven. He little thought that Procris was near. She was lurking close to him behind some box-trees. She listened. There was not a sound, but that of the fountain, the noise of whose splashes was softened by the trees that half encircled it. She listened again, thinking she heard her husband speak. It was only the fervid bees, buzzing along from Hymettus, and murmuring as if disdainfully in her ear. A variety of feelings agitate her. Now she is sorry that she came, and would have given any thing to be back again. Now she longs to know who her rival is. Now she is sorry again, and feels that her conduct is unworthy, let her husband's be what it may. Now she reassures herself, and thinks that he should have at least been ingenuous. Jealousy and curiosity prevail, and she still looks and listens. The air seems more than usually quiet; and the bees worry her with their officious humming. Cephalus leaps up, and plays idly with his javelin. Still nothing is said. Nobody appears. She expects the lady every minute to issue from the trees; and thinks how she shall confound her. But no one comes. At last, her husband speaks. She parts the box-trees a little more, to listen the keener. "Come, gentle Aura," cried he, as if in a tone of reproach:—"Come, and breathe refreshment upon me:—thou scarcely stirrest the poplars to day." Procris leaped up in an extacy of delight and remorse, and began tearing back the boughs to go to her husband. He starts up. He thinks it a deer hampered in the thicket, and raises his javelin to dart it. Forbear, miserable man: it is thy more miserable wife! Alas! the javelin is thrown, and the wife pierced. Upon coming up to secure his prey, he finds, with a dumb despair, that it is Procris dying. She does not reproach him. She reproaches only herself. "Forgive me," said she, "dear Cephalus," pressing her cheek against his: "I was made wise in vain once, and I am now wise again too late. Forgive my poor jealous heart, and bless me. It weeps blood for it's folly." And as she spoke, she sobbed aloud; and the penitent tears gushed away, as if to emulate the gushing of her heart. Cephalus, bewildered and agonized, uttered what kind and remorseful words his lips could frame, pressing her all the while gently to his heart. He saw that the wound was mortal, and it was quickly so. Her eyes faded away while looking at him; but opening her lips, she still made a yearning movement of them towards his. It reminded him of paying that affectionate office to the departing spirit; and stooping with a face washed in tears, he put his mouth upon her's, and received at once her last kiss and breath.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XXVIII.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th, 1820.

SPRING.—DAISIES.—GATHERING FLOWERS.

THE Spring is now complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalized, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground, beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear chrystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock. A few days ago she lay gazing in this manner at the solitary evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she, bending inwards, her hands behind her head, watched him with an enamoured dumbness.

But this is the quiet of Spring. It's voices and swift movements have come back also. The swallow shoots by us, like an embodied ardour of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honied flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. We have not yet heard the nightingale or the cuckoo; but we can hear them with our imagination, and enjoy them through the content of those who have.

Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season,—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches, in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies of the valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red piony which seems to anticipate the full glow of summer-time, all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common

associations? It is not only it's youth, and beauty, and budding life, and "the passion of the groves," that exclaim with the poet,

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more*.

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them, than the world suspect; and it is by fetching out this sentiment, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all it's systems. One of the greatest inspirers of love is gratitude,—not merely on it's common grounds, but gratitude for pleasures, whether consciously or unconsciously, conferred. Thus we are thankful for the delight given us by a kind and sincere face; and if we fall in love with it, one great reason is, that we long to return what we have received. The same feeling has a considerable influence in the love that has been felt for men of talents, whose persons or address have not been much calculated to inspire it. In spring-time, joy awakens the heart: with joy, awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude, we return, on it's own principle of participation, the love that has been shewn us.

This association of ideas renders solitude in spring, and solitude in winter, two very different things. In the latter, we are better content to bear the feelings of the season by ourselves:—in the former they are so sweet as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them. Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, describes himself as so identifying the beauties of the spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in their own character, and played with them only as with her shadow. See how exquisitely he turns a commonplace into this fancy; and what a noble brief portrait of April he gives us at the beginning. There is indeed a wonderful mixture of softness and strength in almost every one of the lines.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but+ patterns of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still; and, you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play.

Shakspeare was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard, because she was richer. Perdita, crowned with flowers, in the *Winter's Tale*, is beautifully compared to

Flora,
Peering in April's front.

* *Persepolis Veneris*.—*Parnell's translation*.

+ *But sweet, but*.—*Quære*:—*But sweet-cut?*

There is a line in one of his sonnets, which, agreeably to the image he had in his mind, seems to strike up in one's face, hot and odorous, like perfume in a censer.

In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned.

His allusions to spring are numerous in proportion. We all know the song, containing that fine line, fresh from the most brilliant of pallets :—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the daisy; and we take this opportunity of discharging a millionth part of it. If we undertook to pay it all, we should have had to write such a book, as is never very likely to be written,—a journal of numberless happy hours in childhood, kept with the feelings of an infant and the pen of a man. For it would take, we suspect, a depth of delight and a subtlety of words, to express even the vague joy of infancy, such as our learned departures from natural wisdom would find it more difficult to put together, than criticism and comfort, or an old palate and a young relish.—But knowledge is the widening and the brightening road that must conduct us back to the joys from which it led us; and which it is destined perhaps to secure and extend. We must not quarrel with its asperities, when we can help.

We do not know the Greek name of the daisy, nor do the dictionaries inform us; and we are not at present in the way of consulting books that might. We always like to see what the Greeks say to these things, because they had a sentiment in their enjoyments. The Latins called it *Bellis* or *Bellus*, as much as to say, Nice One. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a Pearl,—*Marguerite*, *Margarita*, or generally, by way of endearment, *Margheretina**. The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned infinite intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies, and fair mistresses. Chaucer, in his beautiful poem of the Flower and the Leaf, which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says,

And at the laste there began anon
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret† in praising the daiste,
For as me thought among her notes sweet,
She said "Si douset est la Margarete."

"The Margaret is so sweet." Our Margaret however, in this allegorical poem, is undervalued in comparison with the laurel; yet Chaucer perhaps was partly induced to translate it on account of its making the figure that it does; for he has informed us more than once, in a

* This word is originally Greek,—*Margarites*; and as the Franks probably brought it from Constantinople, perhaps they brought its association with the daisy also.

† *Bargaret*, *Bergerette*, a little pastoral.

very particular manner, that it was his favourite flower. There is a very interesting passage to this effect in his *Legend of Good Women*; where he says, that nothing but the daisied fields in spring could take him from his books.

And as for me, though that I can* but lite*
 On bookes for to read I me delight,
 And to hem give I faith and full credence,
 And in my heart have hem in reverence,
 So heartily, that there is game none,
 That from my bookes maketh me to gone,
 But it be seldom, on the holy day;
 Save certainly, when that the month of May
 Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
 And that the flowers ginnen for to spring,
 Farewell my booke, and my devotion.
 Now have I then eke this condition,
 That, of all the flowers in the mead,
 Then love I most those flowers white and red,
 Such that men callen daisies in our town.
 To hem I have so great affection,
 As I said erst, when comen is the May,
 That in the bed there daweth† me no day,
 That I nam up and walking in the mead,
 To seen this flower agenst the sunne spread,
 When it upriseth early by the morrow,
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.
 So glad am I, when that I have presence
 Of it, to done it all reverence,
 As she that is of all flowers the flower.

He says that he finds it ever new, and that he shall love it till his "heart dies;" and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass,

Adown full softly I gan to sink,
 And leaning on my elbow and my side,
 The long day I shope‡ me for to abide
 For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
 But for to look upon the daisie,
 That well by reason men it call may
 The daisie, or else the eye of day.

This etymology, which we have no doubt is the real one, is repeated by Ben Jonson, who takes occasion to spell the word days-eyes; adding, with his usual tendency to overdo a matter of learning,

Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows;

videlicet, cowslips: which is a disentanglement of compounds, in the style of our pleasant parodists:

—Puddings of the plum,
 And fingers of the lady.

Mr. Wordsworth introduces his homage to the daisy with a passage from George Wither; which as it is an old favourite of ours, and extremely applicable both to this article and our whole work, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating. It is the more interesting,

* Know but little.

† Dawneth.

‡ Shaped.

inasmuch as it was written in prison, where the freedom of his opinions had thrown him*. He is speaking of his Muse, or Imagination.

Her divine skill taught me this;
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
From the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut, when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

Mr. Wordsworth undertakes to patronize the Celandine, because nobody else will notice it; which is a good reason. But though he tells us, in a startling piece of information, that

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude,

yet he falls in with his old brethren of England and Normandy, and becomes loyal to the daisy.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs chuse;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.

* * * * *

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten or defy,
That thought comes next, and instantly
The freak is over;
The freak will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar;
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!

* It is not generally known, that Chaucer was four years in prison, in his old age, on the same account. He was a Wickliffite,—one of the precursors of the Reformation. His prison, doubtless, was no diminisher of his love of the daisy.

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee.

Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast;
Sweet silent creature;
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

Mr. Wordsworth calls the daisy "an unassuming common-place of Nature," which it is; and he praises it very becomingly for discharging it's duties so cheerfully, in that universal character. But we cannot agree with him in thinking that it has a "homely face." Not that we should care, if it really had; for homeliness does not make ugliness; but we appeal to every body, whether it is proper to say this of la belle Marguerite. In the first place, it's shape is very pretty and slender, but not too much so: Then it has a boss of gold, set round and irradiated with silver points. It's yellow and fair white are in so high a taste of contrast, that Spenser has chosen the same colours for a picture of Leda reposing:—

Oh wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!
That her in daffodillies sleeping laid,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.

It is for the same reason, that the daisy, being chiefly white, makes such a beautiful shew in company with the butter cup. But this is not all; for look at the back, and you find it's fair petals blushing with a most delightful red. And how compactly and delicately is the neck set in green! Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable sœur du roi Kingcup, we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.

But here somebody may remind us of the spring showers, and what drawbacks they are upon going into the fields.—Not at all so, when the spring is really confirmed, and the showers but April-like and at intervals. Let us turn our imaginations to the bright side of spring, and we shall forget the showers. You see they have been forgotten just this moment. Besides, we are not likely to stray too far into the fields; and if we should, are there not hats, bonnets, barns, cottages, elm-trees, and good wills? We may make these things zests, if we please, instead of drawbacks. There is a pleasant, off-hand, picturesque little poem, full of sprightly simplicity, written by Franco Sacchetti, the earliest follower of Boccaccio; which will shew us, that the Italians are not prevented from gathering flowers by the fear of rain, nor even of snakes. Eccolo.*

* With respect to giving the originals of what we translate, we are guided by this principle:—if they are easily referred to, we shall always content ourselves with short extracts, unless hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, or for some other special reason; if they are not so readily to be found, it will add a value

GATHERING FLOWERS.

Passando con pensier per un boschetto,
 Donne per quello givan fior cogliendo,
 Con diletto, co' quel, co' quel dicendo,
 Eccolo, eccol; che? è fiordaliso.
 Va là per le viole;
 Più colà per le rose, cole, colè
 Vaghe amorse.
 O me, che 'l prun mi punge,
 Quell' altra, me v' aggiunge.
 U', u, o, ch' è quel che salta?
 Un grillo, un grillo.
 Venite qua, correte,
 Ramponzoli cogliete:
 E' non son' essi.
 Sì, son: colei o colei
 Vien qua, vien qua per funghi, un micolino,
 Più colà, più colà, per sermollino.
 Noi starem troppo, che 'l tempo si turba;
 Ve' che balena e tuona,
 E m' indovino che vespero suona.
 Paurosa! non è egli ancor nona;
 E vedi ed odi l' assignuol che canta,
 Più bel ve', più bel ve'.
 Io sento e non so che;
 E dov' è, e dov' è?
 In quel cespuglio.
 Ognuna qui picchia, tocca, e ritocca:
 Mentre lo busso cresce,
 Una gran serpe n' esce.
 O me trista! o me lassa! o me! o me!
 Gridan fuggendo di paura piene,
 Ed ecco che una folta pioggia viene.
 Timidetta quell' una e l'altra urtando,
 Stridendo, la divanza, via fuggendo,
 E gridando, qual sdrucchiola, qual cade.
 Per caso l'una appone lo ginocchio
 Là ve seggea lo frettoloso piede,
 E la mano e le veste:
 Quella di fango lorda ne diviene,
 Quella di più calpeste:

to our little work to lay them before the reader. A volume of the *Indicator* will thus contain some of the best morsels of literature. In the *Paradiso Italiano*, it is doubted whether the present poem is to be assigned to Franco Sacchetti, or to Ugolin Ubaldini, who according to the editor is the same as the Ubaldin de la Pila mentioned among the gluttons in the 24th Book of Dante's *Purgatory*. If so, he was not so likely to forget himself among the fields, as Sacchetti; but whether he be the same person or not, the poem answers so well to the latter's character, that it was most probably his production. He is another instance, to be added to some of the most illustrious names, of the triumph of a genial imagination, and a rich indifference to riches, over a life of business, politics, and even honours. Franco Sacchetti, a Florentine, says Mr. Danlop, (*History of Fiction*, Vol. 2. p. 305.) "was born in 1335, and died about the year 1410. He was a poet in his youth, and travelled to Slavonia and other countries, to attend to some mercantile concerns. As he advanced in years, he was raised to a distinguished rank in the Magistracy of Florence; he became *podestà* of Faenza and other places, and at length governor of a Florentine province in the Romagna. Notwithstanding his honours he lived and died poor, but is said to have been a good-humoured facetious man. He left an immense collection of sonnets and canzone, some of which have been lost, and others are still in M.S."—We should be exceedingly gratified by the sight of any of his poems that may happen to be in print.

Cio ch' an colto ir si lassa,
 Ne put s' apprezza, e per bosco si spande.
 De' fiori a terra vanno le ghirlande,
 Nè si sdimette pure unquanto il corso.
 In cotal fuga a repetute note
 Tiensi beata, chi più correr potete.
 Sì fiso stetti il dì ch' io le mirai,
 Ch' io non m' avvidi, e tutto mi bagnai.

Walking and musing in a wood, I saw
 Some ladies gathering flowers, now this, now t'other,
 And crying in delight to one another,
 "Look here, look here: what's this? a fleur-de-lis.
 Oh—get some violets there:
 No, no, some roses farther onward there:
 How beautiful they are!
 O me! these thorns do prick so—only see:—
 Not that; the other; reach it me.
 Hallo, hallo! What is it leaping so?
 A grasshopper, a grasshopper.
 Come here, come here now, quickly,
 The rampions grow so thickly:
 No; they're not rampions.
 Yes, they are:—Anna, Beatrice, or Lisa,
 Come here, come here for mushrooms just a bit!
 There, there's the bejony—you're treading it.
 We shall be caught, the weather's going to change:
 See, see; it lightens—hush—and there's the thunder.
 Was that the bell for vespers too, I wonder?
 Why, you faint-hearted thing, it isn't noon:
 It was the nightingale—I know his tune—
 There's something stirring there!
 Where, where?
 There, in the bushes."
 Here every lady pokes, and peeps, and pushes;
 When suddenly, in middle of the rout,
 A great large snake comes out.
 "O lord! O lord! Good heavens! O me! O me!"
 And off they go, scampering with all their power,
 While from above, down comes a pelting shower.
 Frightened, and scrambling, jolting one another,
 They shriek, they run, they slide: the foot of one
 Catches her gown, and where the foot should be
 Down goes the knee,
 And hands, and clothes, and all; some stumble on,
 Brushing the hard earth off, and some the mud.
 What they plucked, so glad and heaping,
 Now becomes not worth their keeping.
 Off it squirms, leaf, root, and flower;
 Yet not the less for that they scream and scower,
 In such a passage, happiest she
 Who plies her notes most rapidly.
 So fixed I stood, gazing at that fair set,
 That I forgot the shower, and dripped with wet.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard,

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 9d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth sie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXIX.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26th, 1820.

MAY-DAY.

ON Monday next is May-Morning;—a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love, and hilarity; in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of nature, and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

Now the bright Morning-Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

These songs were stopped by Milton's own friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he again differed with, most likely on these very points among others. But till then, they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honour of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had undoubtedly; and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away*.

* The great May holiday observed over the West of Europe was known for centuries, up to a late period, under the name of the Beltein or Beltane. Such a number of etymologies, all perplexingly probable, have been found for this word, that we have been surprised to miss among them that of Bel-temps, the Fine Time or Season. Thus Printemps, the First Time or Prime Season, is the Spring.

The homage, which was paid to the Month of Love and Flowers, may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual. The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards. On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes," says Bourne, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, has detailed the circumstances, in a style like a rustic dance.

Young folke now flocken in—every where
To gather May-busquets*—and smelling brere;
And home they hasten—the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pillours—eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds—and sweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roses—and soppes in wine.
* * * * *

Sicker this morowe, no longer agoe,
I saw a shole of shepherds outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere;
Before them yodet† a lustie tabrerer‡,
That to the many a hornpipe played,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see these folks make such jovisaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho§ to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall,
And home they bringen, in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his queen attone||
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare.

The day was past in sociality and manly sports;—in archery, and running, and pitching the bar,—in dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon all the country-dainties in season. It closed with an award of prizes.

As I have seen the Lady of the May,
Set in an arbour (on a holyday)
Built by the Maypole, where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,

* *Busquets—Bosquets*—Bushes,—from *Boschetti, Ital.*

† *Yode, Went.*

‡ *Tabrexe, a Tabourer.*

§ *Tho, Then.*

|| *Attone, At once—With him.*

And for their well performance soon disposes,
 To this a garland interwove with roses,
 To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;
 To one her garter, to another then
 A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
 And none returneth empty, that hath spent
 His pains to fill their rural merriment.*

Among the gentry and at court the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the time thought they shewed both their manliness and wisdom, in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sydney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age, is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
 Sweet without soure, and honey without gall;
 And he himself seemed made for merriment,
 Merrily masking both in bowre and hall.
 There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
 When Astrophel soever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet;
 Amongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
 As somer's lark that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth coming from the East.
 And layes of love he also could compose;
 Thirise happie she, whom he to praise did choose.

Astrophel, St. 5.

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

This maiden, in a morn betime,
 Went forth when May was in the prime
 To get sweet setywall,
 The honey-suckle, the harlock,
 The lily, and the lady-smock,
 To deck her summer-hall.

Drayton's Pastorals, Eclog. 4.

* *Britannia's Pastorals*, by William Browne. Song the 4th. Browne, like his friend Wither, from whom we quoted a passage last week, wanted strength and the power of selection; though not to such an extent. He is however well worth reading by those who can expatiate over a pastoral subject, like a meadowy tract of country; finding out the beautiful spots; and gratified, if not much delighted, with the rest. His genius, which was by no means destitute of the social part of passion, seems to have been turned almost wholly to description by the beauties of his native county Devonshire.

But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his *Palamon and Arcite*. They are the more curious inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to his original, the *Theseide of Boccaccio*, we cannot say; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that very rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a *rifacimento* or re-modelling, as in the instance of Boiardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign countries. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so; and we may venture to say, that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core, as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still, from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the *Theseide* to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite* be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so; for it was a large epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such a honey could be drawn.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the lady. How she sparkles through the antiquity of the language, like a young beauty in an old hood!

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day
Till it felle ones in a morowe of May,
That Emelie—

But we will alter the spelling where we can, as in a former instance, merely to let the reader see what a notion is in his way, if he suffers the look of Chaucer's words to prevent his enjoying him.

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fall once, in a morrow of May,
That Emily, that fairer was to eene
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
And fresher than the May with flowers new,
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue;
I n'ot which was the finer of them two)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen and all ready dight,
For May will have no sluggardly a-night:
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith "Arise, and do thine observance."
This maketh Emily have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise.
Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise;
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yard* long I guess;
And in the garden, at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down, where as her list;

* These additional syllables are to be read slightly, like the *e* in French verse.

She gathereth flowers, partly white and red,
 To make a subtle garland for her head;
 And as an angel, heavenly she sung.
 The great tower, that was so thick and strong,
 Which of the castle was the chief dungeon,
 (Where as these knights weren in prison,
 Of which I toldè you, and tellen shall)
 Was even joinant to the garden wall,
 There as this Emily had her playing.
 Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning—

[How finely, to our ears at least, the second line of the couplet always rises up from this full stop at the first !]

Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning,
 And Palamon, this woeſul prisoner,
 As was his wont, by leave of his jailèr,
 Was riſen, and roamèd in a chamber on high,
 In which he all the noble city ſigh*,
 And eke the garden, full of branches green,
 There as this freſh Emilia the ſheen†
 Was in her walk, and roamèd up and down.

Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Dryden ſays upon the paſſage before us, and Dryden's verſion of it, that "the modern muſt yield the palm to the ancient, in ſpite of the beauty of his verſification." We quote from memory; but this is the ſubſtance of his words. For our parts, we quite agree with them, as to the conſignment of the palm, but not as to the exception about the verſification. With ſome allowance as to our preſent mode of accentuation, it appears to us to be touched with a finer ſenſe of muſic even than Dryden's. It is more delicate, without any inferiority in ſtrength; and ſtill more various. At the ſame time, we do not quote Sir Walter for the purpoſe of differing with him. We would only ſhew the more fashionable part of our readers, what their favourite writer thinks of Chaucer; and we would alſo take another opportunity of contrasting ſome opinions of ours, exaggerated by party feeling and a young thoughtleſſneſs, when Sir Walter wrote nothing but criticism and poetry, with our ſenſe of his extraordinary merits as a noveliſt. But more of theſe in another place. Of politics alſo we ſay nothing here. There ought to be ſome places in the world of letters, where men's thoughts of each other, like the knights of old, may

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.

But now to our other portrait. It is as ſparkling with young manhood, as the former is with a gentler freſhneſs. What a buſt of radiant joy is in the ſecond couplet; what a vital quickneſs in the comparison of the horſe, "ſtarting as the fire;" and what a native and happy caſe in the concluſion!

* Saw.

† The ſhining.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluweth* in her song the morrow gray;
 And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
 That all the orient laugheth of the sight;
 And with his streamers drieth in the greves †
 The silver droppes hanging in the leaves;
 And Arcite, that is in the court real ‡
 With Theseus the squier principal,
 Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
 And for to do his observance to May,
 Remembring on the point of his desire,
 He on the courser, starting as the fire,
 Is ridden to the fieldes him to play,
 Out of the Court, were it a mile or tway:
 And to the grove, of which that I you told,
 By aventure his way he gan to hold,
 To maken him a garland of the greves,
 Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leaves,
 And loud he sung against the sunny sheen:
 "O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
 Right welcome be thou, faire freshè May:
 I hope that I some green here getten may."
 And from his courser, with a lusty heart,
 Into the grove full hastily he start,
 And in a path he roamed up and down.

The versification of this is not so striking as the other, but Dryden again falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment. His lines are beautiful; but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face. Here they are. The word morning in the first line, as it is repeated in the second, we are bound to consider as a slip of the pen; perhaps for mounting.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight:
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
 When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
 Observance to the month of merry May:
 Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
 That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
 At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
 Turned only to the grove his horses' reins,
 The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
 A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
 Then turned his face against the rising day,
 And raised his voice to welcome in the May;
 "For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the year:
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
 When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
 So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
 Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,

* Saluteth.

† Groves.

‡ Royal.

As thou shalt guide my wandering steeps to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd.

How poor is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser "with a lusty heart." How inferior the common-place of the "fiery steed," which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's mind, to the courser "starting as the fire;"—how inferior the turning his face to "the rising day" and "raising his voice," to the singing "loud against the sunny sheen;" and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his "wandering steps" and "so may thy tender blossoms" &c. to the call upon the fair fresh May, ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get "some green here;" a touch in the happiest taste of the Italian vivacity. Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes at St. James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May-morning.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with "the flowery spoil;" no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,
O aure o arboscelli o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette, o colli o monti,
O valli o fiumi o fonti o verde rivi,
Palme lauri ed olive, edere e mirti;
O gloriosi spirti de gli boschi;
O Eco, o antri foschi o chiare linfe,
O faretrate ninfe o agresti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani, o Fauni e Driadi,
Naiadi ed Amadriadi, o Semidee,
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole.

Sannazzaro.

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers, fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Vallies, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;
And ye who warmed old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.

This time two hundred years ago, our ancestors were all anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasure with the town; then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately it does not follow, that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is help-

The busy lark, the messenger of gains,—all selfish and extravagant* in her song, and to over-do themselves, and to topple And fiery Phœbus, and to over-do themselves, and to topple That all the organised magnitude. The world, as it learns And with him not to confound the means with the end, or at The silly philosophically,) a really poor means with a really And the poorest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantement as a fundholder or a partizan; and health, and and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on; must do so, and necessity; and should do so, for the ends we speak of: but Knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours, looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus; and “the wisest heart of Solomon,” who found every thing vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and “the voice of the turtle,” because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XXX.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 3d, 1820.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

NEXT Friday, making the proper allowance of twelve days from the 23d of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birth-day of Shakspeare. Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in every thing. If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May. Nature will have her with him on her blithest holidays, like her favourite lover.

O thou divine human creature,—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher,—and yet thou wast all three,—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions! They are truly a second nature. We walk in them, with whatever society we please; either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves. Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre. Thou bringest us among the holiday lasses on the green sward; layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer; wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers; bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets; anon, settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments; and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity. Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier. The tears which thou fittest down are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them. Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears.

The birth-days of such men as Shakspeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birthday will be a subject of public rejoicing; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations. The town is lucky enough once more to have a manager who is an enthusiast. If Mr. Elliston would light up the front of his theatre next Friday with the name of Shakspeare, we would warrant him a call from the pit, and whole shouts of acknowledgment.

In the mean time, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakspeare to honour the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written health, as if he were alive. So he is in spirit;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

An outline however may be drawn of the manner, in which such a birth-day might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties. If any of our readers then have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakspeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to walk out; whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature, of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands; the most suitable to the occasion; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much; but to read it, if they read any thing; and to feel that Shakspeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually;—that they had him with them under their arms. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakspeare had neither the vanity, which induces a man to be disgusted with what every body can enjoy; nor on the other hand the involuntary self-degradation, which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abused by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship. About the metropolis therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades. Richmond also was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court; and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were as they

have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions. Nay, without repeating what we said in a former number about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, the Bear's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakspeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birth-day, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery-lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakspeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban-mansion and gardens of his friend Lord Southampton occupied the spot now called Southampton-buildings. It was really a country neighbourhood. The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by, with a bridge over it; and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will equally suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it will be as well for those who can afford wine, to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry-negus. After dinner Shakspeare's volumes will come well on the table; lying among the desert-like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out loud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subjects which Shakspeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower. After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of "Thou soft-flowing Avon." If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by every body's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

The Editor would have dilated on these matters, not so much to recommend what the enthusiasm of the moment will suggest, as to enjoy them with the reader, and have his company, as it were, at an imaginary meeting. But he is too unwell just now to write much, and should have taken the liberty of compiling almost the whole of his present number, could he have denied himself the pleasure of saying a few words on so happy an occasion.

AN UNANSWERABLE REPLY.

For the reason mentioned in the preceding article, we copy the following account, instead of re-writing it. We can do so with the less scruple, inasmuch as the work from which it is taken, Sewall's History

of the Quakers, is little known to readers in general; and indeed the anecdote may well speak for itself. The reader will smile, when we profess to be no Quakers ourselves. There is certainly nothing drab-coloured in our religion, especially during the month of May; but wherever sincerity and kindness come together, there we bow our heads, and take part in the worship. Thomas Lurting, the hero (truly so called) of this story, was a Quaker, at a time when the sect was a positive, enthusiastic thing, referring to the first and best principles of Christianity; not a negation and a dress; satisfied with having all the "good things" of this world, not indeed under the rose, but under the beaver. And yet good negative points are something too, as sects go. It is not unrefreshing to meet with a religion, which has a respect for peace and quietness, and declines knocking us on the head.

Thomas Lurting was mate aboard a Quaker vessel, returning from Venice, in the time of Charles the Second. The vessel had been taken by pirates, and retaken by Lurting. But we retire to a distance, with our hats respectfully kept on, while the worthy Mr. Sewell speaks:—

"The second night after, the captain of the Turks, and one of his company, being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep: and when they were all asleep, he coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men, "Now we have the Turks at our command; no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you; but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca." Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale, that in the morning they were near it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished instead thereof to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men, "Be careful of the door, for when he goes in we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood." The Turk, being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged "that they might not be sold." This the mate promised them, and said, "They should not." And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of the sudden change, and how they had overcome the Turks. Which, when he understood, he told their captain, "That the vessel was now no more in their possession, but in his again; and that they were going for Majorca." At this unexpected news the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being

come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, and left the mate on board with ten Turks. The master having done his business, returned on board, not taking license, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks: but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board; and after some discourse, they told him what they had done, under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take away the Turks. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks to have brought them to England. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he said to Pattison and his mate, "That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight." But they told him, "That if they would give many thousands, they should not have one, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them," the mate said, "he would not have done for the whole island." The other master, then coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and said to them, "Ye must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us." To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea: and the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet generally he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said, "He had more care for the Turks than for them." To which his answer was, "They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well." At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master, "That he thought it best to go to the coasts of Barbary, because they were then like to miss their men of war." To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to, and fro for several days; for in the day-time they were for going to Algiers, but when night came they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

"But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there, but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind, "What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard:" for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them, not to hurt the Turks, and said, "I will lay hold on their captain;" which he did: for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he "must go down," which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him.

Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was yet not resolved upon. The mate saw well enough, that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot also to bring it to an end. He then acquainted the master that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number: and to put one half on shore was no less dangerous; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master, "if he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore." The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropt on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master, "I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me; but trust that all will do well." The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate; and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise, that they should do nothing to the Turks, until he said "he could do no more;" for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives so as they judged convenient. Now since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do any thing which might have exasperated them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible he could. For calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until he had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat; having next to him one of the ship-men, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading knife. These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for the shore. But as they came near it, the men growing afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden, "Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore." The Turks in the boat perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who in this great strait continued to be hearty, shewed himself now to be a man of courage; and bid the men to "take up such arms as they had,

but do nothing with them until he gave them leave." And then seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him, and his courage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man, than to cleave a man's head, and turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore, that they could easily wade, the mate bid the Turks jump out, and so they did; and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves, and other necessaries. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them ashore to a town, promising to treat them with wine, and other good things; but though the mate trusted in Divine Providence, yet he was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto: for though he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation, well knowing that the Scripture saith, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The Turks seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling to keep any thing of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind. Now before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither, and when she was coming up the Thames, the King, with the Duke of York, and several Lords being at Greenwich, it was told him, there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the River that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The King hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and holding the entering-rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth, how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master, "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them;" and to the mate he said, "You should have brought the Turks to me." But the mate answered, "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

(From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.)

Poor *Irus*' faithful Wolf-dog here I lie,
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
 His guide and guard: nor, while my service lasted,
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which
 He now goes picking out his path in fear
 Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reached
 His seat, by some road side, nigh where the tide
 Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed:
 To whom with loud and passionate laments
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed.
 Nor wailed to all in vain: some here and there,
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
 Not all asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
 Pricked up at his least motion—to receive
 At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
 And common portion in his feast of scraps—
 Or when night warned us homewards, tired and spent
 With our long day and tedious beggary.
 These were my manners, this my way of life,
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,
 And severed from my sightless master's side.
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
 This slender tomb of turf hath *Irus* reared,
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
 And with short verse inscribed it to attest,
 In long and lasting union to attest,
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

C. L.

Order received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 3d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with budo curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXI.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 10th, 1820.

ROUSSEAU'S PYGMALION.

We are not aware that this piece of Rousseau's has hitherto appeared in English. It is a favourite in France, and very naturally so, on all accounts. To our countrymen there will perhaps appear to be something, in parts of it, too declamatory and full of ejaculation; and it must be confessed, that if the story alone is to be considered, the illustrious author has committed one great fault, which was hardly to be expected of him; and that is, that he has not made the sentiment sufficiently prominent. The original story, though spoiled by the rake Ovid, informs us, that Pygmalion with all his warmth towards the sex was so disgusted at the manners of his countrywomen, that instead of going any longer into their society, he preferred making images, in his own mind, and with his chisel, of what a woman ought to be; informing her looks, of course, with sentiment and kindness, as well as with the more ordinary attractions. It appears to us, therefore, that instead of making him fall in love, almost out of vanity, as Rousseau has done, it might have been better, in the abstract point of view above mentioned, to represent him fashioning the likeness of a creature after his own heart, lying and looking at it with a yearning wish that he could have met with such a living being, and at last, while indulging his imagination with talking to her, making him lay his hand upon hers; and finding it warm. The rest is, in every respect, exquisitely managed by Rousseau. But now we must observe, that while the charge of a certain prevailing air of insincerity over the French style in these matters, appears just in most instances, a greater confidence is to be put in the enthusiasm of the Genevese; for he was a kind of Pygmalion himself, disgusted with this world, and perpetually yet hopelessly endeavouring to realize the dreams of his imagination. This, after all, is perhaps the most touching thing in his performance. Pygmalion's self predominates over the idea of his mistress, because the author's self pressed upon him while he wrote. The only actual difference between the fabulous solitary and the real one, was, unfortunately, that Pygmalion seems to have been willing enough to be contented, had he found a mistress that deserved him; whereas Rousseau, when he was really beloved, and even thought himself so, was sure to be made the ruin of his own comfort; partly by a distrustful morbidity of temperament, and partly perhaps by a fastidious metaphysical subtlety, which turned his eye with a painful sharpness, upon the

defects instead of humanities of his fellow-creatures, and made the individual answer for the whole mass.

THE SCENE represents a Sculptor's work-shop, in which are several blocks of marble, sculptured groups, and sketches of statues. In the midst of these is another statue, concealed under a drapery of a light and shining stuff, ornamented with fringes and garlands.

Pygmalion is sitting, supporting his head with his hand, in the attitude of a man who is uneasy and melancholy. On a sudden he rises; and taking one of his tools from a table, gives some strokes of the chisel to several of the sketches; then turns from them, and looks about him with an air of discontent.

Pygmalion. There is neither life nor soul in it; it is but a mere stone. I shall never do any thing with all this.

Oh, my genius, where art thou? What is become of thee? All thy fire is extinguished, my imagination is frozen; the marble comes cold from my hands.

Make no more gods, Pygmalion: you are but a common artist—Ye vile instruments, no longer instruments of my glory, ye shall dishonour my hands no more.

(He throws away his tools with disdain, and walks about with his arms crossed, as in meditation.)

What am I become? What strange revolution has taken place in me?—Tyre, proud and opulent city, your illustrious monuments of art, no longer attract me. I have lost my taste for them. All intercourse with artists and philosophers has become insipid to me: the society of painters and poets, has no attraction for me; praise and renown have ceased to elevate me; the approbation of posterity has no interest for me; even friendship has to me lost all her charms.

And you, young masterpieces of nature, whom my art has presumed to imitate, you, in whose train the pleasures ever led me, you, my charming models, who consumed me at once with the flames of love and genius,—since I have surpassed you, you are all become indifferent to me.

(He seats himself, and contemplates the figures around him.)

Detained in this room by an inconceivable charm, I know not what to do here, and yet I cannot leave it. I wander from group to group, from figure to figure, my weak and uncertain chisel no longer acknowledging its master. These rude sketches are left untouched by the hand which should have given them life and beauty.

(He rises impetuously.)

It is over, it is over: I have lost my genius! So young—and yet I have survived it!

And what then is this internal ardour which consumes me? What is this fire which devours me? Why in the language of extinguished genius, should I feel these emotions, these bursts of impetuous passion, this insatiable restlessness, this secret agitation which torments me? I know not: I feel the admiration of my own work has been the cause of this distraction: I have concealed it under this veil—my profane hands have ventured to cover this monument of their glory. Since I have ceased to behold it, I have become more melancholy and absent.

How dear, how precious, this immortal work will be to me! If my exhausted mind shall never more produce any thing grand, beautiful, worthy of me, I will point to my Galatea, and say, "There is my work." Oh my Galatea! when I shall have lost all else, do thou alone remain to me, and I shall be consoled.

(He approaches the veiled statue; draws back; goes, comes; stops sometimes to look at it, and sighs.)

But why conceal it? What do I gain by that? Reduced to idleness, why refuse myself the pleasure of contemplating the finest of my works?—Perhaps there may yet be some defect which I have not perceived; perhaps I might yet add some ornament to the drapery: no imaginable grace should be wanting to so charming an object. Perhaps the contemplation of this figure may re-animate my languishing imagination. I must see her again; I must examine my work. What do I say? Yes; I have never yet examined it; hitherto I have only admired her.

(He goes to raise the veil, and lets it fall, as if alarmed.)

I know not what emotion seizes me when I touch this veil: I feel a tremor, as though I were touching the sanctuary of some divinity.—Pygmalion, it is but a stone; it is thine own work.—What can it mean? In our temples, they serve gods made of the same material, and formed by the same hand as this.

(He raises the veil trembling, and prostrates himself before the statue of Galatea, which is seen placed on a pedestal, raised by semicircular steps of marble.)

Oh, Galatea! receive my homage. I have deceived myself; I thought to make you a nymph, and I have made you a goddess. Even Venus herself is less beautiful.

O vanity, human weakness! I am never weary of admiring my own work; I am intoxicated with self-love; I adore myself in that which I have made—No, never was there any thing in nature so beautiful; I have surpassed the work of the Gods—What! so many beauties formed by my hands; my hands then have touched them; my mouth has—~~has~~—I see a defect. This drapery too much conceals it. I must slope it away more; the charms which it shades should be more displayed.

(He takes his mallet and chisel, and, advancing slowly, begins with much hesitation to ascend the steps towards the statue, which it seems he dares not touch. He raises the chisel, he stops.)

What is this trouble—this trembling? I hold the chisel with a feeble hand—I cannot—I dare not—I shall spoil every thing.

(He endeavours to conquer his trouble, and at last raising the chisel again, makes one stroke and lets it fall, with a loud cry.)

Gods! I feel the quivering flesh repel the chisel!

(He descends, trembling and confused.)

—Vain terror, blind folly!—No—I will not touch her—the Gods affright me. Doubtless she is already deified.

(He contemplates her again.)

What would you change, Pygmalion? Look! what new charms can you give her? Alas! her only fault is her perfection.—Divine Galatea! less perfect, nothing would be wanting to thee.

(Tenderly.)

Yet a soul is wanting. That figure should not be without a soul.

(With still increasing tenderness.)

How fine should be the soul to animate that body!

(He stops a long time: then returns to his seat, and speaks with a slow and changed voice.)

What desires have I dared to form? What senseless wishes! What is this I feel—Oh heaven! the illusion vanishes, and I dare not look into my heart. I should have too much to reproach myself with.

(He pauses a long time, in profound melancholy.)

This then is the noble passion which distracts me! It is on account of this inanimate figure, that I dare not go out of this spot!—A figure of marble!—A stone!—A hard and unformed mass, until worked with this iron!—Madman, recover thyself, see thine error, groan for thy folly—But no—

(Impetuously.)

No, I have not lost my reason; no, I am not wandering; I reproach myself with nothing. It is not of this marble that I am enamoured; it is of a living being whom it resembles; the figure which it presents to my eyes. Wherever this adorable form may be, whatever body may bear it, whatever hand may have made it, she will have all the vows of my heart. Yes, my only folly is in the power of discerning beauty; my only crime is being sensible to it. There is nothing in this I ought to blush for.

(Less lively, but always with passion.)

What arrows of fire seem to issue from this object to burn my senses, and to carry away my soul unto their source! Alas! she remains immovable and cold, while my heart, consumed by her charms, longs to quit my own body to give warmth to her's. I imagine in my delirium that I could spring from myself, that I could give to her my life, that I could animate her with my soul. Ah, let Pygmalion die, to live in Galatea!—What do I say, O heaven? If I were she, I should no longer see her; I should not be he that loves her!—No, let my Galatea live; but let not me become Galatea. Oh! let me always be another, always wish her to be herself, to love her, to be beloved—

(Transported.)

Torments, vows, desires, impotent rage, terrible, fatal love—Oh! all hell is in my agitated heart—Powerful, beneficent Gods!—Gods of the people, who know the passions of men, ah, how many miracles have you done for small causes! Behold this object, look into my heart, be just, and deserve your altars!

(With a more pathetic enthusiasm.)

And thou, sublime essence, who concealing thyself from the senses, art felt in the heart of men, soul of the universe, principle of all existence, thou who by love givest harmony to the elements, life to matter, feeling to bodies, and form to all beings; sacred fire, celestial Venus, by whom every thing is preserved, and unceasingly re-produced! Ah, where is thy equalizing justice? Where is thy expansive power? Where is the law of nature in the sentiment I experience? Where is thy vivifying warmth in the inanity of my vain desires? All thy flames are concentrated in my heart, and the coldness of death remains upon

this marble; I perish by the excess of life which this figure waits. Alas! I expect no prodigy; already one exists, and ought to cease; order is disturbed, nature is outraged; restore to her laws their empire, re-establish her beneficent course, and equally shed thy divine influence. Yes, two beings are left out of the plenitude of things. Divide between them that devouring ardour which consumes the one without animating the other. It is thou who hast formed by my hand these charms, and these features, which want but life and feeling. Give to her the half of mine. Give all, if it be necessary. It shall suffice me to live in her. Oh thou! who deignest to smile upon the homage of mortals, this being who feels nothing, honours thee not. Extend thy glory with thy works. Goddess of beauty, spare this affront to nature, that a form so perfect should be an image of which there is no living model!

(He gradually re-approaches the statue with an air of confidence and joy.)

I resume my senses. What an unexpected calm! What unhopcd courage re-animates me! A mortal fever burned my blood, a balm of confidence and hope flows in my veins, and I feel a new life. Thus the sense of our dependence sometimes becomes our consolation. However unhappy mortals may be, when they have invoked the Gods, they are more tranquil—And yet this unjust confidence deceives those who form senseless wishes.—Alas! in the condition I am in, we call upon every one, and no one hears us; the hope which deceives is more senseless than the desire.

Ashamed of so many follies, I dare no more to contemplate the cause of them. When I wish to raise my eyes towards this fatal object, I feel a new trouble, a sudden palpitation takes my breath, a secret tremor stops me—

(With bitter irony.)

Oh, look, poor soul! summon courage enough to dare behold a statue.

(He sees it become animated, and turns away with alarm; his heart oppressed with grief.)

What have I seen? Gods! what have I imagined that I saw? A colour on the flesh, a fire in the eyes, even movement—It was not enough to hope for a miracle; to complete my misery, at last I have seen—

(With expressive melancholy.)

Unhappy creature, all is over with thee—thy delirium is at it's height—thy reason as well as thy genius abandons thee. Regret it not, Pygmalion, for the loss will conceal thy shame.

(With indignation.)

The lover of a stone is too happy in becoming a visionary.

(He turns again, and sees the statue move and descend the steps in front of the pedestal. He falls on his knees, and raises his hands and eyes towards heaven.)

Immortal Gods! Venus, Galatea! Oh, illusion of a furious love!

(Galatea touches herself, and says)—Me!

(Pygmalion transported)—Me!

(Galatea touching herself again)—It is myself.

(Pygmalion)—Ravishing illusion, which even reaches my ears! Oh, never, never abandon me.

(Galatea moves towards another figure and touches it)—Not myself.

(Pygmalion in an agitation, in transports which he can with difficulty restrain, follows all her movements, listens to her, observes her with a covetous attention, which scarcely allows him to breathe. Galatea advances and looks at him; he rises hastily, extends his arms, and looks at her with delight. She lays her hand on his arm; he trembles; takes the hand, presses it to his heart, and covers it with ardent kisses.)

(Galatea, with a sigh)—Ah! it is I again.

(Pygmalion)—Yes, dear and charming object—thou worthy master-piece of my hands, of my heart, and of the Gods! It is thou, it is thou alone—I have given thee all my being—henceforth I will live but for thee.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Among the pieces printed at the end of Chaucer's works, and attributed to him, is a translation, under this title, of a poem of the celebrated Alain Chartier, Secretary to Charles the Sixth and Seventh. It was the title which suggested to a friend the verses at the end of our present number. We wish Alain could have seen them. He would have found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to *La Belle Dame Agnes Sorel*, who was however not *Sans Mercy*. The union of the imaginative and the real is very striking throughout, particularly in the dream. The wild gentleness of the rest of the thoughts and of the music are alike old; and they are also alike young; for love and imagination are always young, let them bring with them what times and accompaniments they may. If we take real flesh and blood with us, we may throw ourselves, on the facile wings of our sympathy, into what age we please. It is only by trying to feel, as well as to fancy, through the medium of a costume, that writers become mere fleshless masks and cloaks,—things like the trophies of the ancients, when they hung up the empty armour of an enemy. A hopeless lover would still feel these verses, in spite of the introduction of something unearthly. Indeed any lover, truly touched, or any body capable of being so, will feel them; because love itself resembles a visitation; and the kindest looks, which bring with them an inevitable portion of happiness because they seem happy themselves, haunt us with a spell-like power, which makes us shudder to guess at the sufferings of those who can be fascinated by unkind ones.

People however need not be much alarmed at the thought of such sufferings now-a-days; not at least in some countries. Since the time when ladies, and cavaliers, and poets, and the lovers of nature, felt that humanity was a high and not a mean thing, love in general has become either a grossness or a formality. The modern systems of morals would ostensibly divide women into two classes, those who have no charity, and those who have no restraint; while men,

poorly conversant with the latter, and rendered indifferent to the former, acquire bad ideas of both. Instead of the worship of Love, we have the worship of Mammon; and all the difference we can see between the sufferings attending on either is, that the sufferings from the worship of Love exalt and humanize us; and those from the worship of Mammon debase and brutalize. Between the delights there is no comparison.—Still our uneasiness keeps our knowledge going on.

A word or two more of Alain Chartier's poem. "M. Aleyn," saith the argument, "secretary to the king of France, framed this dialogue between a gentleman and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand, dieth for sorrow." We know not in what year Chartier was born; but he must have lived to a good age, and written this poem in his youth, if Chaucer translated it; for he died in 1449, and Chaucer, an old man, in 1400. The beginning however, as well as the goodness of the version, looks as if our countryman had done it; for he speaks of the translation's having been enjoined him by way of penance; and the Legend of Good Women was the result of a similar injunction, in consequence of his having written some stories not so much to the credit of the sex! He,—who as he represents, had written infinite things in their praise! But the Court-ladies, it seems, did not relish the story of Troilus and Cressida. The exordium, which the translator has added, is quite in our poet's manner. He says, that he rose one day, not well awaked; and thinking how he should best enter upon his task, he took one of his morning walks,

Till I came to a lusty green valley
Full of flowers, to see a great pleasaunce;
And so, boldly, (with their benign sufferance
Which read this book, touching this matiere)
Thus I began, if it please you to hear.

Master Aleyn's dialogue, which is very long, will not have much interest except for those who are in the situation of his lover and belle Dame; but his introduction of it, his account of his riding abroad, thinking of his lost mistress,—his hearing music in a garden, and being pressed by some friends who saw him to come in,—is all extremely lively and natural. At his entrance, the ladies, "every one by one," bade him welcome "a great deal more than he was worthy." They are waited upon, at their repast, not by "deadly servants," but by gentlemen and lovers; of one of whom he proceeds to give a capital picture.

Among all other, one I gan espy,
Which in great thought ful often came and went,
As one that had been ravished utterly:
In his language not greatly diligent,
His countenance he kept with great torment,
But his desire furte passed his reason,
For ever his eye went after his entent,
Full many a time, when it was no season.

To make chere, sore himselfe he pained,
And outwardly he fained great gladnesse;
To sing also, by force he was constrained,
For no pleasaunce, but very shamefastnesse;
For the complaint of his most heavynesse
Came to his voice.

But to return to our other Belle Dame.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a Lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A fairy's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried, "La belle Dame sans mercy
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

CAVIARE.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
BRANNE.

No. XXXII.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 17th, 1820.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW—MEN WEDDED TO BOOKS—THE CONTEST BETWEEN THE NIGHTINGALE AND MUSICIAN.

WE have often had occasion to think of the exclamation of that ingenious saint, who upon reading a fine author, cried out "Pereant male qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!"—"Deuce take those who have said our good things before us!"—Now, without mentioning the extendibility (we are writing in high spirits, early on a fine morning, and cannot stop to find a better word)—without mentioning the extendibility of this judicious imprecation to deeds, as, "Deuce take those who have anticipated our exploits;" or to possessions, as "Confound those fellows that ride in our coaches and eat our asparagus;—we cannot help thinking the phrase particularly applicable to those who have read our authors—"Plague take those who anticipate our articles,—who quote our highly-interesting passages out of old books."

Here is a Retrospective Review set up, which with an alarming precision of prepositions undertakes to make "Criticisms upon, Analyses of, and Extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable Books in all Languages, that have been published from the Revival of Literature to the Commencement of the Present Century:"—And what is very inconsiderate, it performs all this, and more. Its criticisms are of a very uncritical kind; deep and well-tempered. If can afford to let other people have their merits. Proud of the literature of past ages, it is nevertheless not at all contemptuous of the present; and even in reading a lecture to modern critics, as it does admirably in its Second Number in an article on the once formidable John Dennis, it expostulates in so genial and informing a spirit, that he must be a very far-gone critical old woman indeed, who does not feel inclined to leave off the brandy-drinking of abuse,—the pin-sticking of grudging absurdity. It is extremely pleasant to see it travelling in this way over so wide a range of literature, warming as well as penetrating as it goes, with a sunny eye,—now fetching out the remotest fields, and anon driving the shadows before it and falling in kindly lustre upon ourselves. The highest compliment that we can pay it, or indeed any other work, is to say, that the enthusiasm is young, and the knowledge old;—a rare, a wise, and a delightful combination.

It is lucky for us that we happened to speak of this work in another publication, the very day before the appearance of the second number; for the latter contained a very kind mention of the little work now

before the reader ; and thus our present notice might have been laid to the account of a vanity, which however gratified, is not the cause of it. The value of praise as well as rebuke does indeed depend upon the nature of the persons from whom it comes ; and it is as difficult not to be delighted with panegyric from some, as it is easy to be indifferent to it, or even pained by it, from others. But when we confess our pleasure in this instance, we can say with equal truth, that all our feelings and hopes being identified with the cause of what we think good and kind, our very self-love becomes identified with it ; and we would consent to undergo the horrible moment of annihilation and oblivion the next instant, could we be assured that the world would be as happy as we were unremembered. And yet what a Yes ! would that be !

But to get from under the imagination of this crush of our being, and emerge into the lightness and pleurability of life,—it was very hard of the Retrospective Review, that while it praised us, it should pick our intentional pockets of an extract we had long thought of making from an old poet. We allude to the poem called Music's Duel from Crashaw. Here the feelings expressed at the head of our paper come over us again. It has been said of fond students that they were "wedded to their books." We have even heard of ladies who have been jealous of an over-seductive duodecimo ; as perhaps they might, if every literary husband or lover were like the collegian in Chaucer, who would rather have

At his bed's head,
A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltry.

And yet we feel that we could very well like them too at the bed's head, without at all diminishing our regard for what should be at the bed's heart. We could sleep under them as under a bower of imaginations. We are one of those who like to have a book behind one's pillow, even though we know we shall not touch it. It is like having all our treasures at hand.

But if people are to be wedded to their books, it is hard that under our present moral dispensations, they are not to be allowed the usual exclusive privileges of marriage. A friend thinks no more of borrowing a book now-a-days, than a Roman did of borrowing a man's wife ; and what is worse, we are so far gone in our immoral notions on this subject, that we even lend it as easily as Cato did his spouse. Now what a happy thing ought it not to be to have exclusive possession of a book,—one's Shakspeare for instance ; for the finer the wedded work, the more anxious of course we should be, that it should give nobody happiness but ourselves. Think of the pleasure not only of being with it in general, of having by far the greater part of it's company, but of having it entirely to one's self ; of always saying internally, "It is my property ;" of seeing it well-dressed in "black or red," purely to please one's own eyes ; of wondering how any fellow could be so impudent as to propose borrowing it for an evening ; of being at once

proud of his admiration, and pretty certain that it was in vain; of the excitement nevertheless of being a little uneasy whenever we saw him approach it too nearly; of wishing that it could give him a cuff of the cheek with one of its beautiful boards, for presuming to like its beauties as well as ourselves; of liking other people's books, but not at all thinking it proper that they should like our's; of getting perhaps indifferent to it, and then comforting ourselves with the reflection that others are not so, though to no purpose; in short, of all the mixed transport and anxiety to which the exclusiveness of the book-wedded state would be liable; not to mention the impossibility of other people's having any literary offspring from our fair unique, and consequently of the danger of loving any compilations but our own. Really if we could burn all other copies of our originals, as the Roman Emperor once thought of destroying Homer, this system would be worth thinking of. If we had a good library, we should be in the situation of the Turks with their seraglios, which are a great improvement upon our petty exclusivenesses. Nobody could then touch our Shakspeare, our Spenser, our Chaucer, our Greek and Italian writers. People might say, "Those are the walls of the library!" and "sigh, and look, and sigh again;" but they should never get in. No Retro-spective rake should anticipate our privileges of quotation. Our Mary Woolstonecrafts and our Madame de Staels,—no one should know how finely they were lettered,—what soul there was in their disquisitions. We once had a glimpse of the feelings, which people would have on these occasions. It was in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The keeper of it was from home; and not being able to get a sight of the Manuscript of Milton's *Comus*, we were obliged to content ourselves with looking through a wire work, a kind of safe, towards the shelf on which it reposed. How we winked, and yearned, and imagined we saw a corner of the all-precious sheets, to no purpose! The feelings were not very pleasant, it is true; but then as long as they were confined to others, they would of course only add to our satisfaction.

But to come to our extract; for not being quite recovered yet from our late ill-health, we mean to avail ourselves of it still. It is remarkable, as the Reviewer has observed, for "a wonderful power over the resources of our language." The original is in the *Prolusions* of Strada, where it is put into the mouth of the celebrated Castiglione, as an imitation of the style of Claudian. From all that we recollect of that florid poet, the imitation, to say the least of it, is quite as good as any thing in himself. Indeed, as a description of the niceties of a musical performance, we remember nothing in him that can come up to it. But what will astonish the reader, in addition to the exquisite tact with which Strada is rendered by the translator, is his having trebled the whole description, and with an equal minuteness in his exuberance. We cannot stop to enter into the detail of the enjoyment, as we would; and indeed we should not know perhaps how to express our sense of it but by repeating his masterly niceties about the "clear unwrinkled song," the "warbling doubt of

dallying sweetness," the "ever-bubbling spring," the kindling of the bird's

"soft voice
"In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,"

the "quavering coyness" with which the musician "tastes the strings," the "surges of swoln rhapsodies," the "full-mouthed diapason swallowing all;" and in short, the whole "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of masterly playing, from it's lordly sweep over the full instrument to the "capering cheerfulness" of a guitar accompaniment. The man of letters will admire the power of language; and to the musician and other lovers of music we are sure we are affording a great treat. Numbers of them will never have found their sensations so well analyzed before. Part of the poetry, it is true, is in a false and overcharged taste; but in general the exuberance is as true as it is surprising, for the subject is exuberant and requires it.

We should observe, before the concert begins, that Castiglione is represented by Strada as having been present at this extraordinary duel himself; and however fabulous this may seem, there is a letter extant from Bartolomeo Ricci to Giambattista Pigna, cotemporaries of Tasso, in which he says, that Antoniano, a celebrated improvisatore of those times, playing on the lute after a rural dinner which the writer had given to his friends, provoked a nightingale to contend with him in the same manner. Dr. Black, in his *Life of Tasso*, by way of note upon this letter, quotes a passage from Sir William Jones, strongly corroborating such stories: and indeed, when we know what parrots and other birds can do, especially in imitating and answering each other, and hear the extravagant reports to which the powers of the nightingale have given rise, such as the story of an actual dialogue in Buffon, we can easily imagine that the groundwork of the relation may not be a mere fable. "An intelligent Persian," says Sir William, "declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated Lutanist, surnamed Bulbul (the nightingale), was playing to a large company in a grove near Schiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change in the mode."

MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring woods;
(The sweet inhabitants of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she)
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report: and mould the same

In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good :
 The man perceiv'd his rival and her art,
 Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the light to come
 Informs it, in a sweet præludium
 Of closer strains; and ere the war begin,
 He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charg'd with a flying touch: and straightway she
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
 And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know
 By that *shrill taste*, she could do something too.

His nimble hands instinct then taught each string
A capring cheerfulness, and made them sing
 To their own dance; now *negligently rash*
 He throws his arm, and *with a long drawn dash*
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
 From this to that; then quick returning skips
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.
 She measures every measure, every where
 Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt,
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
 With tender accents, and *saverely* joint it
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He amaz'd
 That from so small a channel should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voice, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Strains higher yet; that tickled with rare art
 The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
 In surly groans disdains the trebles grace;
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger (moderator) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
 Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the trumpets call
 Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
 She gives him back; *her supple breast thrills out*
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song;
 Then starts she suddenly into a *throng*
Of short thick sobe, whose thundering volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
 Music's best seed-plot, where, in ripen'd airs,
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
 Which there reciprocally laboreth
 In that sweet soil, it seems a holy choir
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,

Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweep-lipp'd angel-imps, that swell their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their mattens sing :
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay
 Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day!
There you might hear her kindle her soft voice
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
 Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
 Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
 She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
 On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train.
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs; she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
 Her little soul is ravish'd : and so pour'd
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
 Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
 In the musician's face; yet once again
 (Mistress) I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
 But tune a song of victory to me;
 As to thyself, sing thine own obsequy;
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings.
 The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted.
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath : which married to his lyre
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
 In shrill tongu'd accents, striving to be single.
 Every smooth-turn, every delicious stroke
 Give life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln rhapsodies,

Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone:
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
 By a strong ecstacy) through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
 At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers fairest revolution
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
 Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
 She fails, and failing, grieves, and grieving dies.
 She dies: and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute; O fit to have
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

This exquisite story has had another relator in Ford the dramatist, and according to a great authority, a finer one. The passage is very beautiful certainly, especially in the outset about Greece; and if the story is to be taken as a sentiment, it must be allowed to surpass the other; but as an account of the Duel itself, it is assuredly as different as playing is from no playing. Sentiment however completes every thing, and we hope our readers will enjoy with us the concluding from Ford:—

Menaphon. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
 Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
 To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
 Desire of visiting that paradise.
 To Thessaly I came, and living private,
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves,
 And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encounter'd me: I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
 That art and nature ever were at strife in.
Amathus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
 By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve ye.
 A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
 Indeed entranc'd my soul; as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,

Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amst. And so do I; good, on!

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for ev'ry several strain
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to. For a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amst. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly,
For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amst. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears,
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amst. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd and cried:
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end!" and in that sorrow,
As he was pushing it against a tree,
I suddenly slept in.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 10, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2s.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, He tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXIII.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 24th, 1820.

OF STICKS.

AMONG other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity,—such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things and persons sticks. Such and such a one is said to write a stick; and such another is himself called a stick;—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those genteel, jaunty, useful, and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry stick, which is one of the favourite sort. In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primæval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees. In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock, which it is possible may have furnished Haroun Al Raschid with a djereed, or Mahomet with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress's lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methusalem with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very stick; for it was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern tassel now hangs, may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferrel poking in the mud, the tip was growing into the air with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society, in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler; and so are all other sticks used in office, from the baton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tipstaff of a constable in Bow-street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall-market with a piece of candle in his hat and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger; the wands of parishes and governors; the tasselled staff, wherewith the Band-Major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; the White Staff of the Lord Treasurer; the court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the Bishop's Crozier (*Pedum Episcopale*) whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock; and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called Shepherds of the People (*Ποιμεις Λαου*) were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The Vaulting-Staff, a luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which Pilgrims travelled. The Staff and Quarter-Staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war-club. So is the Irish Shilelah, which a friend has well defined to be "a stick with two butt-ends." The originals of all these, that are not extant in our own country, may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilized. The Negro Prince, who asked our countrymen what was said of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shilelahs over their shoulders,—Lord Old Sticks.

But sticks have been great favourites with civilized as well as uncivilized nations; only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick, because he was blind; but we have it on authority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again, if he knew where virtue and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man to a non-plus, he said, "Follow me, and learn;" which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding

on a stick, and asked his visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment, which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepid age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors carried, and which being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate; just as if the King or the Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were. Formerly, we suspect, most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling: for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Marlowe or St. Albans was a thing to make a man write his will. As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles the First's time were a sticked race, as well as the apostolic divines and puritans, who appear to have carried staves because they read of them among the patriarchs. Charles the First, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father, (worthy of such a son), and which as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine. He had been visited by a young lady, who in spite of a stormy evening persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then cried out merrily "Ho-hoy for Heaven!" and put off with his visitor. They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies. Hence the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee which makes such a genteel figure under Mr. Lilly's auspices in the Tatler; and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence a piece, with a twist of it at the end for a handle. The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the Rape of the Lock is

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busy-body of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other, as injuriously, as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute, for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither. Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had "a caning." Which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman, who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by something which a bully might certainly think he might presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir,—I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation in life;—and I am compelled, with great reluctance, to add,"—(here he became still softer and more delicate) "that if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of—caning you." The other treated the thing as a joke; and to the delight of the bye-standers, received a very grave drubbing.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning, in the history of Dr. Johnson. One was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy. Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to regret, that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting,—the part of Scipio by Dr. Johnson,—The other threat was against the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of it's merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick, with which he intended to repel Macpherson.

in case of an assault. Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian;" for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote. When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little tree-less island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it; but the Doctor shook his head. "No, no," said he; "let any body in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, Sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving, are the smooth amber-coloured canes in the possession of old ladies. They have sometimes a gold-head, but oftener a crook of ivory. But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town. The old ladies take the wings of the stage-coaches, and are run away with by John Pullen in a style of infinite convenience. The other sticks in use are for the most part of cherry, oak, and crab, and seldom adorned with more than a leathern tassel: often with nothing. Bamboo and other canes do not abound as might be expected from our intercourse with India: but commerce, in this as in other respects, has overshot it's mark. People cannot afford to use sticks, any more than bees could in their hives. Of the common sabbatical cane we have already spoken. There is a very sufficing little manual, equally light and lissom, yclept an ebony switch; but we have not seen it often.

That sticks however are not to be despised by the leisurely, any one who has known what it is to want words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seems divisible into three heads; first, to give a general consciousness of power; second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanour; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man over the gaps of speech,—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick, who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigour and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out of his fingers' ends. But restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferrel, if in a street; or decapitates the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a strait-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How the passengers think he is going to ride, whether he is or not! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs, that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted Rhabdosophy, Sceptrosophy, or Wisdom of the Stick, besides the famous Divining Rod with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes, he holds it upright between his knees; and tattoos it against his teeth or under lip; which implies, that he meditates coolly. On other occasions, he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces jauntiness in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say "Ah! you regue!" which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronizing wit, who can dispense with the necessitating of joking.

At the same time, to give it it's due zest in life, a stick has it's inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick between the stones of a pavement, is not pleasant; especially if it snap the ferrel off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferrel on a country road, renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush; which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street, you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth and demands twelve shillings and sixpence. But perhaps we have been anticipated on these points by that useful regulator of the philosophy of every-day matters, who wrote a treatise entitled the Miseries of Human Life. We shall only add, that the stick is never more in the way, than when you meet two ladies, your friends, whose arms you are equally bound and beattified to take. It cannot possibly be held in the usual way; to say nothing of it's going against the gown or pelisse: and to carry it over the shoulder, endangers veils and bonnets, besides rendering you liable to the gallant reproaches of the unreflecting; who thinking you must have walked with the ladies from all eternity, instead of the next street, ask you whether you could not leave your stick at home even for two. But see, how situations the most perplexing to an unreflecting good-will, may change their character before a spirit truly enlightened by the smiles on each side of him. Now is the time, if the fortunate Sceptrosopher wishes to be thought well of in a fair bosom. He throws away the stick. The lady smiles and deprecates, and thinks how generously he could protect her without a stick.

It was thus that Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was an aspirant at Elizabeth's court at Greenwich, attending her one day on a walk, in company with other fine spirits of that age, and coming upon a plashy strip of ground which put her Majesty's princely foot to a non-plus, no sooner saw her dilemma, than he took off a gallant velvet-cloak

which he had about him, and throwing it across the mud and dirt, made such a passage for her to go over, as her royal womanhood never forget.

COUNTRY LITTLE KNOWN.

We have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery, which, though partially disclosed by former travellers, has still remained, for the most part, a strange secret. It is this;—that there is actually, at this present moment, and in this our own beautiful country of Great Britain, a large tract of territory, which to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our beloved countrymen is as much an undiscovered land as the other end of New South Wales, or the Pole which they have gone to find out. We have read of places in romance, which were more shut out by magic from people's eyes, though close to them, than if a fifty-foot wall encircled them. It would seem as if some such supernatural prohibition existed with regard to the land in question; for the extremities of it reach to within a short distance from the Metropolis, which it surrounds on all sides; nay, we have heard of persons riding through it, without seeing any thing but a sign-post or some corn; and yet it is so beautiful, that is called emphatically "The Country."

It abounds in the finest natural productions. The more majestic parts of it are at a distance; but the zealous explorer may come upon it's gentler beauties in an incredibly short time. It's pastures and cattle are admirable. Deer are to be met with in the course of half a day's journey; and the traveller is accompanied, wherever he goes, with the music of singing birds. Immediately towards the south is a noble river, which brings you to an upland of the most luxuriant description, looking in the water like a rich-haired beauty in her glass: yet the place is in general solitary. Towards the north, at a less distance, are some other hilly spots of ground, which partake more of the rudely romantic; running however into scenes of the like sylvan elegance; and yet these are still more solitary. The inhabitants of these lands, called the Country-People, seem, in truth, pretty nearly as blind to their merits as those who never see them; but their perceptions will doubtless increase, in proportion as their polished neighbours set the example. It should be said for them, that some causes, with which we have nothing to do in this place, have rendered them duller to such impressions than they appear to have been a century or two ago; but we repeat, that they will not live in such scenes to no purpose, if those who know better, take an interest in their improvement. Their children have an instinct that is wiser, till domestic cares do it away. They may be seen in the fields and green lanes, with their curly locks and brown faces, gathering the flowers which abound there; and the names of which are as pretty as the shapes and

colours. They are called wild roses, primroses, violets, the rose campion, germander, stellaria, wild anemone, bird's-eye, daisies and buttercups, lady-smocks, ground-ivy; hare-bells or blue-bells, wake-robin, lillies of the valley, &c. &c. The trees are oaks, elms, birches, ash, poplar, willow, wild cherry, the flowering may-bush, &c. &c. all, in short, that we doat upon in pictures, and wish that we had about us when it is hot in Cheapside and Bond-street. It is perfectly transporting, in fine weather, like the present for instance, to lounge under the hedge-row elms in one of these sylvan places, and see the light smoke of the cottages fuming up among the green trees, the cattle grazing or lying about with a heavy placidity accordant to the time and scene, "painted jays" glancing about the glens, the gentle hills sloping down into water, the winding embowered lanes, the leafy and flowery banks, the green oaks against the blue sky, their ivied trunks, the silver-bodied and young-haired birches, and the mossy grass treble-carpeted after the vernal rains. Transporting is it to see all this; and transporting to hear the linnets, thrushes, and black-birds, the grave gladness of the bee, and the stock-dove "brooding over her own sweet voice." And more transporting than all is it to be in such places with a friend that feels like ourselves, in whose heart and eyes (especially if they have fair lids), we may see all our own happiness doubled, as the landscape itself is reflected in the waters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. is informed that it is intended to divide the *Indicator* into Volumes; for which purpose a Title-page will be ready for delivery by the close of the Fiftieth Number, or thereabouts.

S. L. is under consideration.

A Correspondent informs us that the Latin word for Daisy, *Bellis*, is of Greek origin; to which it is traced in some old works. We trust we have taken him with us of late, in our May-weather enjoyments.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 3d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXIV.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 31st, 1820.

OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS.

THOUGH we are such lovers of the country, we can admire London in some points of view; and among others, for the entertainment to be derived from it's shops. Their variety and brilliancy can hardly fail of attracting the most sluggish attention; and besides reasons of this kind, we can never look at some of them without thinking of the gallant figure they make in the Arabian Nights, with their Bazaars and Bezesteins; where the most beautiful of unknowns goes shopping in a veil, and the most graceful of drapers is taken blindfold to see her. He goes, too smitten at heart to think of the danger of his head; and finds her seated among her slaves, (exquisite themselves, only very inferior), upon which she encourages him to sit near her, and lutes are played; upon which he sighs, and cannot help looking tenderly; upon which she claps her hands, and a charming collation is brought in; upon which they eat, but not much. A dance ensues, and the ocular sympathy is growing tenderer, when an impossible old woman appears, and says that the Sultan is coming. Alas! How often have we been waked up, in the person of the young draper or jeweller, by that ancient objection! How have we received the lady in her veil, through which we saw nothing but her dark eyes and rosy cheeks! How have we sat cross-legged on cushions, hearing or handling the lute, whose sounds faded away like our enamoured eyes! How often have we not lost our hearts and left-hands, like one of the Calenders? Or an eye, like another? Or a head; and resumed it at the end of the story? Or slept (no, not slept) in the Sultan's garden at Schiraz with the Fair Persian?

But to return (as well as such enamoured persons can) to our shops.—We prefer the country a million times over for walking in generally, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you

have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and find a quickly dried pavement and a set of brilliant shops very pleasant. Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street may out-do the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces; but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed of the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter, therefore will pardon us, if we do not find any thing very attractive in his premises. So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his concern a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their loads of virgin paper, their slates and slate-pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books (with the exception of the Literary Pocket-Book), and above all, their detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and of the impossibility of writing any thing pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable thing, in a stationer's shop, when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, &c. which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies, are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the originals. Their well-known heads become too anonymous. Their young ladies have casts in the eyes, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr. Harlowe.

STATIONER (to himself). I'll not sell this fellow's Indicator.

INDICATOR. Yes, but you will.

STAT. Why should I? Not, I hope, for a paltry—

INDIC. (interrupting him). Oh no, not for a paltry profit, as you say; but because you are a man of taste and impartiality. My observations apply generally to the stationers' shops; but, of course, not to all.

All the STATIONERS (severally). 'Tis undoubtedly a clever thing;—a very clever, and impartial little publication. The profit upon it, as you say, is—not prodigious; but the price is humble. Besides, my wife likes it.

INDIC. Does she indeed? Then you must allow me to say that I cannot help liking her. And this reminds me of a penitent observation I have to make; which is, that the letter-paper in your shop forms

a very delightful subject of reflection :—not the common letter-paper, you rogue ; but the love-letter,—the pretty little smooth delicate hot-pressed gilt-edged flower-bordered paper, the only fit ground-work for a crow-quill, fair fingers, and golden sand. I suspect, Mr. Stationer, that your shop has as touching memories connected with it, after all, as any in London.

STAT. Why, I should think perhaps it had, Sir. You'll excuse, Sir, that little haste of mine just now ?

INDIC. Oh, by all means : and you must excuse mine ; for I have many shops to call at. My compliments, if you please, to your wife. By the bye, you ought to know, if you happen not to know it already, that it was for such paper as that which I have been mentioning that Rousseau describes himself as writing the two first books of his *Heloise*, in a state of unspeakable enjoyment. The paper was of the finest gilt ; the sand, to dry the ink, azure and silver ; and he had blue ribbon to stitch the sheets together ; “ thinking,” he says, “ nothing too gallant, nothing too darlingsly delicate, for the charming girls, whom I was doating upon like another Pygmalion*.” This was in the little sylvan island of Montmorency ; with nothing but silence about him ; and the lady, who had given him his *Hermitage*, sending him billets, and portraits, and flannel under-petticoats.

STAT. Flannel under-petticoats !

INDIC. Yes, to make under-waistcoats. It was winter time†.

But these love-matters are again interfering with the shop. Adieu, Mr. Stationer. We must now shock you, though still, we trust, not unpardonably, by objecting to your neighbour the hatter. We really can see nothing in a hatter's shop, but the hats ; and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious ani-

* “ Content d'avoir grossièrement esquissé mon plan, je revins aux situations de détail que j'avois tracées, et de l'arrangement que le jeur donnai résulterent les deux premières parties de la Julie, que je fis et mis au net durant cet hiver avec un plaisir inexprimable, employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, de la poudre d'azur et d'argent pour sécher l'écriture, de la nonpareille bleue coudre mes cahiers ; enfin ne trouvant rien d'assez galant, rien d'assez mignon, pour les charmantes filles dont j'araffolois comme un autre Pygmalion.” Compare these concluding words, which we did not remember at the time, with the introductory observations on the article headed Rousseau's Pygmalion.

† This sort of present touched our Genevese philosopher more than the *Hermitage* itself, or indeed, according to his own account, more than any thing which the lady in question ever sent him ; and she had all a lover's tendency to give. “ Un jour,” says he, “ qu'il gelaît très-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit de plusieurs commissions dont elle s'étoit chargée, j'y trouvai un petit jupon de dessous de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je fisse un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dévouée pour me vêtir, que dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et jupon ; Thérèse me croyoit devenu fou. Il est singulier que de toutes les marques d'amitié que Madame D——y m'a prodiguées, aucune ne m'a jamais touché comme celle-là, et que même depuis notre rupture, je n'y ai jamais repensé sans attendrissement. J'ai long-temps conservé son petit billet, et je l'aurois encore, s'il n'étoit en le sort de mes autres billets du même temps.” What should have hindered him, even according to his own story, from keeping both the billet and the lady's regards ? But his capricious temperament was always leading him to play the fool, with those whom he had enchanted by being the genius.

mal; but not entertaining enough, of itself, to make a window full of those very requisite nuisances an agreeable spectacle. It is true, a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself, by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the cruel-shop next door,—a name justly provocative of a pan. It is customary however to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places; which is some relief to the monotony of the windows; only they remind us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us. The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop; much inferior to the gingerbread baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school, wiping away the crumbs as they fell upon our Mysteries of Udolpho. The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it, as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse; particularly if it has a Golden Leg over it; for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the city, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of dry salters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses; whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of these windows at nine o'clock is, to us, one of the very dismallest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because every body abuses it: but we cannot. It must bear it's fate like the man. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light; but in passing from shop to shop, the variety is so great, that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious and on the surface. A grocer's and tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy on certain holidays pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a baulk to one's spirits, as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is refreshing upon the whole to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune; for why should he die a death at every fresh order for a coffin? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of a hearse is a horrid object; but an undertaker singing and hammering in his shop is only rapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there; the altered fellow-creature is not there; but only the living man, and the abstract idea of death; and he may defy that as much as he pleases. An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two; for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well however at night-time, on account of the coloured glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in an Italian warehouse,—it's name and it's olives; but it is chiefly built up of gout. Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief: but we understand it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure water-falls. A music shop with it's windows full of title-pages, is

provokingly insipid to look at, considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author, with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us." The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song.—A book-stall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on, without the horrors of not buying any thing; unless indeed the master or mistress stands looking at him from the door; which is a vile practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers; but then ought not a stall-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief? A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the Tatlers. The rural transparencies, however, which they have in their windows, with all our liking of the subject, would perhaps be better in any others; for tavern-sociality is a town-thing, and should be content with town ideas. A landscape in the window makes us long to change it at once for a rural inn; to have a rosy-faced damsel attending us, instead of a sharp and serious waiter; and to catch, in the intervals of chat, the sound of a rookery instead of cookery. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us, as it is with some. It may not be very genteel, but neither is every thing that is rich. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week; but what, in the mean time, are pride, and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above all to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the Devil and the Bag o' Nails; and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "Lovely Nan," or "Brave Captain Death," or "Tobacco is an Indian Weed," or "Why, Soldiers, why," or "Says Plato, why should man be vain," or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing

Now what can man more desire
Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire;
And on his knees, &c.

We will even refuse to hear any thing against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the

see how completely even a woman, of true feelings, can retain the easiest and pleasantest good-breeding in the midst of observant eyes and an humble occupation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Odd Stick next week, with a few additional words on the subject of Sticks.

An Index will be prepared for the volume of the *Indicator*, as well as a Title-page.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPELVARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.
Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuffs, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENCER.

No. XXXV.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7th, 1820.

A NEARER VIEW OF SOME OF THE SHOPS.

In the general glance we took last week at shops, we found ourselves unwillingly compelled to pass some of them too quickly. It is the object therefore of the present article to enter into those more attractive thresholds, and look a little about us. We imagine a fine day; time, about noon; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green; the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neckcloths; the busy pushing onward, conscious of their bills; the dogs and coaches—but we must reserve this out-of-door view of the streets for a separate article.

To begin then, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop.

Visions of glory, spare our aching sight!
Ye just breeched-ages, crowd not on our soul!

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint, which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also,—how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon;—then feel it well suspended;—then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window,—the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys, while standing in this shop; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and gingerbread almost as much in our mouths, as at that daisy-plucking and lemon-cake-munching period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun,—fine of it's kind, but not so complete a thing as the sword. It's

memories are not so ancient: for Alexander or St. George did not fight with a musket. Neither is it so true a thing; it is not "like life." The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow; and the pea which it shoots, however hard, produces even in the imaginative faculties of boyhood a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea: but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in it's wooden blade, as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic.—In the corner opposite are battle-doors and shuttle-cocks, which have their maturer beauties;—balls, which have the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows;—ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces;—blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring; kites, which must appear to more vital birds a very ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim long white faces, no bodies, and endless tails;—cricket-bats, manly to handle;—trap-bats, a genteel inferiority;—swimming-corks, despicable;—horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public;—rocking horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent yet never getting on;—Dutch toys, so like life, that they ought to be better;—Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulary shutters;—dissected maps, from which the infant statesmen may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms;—paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera dancer;—Lilliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple;—boxes of paints, to colour engravings with, always beyond the outline;—ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometricks;—whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares;—hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys;—sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that the Fly is as large as the Elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes;—musical deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells;—penny-trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide;—jew's harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue;—carts,—carriages,—hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet;—in short, not to go through the whole representative body of existence,—dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest however against that abuse of them, which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We like good honest plump limbs of cotton and saw-dust, dressed in baby-linen; or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes, red varnished faces, triangular

roses, and Rosinante wooden limbs,—not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the Pastry-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from it's respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronized by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion: yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semicircular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind; and the cheese-cake has it's amenities of approach. The acid flavour is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth Cake, which when cut looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionery does not seem in the same request as of old. It's paint has hurt it's reputation. Yet the school-boy has still much to say for it's humbler suavities, such as elecampane, hardbake, bull's-eyes, comfits, the rocky chrystals of sugar-candy, the smooth twist of barley-sugar which looks like a petrified stream of tea, and the melting powderiness of peppermint. There used to be a mystery called mimpins, which as Dr. Johnson would say, made a pretty sweetmeat. Kisses are very amiable and allegorical. Eight or ten of them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter paper, have saved many a loving-heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candid citron we look upon to be the very acme and atticism of confectionary grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. "Jam satis." They qualify the cloying. Yet Marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. There is a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti, and a Count of Lemonade,—so called, we presume, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. We have not yet heard of a Lord Viscount Jam.—After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a Pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun; especially as we can take up that, and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day; the blinds down; the loungers unusually languid; the pavement burning one's feet; the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln; so that every body is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer, for an insurrection on account of the want of ice? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump; then of the sweet wintery refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having had the ice.

Not heaven itself can do away that slice;
But what has been, has been; and I have had my ice.

We unaccountably omitted two excellent shops last week,—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty as well as other agreeableness in a well-disposed fruiterer's window. Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice; the apple with it's brown red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun; the pear, swelling downwards, and provocative of a huge bite in the side; thronging grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so finely; the pearly or ruby-like currants, heaped in light long baskets; the red little mouthfuls of strawberries, ditto; the larger purple ones of plumbs; cherries, whose old comparison with lips is better than any thing new; mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains; the swelling pomp of melons; the rough inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart; the elaborate elegance of walnuts; the quaint cashoo-nut; almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves,—in short,

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle store
In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell.

MILTON.

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop, then in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his *Life of Dryden* (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves") is "no inelegant pleasure;" but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with it's rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums, than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her, as we would a local deity.

Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus;—Nuts more brown
Than the squirrels teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these black ey'd Driope
Hath often times commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,

Till when humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.

FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*.

How the poets double every delight for us, with their imagination and their music!

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops, artificial fruit may be seen. It is a better thing to put upon a mantle-piece, than many articles of greater fashion; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snow-ball" in Italy (see Brydone's Tour in Sicily and Malta), can hardly receive so jarring a bask to his gums, as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach. But the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best artistical casts, the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone-street, Golden-square, are, we believe, the best. We can safely speak as to the pleasant attendance in that shop. Shont in Holborn seems to deal chiefly in modern things; but he has a room up stairs, full of casts from the antique, large and small, that amounts to an exhibition. Of all the shop pleasures, that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the Celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, meet you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his propping club as if half disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek, and his lazier hanging locks, appears to be eyeing one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him, leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner on another side, is the Couching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his mere animal spirits; and the Piping Faun, sedater because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dig-

perfect, "the ash for nothing ill." The ground-ash flourishes the better, the more it is cut and slashed;—a sort of improvement, which it sometimes bestows in return upon human kind.

SHORT MEASURE OF INDICATOR.

A Correspondent makes a very welcome complaint respecting the last pages of some of our numbers, which he hopes may be filled up in future, otherwise "he shall not be able to defend us from the attacks of our enemies." The said enemies must be inordinate rogues to attack even our blank pages, or we should rather say our blank page, or nearly blank page; for we have never yet, we believe, exhibited a whole one; and half blanks have not been common. The attacks, however, are very flattering, and we receive them with due gratitude. The truth is, we always wish to fill up our pages; not because we do not think a shorter quantity a very decent twopennyworth, but because there is an implied understanding that we should be magnanimously cheap and superabundant; and we like to chat with our readers to the bottom of the staircase. Nevertheless that excellent race of persons, Candid and Benevolent from time immemorial, would not wish us, we are sure, to go on with mechanical scrupulousness to the end of the page, merely to fill it out, when we happen to find our say at an end. One cannot make twopenn'orth of essay like so much of butter, by dabbing a little piece more upon it to make up the weight. However, we wish to be quite free in this matter, not so much to indulge ourselves in license, as to do our duty agreeably.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr. R. of Walbrook for the trouble he has taken to secure the delivery of his *Indicator*, and trusts that he has no more with it. It is kind to all parties to mention these matters, because the omission may often arise from mistake as well as neglect.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPELEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuffs, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXVI.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14th, 1820.

THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.

In the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found however a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble bason, made them more and more wonder at every step that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor scarcely of any thing else. There was an intense noon-day silence.

Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of window?" They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted however with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of window. "Let us go, Sir," said he, to the Captain;—"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "you may now follow that adventure I have often you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—Hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicker than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it:—let us all stay." The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. "There is something unnatural in that very thing," said the Captain: "but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St. Ermo." The Captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the mean time was hastening with the others to get away as fast as possible. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up a courage beyond those who found their wills more powerful; and in the midst of his terror, he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought however had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively, and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time, he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature; and corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"

"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice, whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier:—"the fearful thing in the island of Coa."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true: that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found, kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil. I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder, as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner, "Thou knowest not" said she, "what I know: Diana both was, and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way, and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of

her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayst devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "Oh ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! Oh safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! Oh sea! Oh earth! Oh heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence? And human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? Oh ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream; or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something or other made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into it's arms, to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die: for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man.—But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, and knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier not only throughout all the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprize, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for alas, they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier; who lived with his lady in the same place, all

her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before even a month of love; and even sorrowful habit having endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights, and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock: and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras,—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, “No indeed, Sir;” and she looked in Gualtier’s face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, “No indeed:—I worship thee and thy kind heart*.”

SALE OF THE LATE MR. WEST’S PICTURES.

It is a villainous thing to those who have known a man for years, and been intimate with the quiet inside of his house, privileged from intrusion, to see a sale of his goods going on upon the premises. It is often not to be helped, and what he himself wishes and enjoins; but still it is a villainous necessity,—a hard cut to some of one’s oldest and tenderest recollections. There is a sale of this kind now going on in the house we spoke of last week. We spoke of it then under an impulse not easy to be restrained, and not difficult to be allowed us; and we speak of it now under another. We were returning the day before yesterday from a house, where we had been entertained with lively accounts of foreign countries and the present features of the time, when we saw the door in Newman-street standing wide open, and disclosing to every passenger a part of the gallery at the end of the hall. All our boyhood came over us, with the recollection of those who had accompanied us into that house. We hesitated whether we should go in, and see an auction taking place of the old quiet and abstraction; but we do not easily suffer an unpleasant and vulgar association to overcome a greater one; and besides, how could we pass? Having passed the threshold, without the ceremony of the smiling old porter, we found a worthy person sitting at the door of the gallery, who on hearing our name, seemed to have old times come upon him as much as ourselves, and was very warm in his services. We entered the gallery, which we had entered hundreds of times in childhood, by the side of a mother, who used to speak of the great persons and transaction in the pictures on each side of her with a hushing reverence as if they were really present. But the pictures were not

* This story is founded on a tradition still preserved in the Island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See Dunlop’s History of Fiction, vol. 2, where he gives an account of Tirante the White.

there—neither Cupid with his doves, nor Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus, nor the Angel slaying the army of Sennacherib, nor Death on the Pale Horse, nor Jesus healing the Sick, nor the Deluge, nor Moses on the Mount, nor King Richard pardoning his brother John, nor the Installation of the old Knights of the Garter, nor Greek and Italian stories, nor the landscapes of Windsor Forest, nor Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded, giving up the water to the dying Soldier. They used to cover the wall; but now there were only a few engravings. The busts and statues also were gone. But there was the graceful little piece of garden as usual, with its grass plat and its clumps of lilac. They could not move the grass plat, even to sell it. Turning to the left, there was the privileged study, which we used to enter between the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo of the Vatican. They were gone, like their mythology. Beauty and intellect were no longer waiting on each side of the door. Turning again, we found the longer part of the gallery like the other; and in the vista through another room, the auction was going on. We saw a throng of faces of business with their hats on, and heard the hard-hearted knocks of the hammer, in a room which used to hold the mild and solitary Artist at his work, and which had never been entered but with quiet steps and a face of consideration. We did not stop a minute. In the room between this and the gallery, huddled up in a corner, were the busts and statues which had given us a hundred thoughts. Since the days when we first saw them, we have seen numbers like them, and many of more valuable materials; for though good of their kind, and of old standing, they are but common plaister. But the thoughts and the recollections belonged to no others; and it appeared sacrilege to see them in that state.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine:

And each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Into the parlour, which opens out of the hall and into the garden, we did not look. We scarcely know why; but we did not. In that parlour, we used to hear of our maternal ancestors, stout yet kind-hearted Englishmen, who set up their tents with Penn in the wilderness. And there we learnt to unite the love of freedom with that of the graces of life; for our host, though born a Quaker, and appointed a royal painter, and not so warm in his feelings as those about him, had all the natural amenity belonging to those graces, and never truly lost sight of that love of freedom. There we grew up acquainted with the divine humanities of Raphael. There we remember a large coloured print of the old lion-hunt of Rubens, in which the boldness of the action and the glow of the colouring overcome the horror of the struggle. And there, long before we knew any thing of Ariosto, we were as familiar as young playmates with the beautiful Angelica and Medoro, who helped to fill our life with love.

May a blessing be upon that house, and upon all who know how to value the genius of it.

THE BEE AND THE KISS.

The following is an extract from the Editor's Translation of Tasso's Amyntas, which is now ready to appear. It is Amyntas himself, who is speaking.

One day, Sylvia and Phillis
 Were sitting underneath a shady beech,
 I with them; when a little ingenious bee,
 Gathering his honey in those flowery fields,
 Lit on the cheeks of Phillis, cheeks as red
 As the red rose; and bit, and bit again
 With so much eagerness, that it appeared
 The likeness did beguile him. Phillis, at this,
 Impatient of the smart, sent up a cry;
 "Hush! Hush!" said my sweet Sylvia, "do not grieve;
 I have a few words of enchantment, Phillis,
 Will ease thee of this little suffering.
 The sage Artesia told them me, and had
 That little ivory horn of mine in payment,
 Fretted with gold." So saying, she applied
 To the hurt cheek, the lips of her divine
 And most delicious mouth, and with sweet humming
 Murmured some verses that I knew not of.
 Oh admirable effect! a little while,
 And all the pain was gone; either by virtue
 Of those enchanted words, or as I thought,
 By virtue of those lips of dew,
 That heal whate'er they turn them to.
 I, who till then had never had a wish
 Beyond the sunny sweetness of her eyes,
 Or her dear dulcet words, more dulcet far
 Than the soft murmur of a humming stream
 Crooking its way among the pebble-stones,
 Or summer airs that babble in the leaves,
 Felt a new wish move in me to apply
 This mouth of mine to hers; and so becoming
 Crafty and plotting, (as unusual art
 With me, but it was love's intelligence)
 I did bethink me of a gentle stratagem
 To work out my new wit. I made pretence,
 As if the bee had bitten my under lip;
 And fell to lamentations of such sort,
 That the sweet medicine which I dared not ask
 With word of mouth, I asked for with my looks.
 The simple Sylvia then,
 Compassioning my pain,
 Offered to give her help
 To that pretended wound;
 And oh! the real and the mortal wound,
 Which pierced into my being,
 When her lips came on mine.
 Never did bee from flower
 Suck sugar so divine,
 As was the honey that I gathered then
 From those twin roses fresh.
 I could have bathed in them my burning kisses,
 But fear and shame withheld
 That too audacious fire,
 And made them gently hang.

But while into my bosom's core, the sweetness,
 Mixed with a secret poison, did go down,
 It pierced me so with pleasure, that still feigning
 The pain of the bee's weapon, I contrived
 That more than once the enchantment was repeated.
 From that time forth, desire
 And irrepressible pain grew so within me,
 That not being able to contain it more,
 I was compelled to speak; and so, one day,
 While in a circle a whole set of us,
 Shepherds and nymphs, sat playing at the game,
 In which they tell in one another's ears
 Their secret each, "Sylvia," said I in her's,
 "I burn for thee; and if thou help me not,
 I feel I cannot live." As I said this,
 She dropt her lovely looks, and out of them
 There came a sudden and unusual flush,
 Portending shame and anger: not an answer
 Did she vouchsafe me, but by a dread silence,
 Broken at last by threats more terrible.
 She parted then, and would not hear me more,
 Nor see me. And now three times the naked reaper
 Has clipped the spiky harvest, and as often
 The winter shaken down from the fair woods
 Their tresses green, since I have tried in vain
 Every thing to appease her, except death.
 Nothing remains indeed but that I die!
 And I shall die with pleasure, being certain,
 That it will either please her, or be pitied;
 And I scarce know, which of the two to hope for.
 Pity perhaps would more remunerate
 My faith, more recompence my death; but still
 I must not hope for aught that would disturb
 The sweet and quiet shining of her eyes,
 And trouble that fair bosom, built of bliss.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.
 Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuffs, No. 31, Tavistock-
 street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-
 sellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with bode curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPANZA.

No. XXXVII.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21st, 1820.

A RAINY DAY.

THE day that we speak of is a complete one of it's kind, beginning with a dark wet morning and ending in a drenching night. When you come down stairs from your chamber, you find the breakfast-room looking dark, the rain-spout pouring away, and unless you live in a street of traffic, no sound out of doors but a clack of pattens and an occasional clang of milk-pails. (Do you see the rogue of a milkman? He is leaving them open to catch the rain.)

We never see a person going to the window on such a morning, to take a melancholy look out at the washed houses and pavement, but we think of a re-animation which we once beheld of old Tate Wilkinson. But observe how sour things may run into pleasant tastes at last. We are by no means certain that the said mimetic antique, Tate Wilkinson, was not Patentee of the York Theatre, wore a melancholy hat tied the wrong way, and cast looks of unutterable dissatisfaction at a rainy morning, purely to let his worthy successor and surpasser in mimicry, Mr. Charles Mathews, hand down his aspect and countenance for the benefit of posterity. We once fell into company with that ingenious person at a bachelor's house, where he woke us in the morning with the suspicious sound of a child crying in another room. It was having it's face washed; and had we been of a scandalizing turn, or envied our host for his hospitality, we should certainly have gone and said that there was a child in his house who inherited a sorrowful disposition from somebody, and who might be heard (for all the nurse's efforts of a morning) whining and blubbering in the intervals of the wash-towel;—now bursting into open-mouthed complaint as it left him to dip in the water; and anon, as it came over his face again, screwing up it's snubbed features and eyes, and making half-stified obstinate moan with his tight mouth. The mystery was explained at breakfast; and as it happened to be a rainy morning, we were entertained with the re-animation of that "living dead man" poor Tate aforesaid,—who had been a merry fellow too in his day. Imagine a tall thin withered desponding-looking old gentleman, entering his breakfast-room with an old hat on tied under his chin the wrong way of the flap,—a beaver somewhat of the epicene order, so that you do not know whether it is his wife's or his own. He hobbles and shrinks up to the window, grunting gently with a sort of preparatory despair; and having cast up his eyes at the air, and seen the weathercock due east and the rain set in besides, drops the corners of his mouth and eyes into an expression of double despondency, not un-

mixed (if we may speak unprofanely) with a sort of scornful resentment; and turns off with one solitary, brief, comprehensive, and groaning ejaculation of "Eh—Christ!"—We never see any body go to the window of a rainy morning, but we think of this poor old bare-meter of a Patentee, whose face, we trust, will be handed down in successive fac-similes to posterity, for their edification as well as amusement; for Tate had cultivated much hypochondriacal knowledge in his time, and been a sad fellow in a merry sense before he took to it in its melancholy one.

The preparation for a rainy day in town is certainly not the pleasantest thing in the world, especially for those who have neither health nor imagination to make their own sunshine. The comparative silence in the streets, which is made dull by our knowing the cause of it,—the window-panes drenched and ever-streaming, like so many helpless cheeks,—the darkened rooms,—and at this season of the year, the having left off fires;—all fall like a chill shade upon the spirits. But we know not how much pleasantry can be made out of unpleasantness, till we bestir ourselves. The exercise of our bodies will make us bear the weather better, even mentally; and the exercise of our minds will enable us to bear it with patient bodies in-doors, if we cannot go out. Above all, some people seem to think that they cannot have a fire made in a chill day, because it is summer-time,—a notion which, under the guise of being seasonable, is quite the reverse, and one against which we protest. A fire is a thing to warm us when we are cold; not to go out because the name of the month begins with J. Besides, the sound of it helps to dissipate that of the rain. It is justly called a companion. It looks glad in our faces; it talks to us; it is vivified at our touch; it vivifies in return; it puts life, and warmth, and comfort in the room. A good fellow is bound to see that he leaves this substitute for his company when he goes out, especially to a lady; whose solitary work-table in a chill room on such a day is a very melancholy refuge. We exhort her, if she can afford it, to take a book and a footstool, and plant herself before a good fire. We know of few baulks more complete, than coming down of a chill morning to breakfast, turning one's chair as usual to the fire-side, planting one's feet on the fender and one's eyes on a book, and suddenly discovering that there is no fire in the grate. A grate, that ought to have a fire in it, and gapes in one's face with none, is like a cold grinning empty rascal.

There is something, we think, not disagreeable in issuing forth during a good honest summer rain, with a coat well buttoned up and an umbrella over our heads. The first flash open of the umbrella seems a defiance to the shower, and the sound of it afterwards, over our dry heads corroborates the triumph. If we are in this humour, it does not matter how drenching the day is. We despise the expensive effeminacy of a coach; have an agreeable malice of self-content at the sight of crowded gateways; and see nothing in the furious little rain-spouts, but a lively emblem of critical opposition,—weak, low, washy, and dirty, gabbling away with a perfect impotence of splutter.

Speaking of malice, there are even some kinds of legs which afford us a lively pleasure in beholding them splashed.

LA DY. Lord, you cruel man!

INDICATOR. Nay, I was not speaking of your's, Madam. How could I wish ill to any such very touching stockings? And yet, now I think of it, there are very-gentle and sensitive legs, (I say nothing of beautiful ones, because all gentle ones are beautiful to me) which it is possible to behold in a very earthy plight;—at least the feet and ankles.

L. And pray, Sir, what are the very agreeable circumstances under which we are to be mudded?

INDIC. Fancy, Madam, a walk with some particular friend, between the showers, in a green lane; the sun shining, the hay sweet smelling, the glossy leaves sparkling like children's cheeks after tears. Suppose this lane not to be got into, but over a bank and a brook, and a good savage assortment of waggon-ruts. Yet the sunny green so takes you, and you are so resolved to oblige your friend with a walk, that you hazard a descent down the slippery bank, a jump over the brook, a leap (that will certainly be too short) over the ploughed mud. Do you think that a good thick-mudded shoe and a splashed instep would not have a merit in his barbarous eyes, beyond even the neat outline of the Spanish leather and the symbolical whiteness of the stocking? Ask him.

L. Go to your subject, do.

INDIC. Well, I will. You may always know whether a person wishes you a pleasant or unpleasant adventure, by the pleasure or pain he has in your company. If he would be with you himself (and I should like to know the pleasant situation, or even the painful one, if a share of it can be made pleasant, in which we would not have a woman with us), you may rest assured that all the mischief he wishes you is very harmless.—At the same time, if there are situations in which one could wish ill even to a lady's leg, there are legs and stockings which it is possible to fancy well-splashed upon a very different principle.

GENTLEMAN. Pray, Sir, whose may those be?

INDIC. Not yours, Sir, with that delicate flow of trowser, and that careless yet genteel stretch out of toe. There is an humanity in the air of it,—a graceful but at the same time manly sympathy with the drapery beside it. I allude, Sir, to one of those portentous legs, which belong to an over-fed money-getter, or to a bulky methodist parson who has doating dinners got up for him by his hearers. You know the leg I mean. It is "like unto the sign of the leg," only larger. Observe, I do not mean every kind of large leg. The same thing is not the same thing in every one,—if you understand that profound apophthegm. As a leg, indifferent in itself, may become very charming, if it belongs to a charming owner; so even when it is of the cast we speak of in a man, it becomes more or less unpleasant according to his nature and treatment of it. I am not carping at the leg of an ordinary jolly fellow, which good temper as well as good living helps to plump out, and which he is, after all, not proud of exhibiting; keeping it modestly in a boot or trowsers, and despising the starched ostentation of the other: but at a regular, dull, uninformed, hebetudinous, "gross, open, and palpable" leg, whose calf glares upon you like the ground-glass of a postchaise lamp. In the parson it is somewhat obscured by a black stocking. A white one is requisite to dis-

play it in all its glory. It has a large balustrade calf, an ancle that would be monstrous in any other man, but looks small from the contrast, a tight knee well buttoned, and a seam inexorably in the middle. It is a leg at once gross and symbolical. Its size is made up of plethora and superfluity; its white cotton stocking affects a propriety; its inflexible seam and side announce the man of clock-work. A dozen hard-worked dependants go at least to the making up of that leg. If in black, it is the essence of infinite hams at old ladies' Sunday dinners. Now we like to see a couple of legs, of this sort, in white, kicking their way through a muddy street, and splashed unavoidably as they go, till their horrid glare is subdued into spottiness. A lamp-lighter's ladder is of use, to give them a passing spur: upon which the proprietor, turning round to swear, is run against in front by a wheelbarrow; upon which, turning round again, to swear worse, he thrusts his heel upon the beginning of a loose stone in the pavement, and receives his final baptism from a fount of mud.

Our limits compel us to bring this article to a speedier conclusion, than we thought; and to say the truth, we are not sorry for it; for we happened to break off here in order to write the one following, and it has not left us in a humour to return to our jokes.

We must therefore say little of a world of things we intended to descant on,—of pattens,—and caves,—and hackney-coaches,—and waiting in vain to go out on a party of pleasure, while the youngest of us insists every minute that "it is going to hold up,"—and umbrellas dripping on one's shoulder,—and the abomination of soaked gloves,—and standing up in gateways, when you hear now and then the passing roar of rain on an umbrella,—and glimpses of the green country at the end of streets,—and the foot-marked earth of the country-roads,—and clouds eternally following each other from the west,—and the scent of the luckless new-mown hay,—and the rainbow,—and the glorious thunder and lightning,—and a party waiting to go home at night,—and last of all, the delicious moment of taking off your wet things, and resting in the dry and warm content of your gown and slippers.

THE VENETIAN GIRL.

The sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters on a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who instantly gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not very extraordinary; but any difference from the usual apparel of their countrywomen appeared so to them; and crying out "A French girl! a French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking. She seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking.

But she raised it speedily, and smiled with great complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddy and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any body else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing in her but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "Oh che bei ragazzi!" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice;—"Che vi si lieti!" and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "Stanca! Stanca!" "Sing:—do sing," said the children; and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of school-boys came up, and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'nt you,—Miss?" added he, laying his hand upon her's as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a common stroller or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "Grazie!" said she, understanding his look:—"troppo stanca: troppo." † By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her. "She is an Italian;" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair Musician. "Non dubito," continued the Usher, "quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem; § Taxum, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word. "I speak of Tasso," said the Usher,—"Of Tasso." "Tasso! Tasso!" repeated the fair minstrel,—"oh—con-hosco—Tàs-so; || and she hung with an accent of beautiful langour upon the first syllable. "Yes," returned the worthy Scholar, "doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrosy piante,
D'antica selva dal cavallo—what is it?

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrose piante
D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
E mezza quasi par tra viva e morta. ¶

* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

† Weary! Weary!

‡ Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

§ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

|| Oh—I know Tasso.

¶ Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

Our Usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was the favourite song of her countrymen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of silver clearness and soft mealiness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl;—"Italian-French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on like the hand she spoke of. "I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing. "Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boys affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was. "Yes, yes," cried the boy;—"why she knew my cousin:—she must have known him in Venice." "I told you," said the Usher, "she was an Italian."—"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her:—lean upon me, Miss;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the Usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "*La Signora Madre*," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them. "Obedient! Obedient!" said the patient: "obedient in every thing: only the Signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she dropt asleep for weariness.

—Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up!

though her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. "But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not,

for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this fever and reach home." Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. "You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had?"—"The best in the world," cried he, "and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after:—aye, almost as much as if it had been there." "And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother; "for he never told me the story."—"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence: and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself,—it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear them:—no, Madam, he did not know indeed how much I—how much I—" "Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself." "Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me,—to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy: "for I'll tell you, Madam," continued she; "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought" (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son." Here she drew out a paper which though carefully wrapped up in several others was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—"This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying: and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can." As soon as I read this letter, Madam, and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim: but he knew as little of the contract as I; and I found that I could earn my way to England better and quite as religiously by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Venice all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy

tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Mark and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while and was very kindly treated in an outhouse; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix,—though your son never did,—though 'he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope the best, and leave every thing except our own endeavours to heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive." She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker; and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled beautifully, and resumed:—"So when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does—and death is upon me, even now: but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice—"Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter." The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, "O heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant,—the daughter, that might have been, of my heart,—and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality and be gathered into thy rest with those we love:—do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy; for we are poor weak creatures both young and old"—here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose, and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XXXVIII.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28th, 1820.

THE EGYPTIAN THIEF.

RHAPSINITUS was the richest prince that ever sat on the Egyptian throne. In order to secure his treasures, to have them at the same time near him, and to produce their effect upon the public mind even when invisible, he had a great stone tower built, which was connected with the palace by a wall. In this tower, which seemed as blind as it was strong, (for the light was admitted only on the side looking into one of the palace gardens)—in this tower were the cups, and the goblets; and the golden bars, and the costly stuffs, and the colours, and the spices, and the precious stones, and the pillars of emerald, and the curious carved images, and thousands upon thousands of talents of gold. The people looked up to the great tower, and thought of it's many rooms, and considered the shining treasure which illuminated the other side of those stone walls like the light of a divine presence; and they walked about, awe-stricken as the stranger at the sight of the Pyramids, and said humbly to themselves, "Great is the glory of Rhampsinitus."

But a wonder was to fall upon Rhampsinitus himself; and he became perplexed beyond the poorest of his subjects. He found his golden money diminishing, and it was impossible to conjecture how it could be. The architect who built the tower had contrived it with such skill that not an entrance could be thought of or forced, besides the one by which the king entered; and it was clear that nobody entered there. The key was solitary of it's kind; the door always sealed with the royal signet; and the passage lay through the royal chamber. Yet day after day, more money disappeared. The diminution even took place in the very strongest room of the whole building.

The king's mind was greatly astonished; nor could the priests and soothsayers relieve him. They feared that the circumstance was ominous to Egypt; and that the overflow of the Nile, the season for which was now approaching, would not take place. But the river

performed it's mighty part as usual, and every Egyptian heart was gladdened but the king's. Application was made to the God Apis to know if it was the deity himself that diminished the pride of Rhampsinitus; but upon some of the gold and jewels being offered to the sacred breast, he blew the breath out of his nostrils at them indifferently, and turning to his ivory manger, took a pull of the sacred hay.

It was the opinion of the priests that the offering to the god had not been large enough; gods, they said, having very great ideas, and size being necessary to move them to any acknowledgment of a sensation. Rhampsinitus however contented himself with setting traps round the plundered vessels; and it was the talk all night in the palaces both of the king and of Apis, whether the plunderer would turn out to be a common mortal. It is remarkable that more priests than civil officers thought he would; and they told the king's people so, when their opinion was asked; but added, that it would only shew itself so much the more remarkably, to be a judgment of heaven.

This opinion was greatly corroborated by the singularity of the event; for in truth, a common mortal was found caught in one of the traps, but when they came to look who he was, he had no head. "It is very extraordinary!" said Rhampsinitus. "It would be so," said the priests, "were it not supernatural." A search was made all over the room and tower, and the king began to incline to their opinion. Not a crevice or flaw was to be found.

The king ordered the body to be hung up in the most public part of Memphis, and gave directions to the guards who watched it to seize any one who should exhibit symptoms of distress at the spectacle. The next morning a report was made to him that the body was gone. None of the guards knew whither. All that could be gathered was, that towards nightfall a man came driving some asses by the spot, laden with skins of wine; that the pegs, by some means or other, became loosened from the skins, and set the wine floating over the ground; that the man, seeing this, tore his hair and made vehement outcries for assistance; that assistance however being given him, and among others by the guards, he abused those who helped him and refused for a long time to be pacified; that having at last got over his confusion of mind, and finding not so much wine lost as he supposed, he made a present of a flask to the guards; and lastly, that after they had all made merry, and he had driven his asses away, they were astonished to find the dead body gone also. The king saw plainly that the last part of the account wanted a good deal of the truth. He saw that some ingenious person had succeeded in making the guards dead drunk; and with all his anger, he could hardly repress a feeling of admiration for the unknown, when on having the soldiers brought before him, he discovered that the men had found time and courage enough to shave all their right cheeks in derision.

"Who can this extraordinary person be?" thought Rhampsinitus. "It is he that must have been the accomplice of the first thief and cut off his head to prevent detection. He were a man to do wonderful things against the enemies of a king, if he were his friend. He shall

see what a terrible thing it is to mock the king and be his enemy." The Egyptian monarch, in the rage and plenitude of his will, commanded his daughter to admit the addresses of men indiscriminately,—a thing however not so scandalous in those times as in others. There was only this condition annexed,—that every one, who enjoyed the company of the princess, should tell her the most cunning and the most wicked thing he had ever done in his life. A day had only passed, when she brought him news of the robber. A man had told her that the most wicked thing he had ever done in his life, was the cutting off his own brother's head in order to prevent his being known as a robber of the king's treasury. "And the most cunning thing?" asked the monarch. "The most cunning thing, Sir," added the princess, "was his having made your guards drunk with wine in order to carry off his brother's body, his mother having threatened to come and disclose the whole affair, in case the body remained exposed."—"And where is this impudent-souled traitor?" exclaimed the king. "Alas, Sir," answered the princess, "I know not." "Did I not bid you catch his arm," said the king, "the instant you discovered him?" "I did, Sir," replied the lady, "but what was my astonishment on finding it detach itself from his body, while he glided away in the darkness of the night?" "How!" cried the prince:—"why this is a sorcerer, or—what sort of man is he?" "A young man," said the princess, "with sparkling eyes and a world of wit." "The artful impostor," said the king, "has beguiled you of your heart, and taught you this tale to deceive me." "Pray look in this box, Sir," said the daughter, lifting up the lid of a lyre-case. It contained a human arm; and the king, by certain marks, plainly knew it to be one of the arms of the dead body. This audacious man therefore, whoever he was, must have come prepared with it, and presented it to his fair detainer in the dark instead of his own.

The king, having satisfied himself of the robber's personal qualities from his daughter, and finding that he would as much grace a court as a cabinet, fairly lost his rage in delight. He made public proclamation, that upon the offender's appearing in the royal presence, he would not only pardon but reward him; and the proclamation had not been made for more than the sinking of an inch of Nile-water, when the prodigious thief appeared. He was, as the princess had described him, a young man with a lively countenance, and he was not slow in showing his wit, for on the king's asking him why he had plundered his property, he said he had not done so; because by the laws of justice every man can make use of his own; but the king's property was too large for any one man to make use of; therefore, by the same laws, it was not his own. On being further asked who he was, he said "he was the son of the man who had built the Tower of Treasure; that his father had contrived one of the stones of it in such a way, that they who were in the secret could remove it at will; that the old man on his death-bed communicated the information to his sons, who used always to plunder in company; that it was by his brother's own request he cut his head off, and carried it away, in order to prevent the ruin of them both and

their aged mother; and finally, that if the king would be pleased to bestow the intended reward on the old woman, he, for his part, would be happy to serve him in any capacity which the royal wisdom might be pleased to point out." Rhampsinitus gladly took him at his word. He enriched the old mother; united the young man to his daughter; and increased from that time forward, in a power of a less oppressive kind to his subjects than the amassing of wealth.

This is the story from Herodotus, which we spoke of in the article entitled *Thieves Ancient and Modern*, No. XI. p. 83.

A NOW,

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler,"—or "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good-humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says "Ah—men can talk fast enough;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says.

Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloe, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "My eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the haad; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields, by chance; and the latter say, "Ha' done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow."

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin-canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of it's box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a water-pipe let out, and see it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach, hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing, but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated: and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches

A DREAM,

AFTER READING DANTE'S EPISODE OF PAULO AND FRANCESCA.

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
 When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
 So on a Delphic reed my idle spright
 So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
 The dragon world of all its hundred eyes;
 And, seeing it asleep, so fled away—
 Not unto Ida with its snow-cold skies,
 Nor unto Tempe where Jove griev'd a day;
 But to that second circle of sad hell,
 Where 'mid the gust, the world-wind, and the flaw
 Of rain and hailstones, lovers need not tell
 Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,
 Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
 I floated with about that melancholy storm.

CAVIARE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will keep in mind the request respecting the Translations. Indeed it has long been among the subjects he has noted down.

The Correspondent who enquires concerning the edition of Spenser, is informed that Mr. Todd's is undoubtedly the best. The text is printed with great care and legibility, and the notes and prolegomena are a copious selection from all that have appeared on that great poet.

D's spirit is much to our taste, but he sometimes does not do himself justice in his management of the detail. He should give himself altogether up to his feelings, and not care whether every sentence is piquant or not. Perhaps he will oblige us with a sight of a few more of his sketches.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.
 Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuffs, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPANZA.

No. XXXIX.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th, 1820.

GALGANO AND MADONNA MINOCCIA.

In the city of Sienna in Italy, famous for it's sweet voices and pleasant air, lived a sprightly and accomplished young man of the name of Galgano, who had long loved in vain the wife of one Signor Stricca. He knew nothing of the husband, except that he was what we call a respectable man; and something or other in his mind prevented him from making his acquaintance; but he contrived to meet the lady wherever he could at other men's houses, and to let her know the extent of his admiration. He wore her colours at tournaments. He played and sung to the mandolin under her window, when her husband was away. He was always of her opinion in company, partly because he was in love, and partly because their dispositions were so alike that he really thought as she did. One evening as a party sat out on a large wide balcony full of orange-trees, listening to music that was going on inside of the house, Madonna Minoccia (such was the lady's name) dropped a small jewel in one of the trees; and as he was helping her to find it, her sweet-stooping face and spicy-smelling hair appeared so lovely among the polished and graceful leaves, that he could not but steal a kiss upon one of her eyelids, adding in a low and earnest voice, "Forgive me, for I could not help it."

Whether the sincere and respectful manner in which these words were uttered, had any influence upon the lady's mind, we cannot say; but neither on this, nor on future occasions when he sent her presents and letters, did she return any answer, kind or unkind; nor did she shew him a different countenance whenever they met. She only dropped her eyes a little more than usual, when he spoke to her; but whether again this was owing to a wish to avoid looking at him, or to some little feeling of self-love, perhaps unknown to herself, and produced by the recollection of that irrepressible movement on his part, is not to be ascertained. Some ladies will say, that she ought to have made a complaint to her husband, or spoken to the people whom he visited, or looked the man into the dust at once: and doubtless

this would have settled the matter on all sides. But Madonna Minoccia was of so kind a disposition, that she could not easily find it in her heart to complain of any body, much less of a man who found such irresistible gentleness in her eyelids. Besides, whatever may be thought of her vanity in this score, she was really so good, and innocent, and modest; that we know not how much it would have taken to convince her fully of any one's being really in love with her, or admiring her more than other ladies for qualities which she thought so many of them must have in common. In short, Madonna, though innocent, was not ignorant that gallantry was very common in Sienna. Her husband, who was a very honest sincere-hearted man, had told her that all unmarried young men had their vagaries; and, as for that matter, many very grave-looking married people too; and she thought, that if a husband whom she loved, and whose word she could rely on, set her an example nevertheless of conjugal fidelity, she could not do better than do her duty quietly and without ostentation, and think of these odd proceedings both as good-naturedly and rarely as possible.

Unfortunately for Galgano, this kind of temper was the worst thing in the world to make him leave off his love. He had habitually got a common notion of gallantry from the light in which it was generally regarded; but his instinct was better. The subtlety of love made him discover what was passing in Minoccia's mind; and as he had the elements of true modesty in him as well as herself, and would want much to be convinced that a woman really loved him, whatever might be his affection for her, or rather in proportion to the sincerity of it, he thought that she only treated him as she would any other young man who had paid her unwelcome attention. But then to see how kind she still was,—to observe no change in her, for all his unwelcome-ness, but only such as might be construed into a gentle request to him to forbear,—in short, to meet with a woman who neither shewed a disposition to gallantry, nor resentment against the manifestation of it, nor a coldness that might be construed into natural indifference, all this made him so much in love, that he thought his very being failed him and wanted replenishing, if he was a day without seeing her. He took a lodging opposite Signor Stricca's house; and in order to indulge himself in looking at her without being discovered, filled the window of his room with orange trees. At times, when every thing was still, and the windows were open in the warm summer-time, he heard her voice speaking to the servants. "It is the same kind voice," said he, "always." At other times, he sat watching her through his orange-trees, as she read a book, or worked at her embroidery; and if she left off, and happened to look at them, (which he often moved about with a noise, for that purpose) it seemed to him as if her face was coming again among the leaves. Then he thought it would never come, and that he should never touch it more; and he felt sick with impatience, and said to himself, "This is the way these virtuous people are kind, is it?"

It chanced that Signor Stricca took a house at a little distance from Sienna, where his wife, who was fond of a garden, from that time forth always resided. Galgano, who was like a bird with a string tied to

his leg, be sure flew after them. He found a room in a cottage just pitched like his former one. The orange-trees were removed, and he recommenced his enamoured task, fully resolved besides to get intimate with Signor Stricca, and try what importunity could do in the country. "I think," said Madonna Minoccia, to her maid-servant, looking out of window, "I can never turn my eyes any where but I see beautiful orange-trees."—"Ah," sighed Galgano, "the turning of those eyes! They ought always to light upon what is beautiful." "I could swear," said Madonna, "if my husband would let me, that those were the very same oranges which belonged to our invisible neighbour at Sienna, only he must be too old a bachelor to change his quarters." And she began to sing a canzonet that was all over the country;—

"Arancie, belle arancie,
Pienotte come guancie,—

Here she suddenly stopped, and said "I am very giddy to day, to sing such lawless little rhymes; but the skies are so blue, and the leaves so green, they make me chaunt like a bird. I can see my husband now with a bird's eye. There he is, Lisetta, coming through the olive-trees. Go and get me my veil, and I'll walk and meet him like a fair unknown."—"The invisible neighbour!" thought Galgano:—"is this coquetry now, or is it sheer innocence and vivacity! And the song of the oranges! I'll try however—I'll look at her above the leaves."

Now the reader must be informed that Galgano himself was the author of this canzonet, both words and music, and was generally known as such. Whether Minoccia knew it, we cannot determine; but Galgano thought that she could hardly have quite forgotten the adventure of the orange-tree, especially as the song was calculated to call it to mind. The whole of the words amounted to this:—

Oh oranges, sweet oranges,
Plumpy cheeks that peep in trees,
The crabbed'st churl in all the south
Would hardly let a thirsty mouth
Gaze at ye, and long to taste,
Nor grant one golden kiss at last,
La, la, la—la sol fa mi—
My lady looked through the orange-tree.

Yet cheeks there are, yet cheeks there are,
Sweeter—Oh good God, how far!—
That make a thirst like very death
Down to the heart through lips and breath;
And if we asked a taste of those,
The kindest owners would turn foes,
O la, la—la sol fa mi—
My lady's gone from the orange-tree,

Galgano, full of this modest complaint against husbands and of Minoccia's knowledge of it, suddenly raised his head over the orange-pots, and made a very bold yet courteous bow full in Madonná's astonished face. For it was astonished:—there was, unfortunately, no doubt of that. She resumed herself however with the best grace she could, and staying just long enough to drop one of her kindest though gravest

courtseys, walked slowly from the window. After that he never saw her there again.

Galgano tried all the points of view about the house, but could only catch an occasional glimpse of her through the garden trees. He could not even meet with Signor Stricca, to whom he meant under some plausible pretext to introduce himself. At length however a favourable opportunity occurred. His dog, in scouring hither and thither, had darted into the front gate of the house, and seemed resolved not to be hunted out till he had made the full circuit of the grounds. "My master, Sir," said one of the servants, "bade me ask you if you would chuse to walk in and call the dog out yourself?" "I thank you," answered Galgano, who seemed to feel that he could not go in, precisely because he had the best opportunity in the world; "I will whistle him to me over those palings there." He did so, and the dog presently appeared, followed by Signor Stricca and his household. The animal, in leaping to his master over the palings, hurt his leg; but nothing could induce Galgano to enter the house. "Minoccia, my love," cried the host, "why do you not come up, and entreat Signor Galgano to favour our home with his presence?" The lady was approaching, when Galgano, lapping up the wounded dog in his cloak, hurried off, protesting that he had the rascaliest business in life to attend to, and that he would take the very earliest opportunity of repaying himself for his loss. "There now," said Stricca, to a little coxcombical looking fellow who was on a holiday visit to him, "there is one of the most accomplished gentlemen in all Italy, and yet he does not disdain to wrap up his bleeding dog in his silken coat. That," continued he, to his wife, "is Signor Galgano, one of the finest wits in Sienna, and what is better, one of the most generous of men. But you must have seen him before." "Yes," replied Madonna, "but I knew nothing of his generosity." Her husband, like one generous man speaking of another, related twenty different instances in which Galgano had manifested his friendship and liberality in the most delicate manner; so that Minoccia, at last, almost began to feel the kiss in the orange-tree stronger upon her eyelids, than she did when it was stolen.

Galgano soon made his appearance in Signor Stricca's house, and could not but perceive that the lady suffered herself to look kinder at him than when he bowed to her out of the cottage window. He was beginning to congratulate himself, after the fashion of the young gallants among whom he had been brought up; but what perplexed him was the extremely affectionate attention she paid her husband; and his perplexity was not diminished by the very great kindness shewn him by the husband himself. Indeed the kindness of both seemed to go hand in hand; so that our hero, having never yet been taught that a lady to whom a stranger had shewn attention could do any thing but favour him entirely, or laugh at or insult him, was more than ever bewildered between his respect for the husband and increasing passion for the wife.

Galgano, though not in so many words, pressed his suit in a manner that grew warmer every day. Minoccia seemed more and more dis-

tressed at it; and yet her kindness appeared to increase in proportion. At length, one afternoon, as they sat together in a summer-house, Galgano seeing her stoop her face into an orange-tree, was so overcome with the recollection of the first meeting of their faces, that he repeated the kiss, changing it however from the eyelids to the lips; and it struck him that she did not withdraw as quickly as before, nor look by any means so calm and indifferent. He accordingly took her hand in order to kiss it with a passionate gratitude, when she laid her other hand upon his, and looking at him with a sort of appealing tenderness in the face, said, "Signor Galgano, I respect you for numberless generous things I have heard of you; and knowing as I do how little what is called gallantry is thought of, I cannot deny but that your present attentions to me and apparent wishes do not hinder me from letting my respect run into a kinder feeling towards you. Perhaps, so sweet to us is flattery from those we regard, they have even more effect upon me than I ought to allow. But, Sir, there are always persons, whether they act justly or unjustly themselves, who do think a great deal of this gallantry, and who, if the case applied to themselves, would be rendered very uncomfortable; and, Signor Galgano, I have one of the very best husbands in the world; and if I shew any weakness towards another unbecoming a grateful wife, I do beseech you, Sir,—and I pay you one of the greatest and most affectionate compliments under heaven,—that rather than do or risk any thing the knowledge of which should pain him, you will help me with all the united strength of your generosity against my very self; otherwise" (here she fell into a blushing passion of tears) "it may be a hard struggle for me to call to mind what I ought respecting the happiness of others, while you are saying to me things that make me frightfully absorbed in the moment before me."

We leave the reader to guess how Galgano's attention to the appealing part of this speech was divided and hurt by the tenderness it avowed, and the opportunity it seemed to offer him. He passionately kissed the hand of the gentle Minoccia, and she did not hinder him, only she looked another way, drying up her tears; and he thought the turn of her head and neck never looked so lovely. "And if it were possible," asked he, "that the opinions of good and generous men could be changed on this subject (not that it would become me to seek to change those of the man I allude to)—but if it were possible, and no bar were in the way of a small share of Minoccia's kindness, might I indeed then hope that she would not withdraw it?" "Is it fair, Signor Galgano," said Minoccia, in a low but kind voice, "to ask me such a question, after the words that have found their way out of my lips?"—"And who then was the kindest of men or women,—next to yourself, dearest Minoccia,—that told you so many handsome and over-coloured things of your worshipper?" "My husband himself," answered she;—"he has long had a regard for your character, and at last he taught me to share it."—"Did he so!" exclaimed Galgano;—"then by heavens——" He broke off a moment, and resumed in a quieter tone:—"You, Madame Minoccia, who have a loving and affectionate heart, and who confess that you have been

moved to some regard for me by qualities which you know only by report, will guess what pangs that spirit must go through which has been made dizzy by looking upon your qualities day after day, and yet must tear itself from a happiness in which it would plunge headlong. But by the great and good God, which created all this beauty around us, and you the most beautiful of all beautiful things in the midst of it, I do love the generosity, and the sincerity, and the harmony that keeps them beautiful, so much more than my own will, that although I think the happiness might be greater, it shall never be said that Galgano made it less; and that he made it less too, because the generosity trusted him, and the kind sincerity leaned on him for support.— One embrace, or I shall die.” And Galgano not only gave, but received an embrace almost as warm as what he gave; and Minoccia kissed his eyelids, and then putting her hand over them and pressing them as if not to let him see, suddenly took it off, and disappeared.

We know not how Signor Stricca received the account of this interview at the time; for Madame Minoccia certainly related it to him; but it is in the records of Sienna, that years afterwards, while she was yet alive, her husband became bound for Signor Galgano in a large sum of money, as security for an office which the latter held in the state; and it appears by the dates in the papers, that they were close neighbours as well as friends.*

ON THE SLOW RISE OF THE MOST RATIONAL OPINIONS.

It would be surprising to think by what slow degrees the most rational, and apparently the most obvious improvements take place in human opinion, did not habit, and self-love, and the fear of change, sufficiently account for them. Some find it as difficult to leave off a mere habit of opinion, however pernicious, as drunkards their drams. Others cannot bear a diminution in the respect which they have long entertained for themselves, as sensible and conclusive thinkers. Others are afraid of all innovation, in consequence of the shock it gives to society; and yet the next minute they would wage a dozen wars to preserve the old notions. Again, it is thought a triumphant argument with some, if the new opinion proposed be to the advantage of the proposer;—which is a very idle objection; because if it supposes the general good, it includes his among the rest.

Innovation, as mere innovation, is a want of reverence for antiquity; an insensibility to the accumulated habits of time, and to the comforts and consolations they have gathered by the way. But on the

* This story (with the usual difference of detail) is from the Italian Novelists, and has been told in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, one of the store-houses of our great dramatic writers.

other hand, objection to it, as mere objection, is cowardice and selfishness; cowardice, for fear of responsibility; selfishness, for fear of losing a certain property in our self-respect, and having the notion of our own wisdom and sufficiency disturbed. You may know the goodness of either in proportion to it's enthusiasm, sincerity, gentleness, and wish to reason. You may know the badness, by a certain mixture of coldness and violence, by it's shuffling, it's petulance, and it's tendency to dismiss a subject at once with abuse. As to the innovator, it is his business to make up his mind to a certain portion of misrepresentation; for who was the innovator, great or small, that ever was without it? But it is his business also to examine narrowly into his own consciousness, and to be sure, from experiment, that he can deny himself for the good of others, what he would willingly enjoy with them in common.

There is not a liberal opinion now existing, which has not gone through heaps of ugly faces and yelling threats, like the saints in the old pictures. To differ in religious faith was once thought the height of undeniable villainy; and is so still by some ignorant sects. The Spaniards were taught to believe that all heretics had monster-like faces, till Lord Peterborough's officers persuaded the nuns otherwise. Milton says that he could not propose some new things even after an ancient fashion, (and indeed almost every proposition for human improvement is to be found in the ancient writers), but

—Straight a hideous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.

It is lamentable to see such a man as Bacon trying to feel his way into popular persuasion, by smoothing the king's and people's prejudices as he goes, giving even into the superstitions about witchcraft. A friend was observing to us a short time since, that he was not aware of the existence of any denouncement of cruelty to animals, till Pope wrote a paper on it in the Guardian. Shakspeare, who says every thing, has said something about "the poor beetle whom we tread upon, feeling as great a pang as when a giant dies;" but it is only in a cursory manner, and by way of illustration. His reflections upon the hunted stag, as if by way of excuse for the novelty of their sympathy, are put into the mouth of an eccentric and saturnine philosopher. His age indeed, so great and humane in many respects, was so insensible in this particular point, that one of the greatest and humanest of its ornaments, Sir Philip Sidney, describes his ladies and courtiers as laudably diverting themselves with sealing up a dove's eyes, to see it strain higher and higher into the light,—with other "cunning" diversions too gross and cruel to repeat. Poor ignorant old beldams, whom their neighbours or themselves took for witches, were put to death at a later period, with great approbation, not only of the "British Solomon," King James, but of a high legal Authority, and even the good old Sir Matthew Hale. The celebrated Robert Boyle, as our readers know, was accounted a sort of perfection of a man, especially in all respects intellectual, moral,

and religious. This excellent person was in the habit of moralizing upon every thing that he did or suffered, such as "Upon his manner of giving meat to his dog,"—"Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way,"—"Upon his sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast," &c. Among other Reflections, is one "Upon a fish's struggling after having swallowed the hook." It amounts to this; that at the moment when the fish thinks himself about to be most happy, the hook "does so wound and tear his tender gills, and thereby puts him into such restless pain, that no doubt he wishes the hook, bait and all, were out of his torn jaws again. Thus," says he, "men who do what they should not to obtain any sensual desires," &c. &c. Not a thought comes over him as to his own part in the business, and what he ought to say of himself for tearing the jaws and gills to indulge his own appetite for excitement. Take also the following:—"Fifth Section—Reflection 1. Killing a crow (out of window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills.—Long and patiently did I wait for this unlucky crow, wallowing in the sluttish trough (whose sides kept him a great while out of the reach of my gun), and gorging himself with no less greediness than the very swinish proprietaries of the feast, till at length my no less unexpected than fatal shot in a moment struck him down, and turning the scene of his delight into that of his pangs, made him abruptly alter his note, and change his triumphant chaunt into a dismal and tragic noise. This method is not unusual to divine justice towards brawny and incorrigible sinners," &c. &c. Thus the crow, for eating his dinner, is a rascal worthy to be shot by the Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, before the latter sits down to his own; while the said Mr. Boyle, instead of contenting himself with being a gentleman in search of amusement at the expence of birds and fish, is a representative of Divine Justice.

We laugh at this wretched moral pedantry now, and deplore the involuntary hard-heartedness which such mistakes in religion tended to produce; but in how many respects should it not make us look about us, and see where we fall short of an enlargement of thinking?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A True Story will be inserted with pleasure.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuff, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XL.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 12th, 1820.

SUPERFINE BREEDING.

THERE is an anecdote in Aulus Gellius (*Noctes Atticæ*, Lib. 10, Cap. 6,) which exhibits, we think, one of the highest instances of what may be called polite blackguardism that we ever remember to have read. The fastidiousness, self-will, and infinite resentment against a multitude of one's fellow-creatures for presuming to come in contact with one's own importance, are truly edifying: and to complete the lesson, this extraordinary specimen of the effect of superfine breeding and blood is handed down to us in the person of a lady. Her words might be thought to have been a bad joke; and bad enough it would have been; but the sense that was shewn of them proves them to have been very gravely regarded.

Claudia, the daughter of Appius Cæcus, in coming away from a public spectacle, was much pressed and pushed about by the crowd; upon which she thus vented her impatience:—"What should I have suffered now, and how much more should I have been squeezed and knocked about, if my brother Publius Claudius had not had his ships destroyed in battle, with all that heap of men? I should have been absolutely jammed to death! Would to heaven my brother were alive again, and could go with another fleet to Sicily, and be the death of this host of people, who plague and pester one in this horrid manner!"*

For these words, "so wicked and so uncivic," says good old Gellius, (*tam improba ac tam lucivilla*) the *Ædiles*, Caius Fundanus and Tiberius Sempronius, got the lady fined in the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass. There is a long account in Livy of the speech which they made to the people, in reply to the noble families that interceded for her. It is very indignant. Claudia herself confessed her words, and does not appear to have joined in the intercession. They are not related at such length by Livy, as by Aulus Gellius. He

* "Quid me nunc factum esset, quantoque arctius pressiusque conflictata essem, si P. Claudius frater meus navali prælio classem navium cum ingenti civium numero non perdidisset? certè quidem majore nunc copia populi oppressa intercidissem. Sed utinam, inquit, reviviscat frater, aliamque classem in Siciliam ducat, atque istam multitudinem perditum eat, quæ me malè nunc miseram convexavit."

merely makes her wish that her brother were alive to take out another fleet. But he shews his own sense of the ebullition by calling it a dreadful imprecation; and her rage was even more gratuitous according to his account, for he describes her as coming from the shews in a chariot.

Insolence and want of feeling appear to have been hereditary in this Appian family: which gives us also a strong sense of their want of capacity; otherwise a disgust at such manners must have been generated in some of the children. They were famous for opposing every popular law, and for having kept the Commons as long as possible out of any share in public honours and government. The villain Appius Claudius, whose well-known story has lately been made still more familiar to the public by the tragedy of Mr. Knowles, was among it's ancestors. Appius Cæcus, or the Blind, the father of Claudia, though he constructed the celebrated Appian Way and otherwise benefited the city, was a very unpopular man, wilful, haughty, and lawless. He retained possession of the Censorship beyond the limited period. It is an instance perhaps of his unpopularity, as well as of the superstition of the times, that having made a change in one of the priestly offices, and become blind some years afterwards, the Romans attributed it to the vengeance of heaven; an opinion which Livy repeats with great devotion, calling it a warning against innovations in religion. It had no effect however upon Claudius the brother, whose rashness furnished the pious Romans with a similar example to point at. Before an engagement with the Carthaginians, the Sacred Chickens were consulted, and because they would not peck and furnish him with a good omen, he ordered them to be thrown into the sea. "If they *won't* eat," said he, "let 'em drink." The engagement was one of the worst planned, and the worst fought in the world; but the men were avowedly dispirited by the Consul's irreverend behaviour to the chickens; and his impiety shared the disgrace with his folly. Livy represents him as an epitome of all that was bad in his family; proud, stubborn, unmerciful though full of faults himself, and wilful and precipitate to a degree of madness. This was the battle, of which his sister wished to see a repetition. It cost the Romans many ships sunk, ninety-three taken, and according to the historian, the miraculous loss of eight thousand men killed and twenty thousand taken prisoners, while the Carthaginians lost not a ship or a man.

SHAKING HANDS.

Among the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped every body's hand alike,—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, if turned out, the operator

had forgotten,) the crush was no less complimentary:—the face was as earnest and beaming, the “glad to see you” as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Desarts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman now and then as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude or had a whitlow. It was in vain, that your pretensions did not go beyond the “civil salute” of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out, and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side: the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce,—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady’s in handing her to a seat: and it was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient; the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till on the party’s breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman, to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided: but of the too, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated, (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen) the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one, than to practice the other; and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty, whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or distrust. We have met with two really kind men, who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them perhaps thought himself inferior to any body about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves; but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to shew him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention, we know not; but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first love of mankind. He was impatient at the change of his companions and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency still remained warm; and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

and perhaps a duller article to him by and by), we will conclude it with a translation of his most celebrated canzone, which was addressed to the river Sorgue and it's bowers. It has appeared before, though not in a place so suitable as the present; and as we have been asked to re-print it, before we ever thought of doing so, we repeat it with the less scruple. It is the 14th Canzone, Vol. 1., beginning,

CHIARE, FRESCHE, E DOLCE ACQUE.

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noon-tide;
Bough, gently interknit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which formed a rustic chair for her sweet side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hush'd,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gush'd;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
'That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to it's own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travaill'd flesh, and from my bones out-worn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, Oh the charity!
Seeing betwixt the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last.
Might ask of heaven to pardon me the past:
And heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower-on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls,
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, showing, on her drapery stopp'd,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropp'd;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying "Here reigns Love."

How often then I said,
 Inward; and fill'd with dread,
 —“ Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!”
 For at her look the while,
 Her voice, and her sweet smile,
 And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
 So that, with long-drawn sighs,
 I said, as far from men,
 “ How came I here, and when!”
 I had forgotten; and alas,
 Fancied myself in heav'n, not where I was;
 And from that time till this, I bear
 Such love for the green Bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

A TRUE STORY.

TO THE INDICATOR.

SIR,—When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight in the long summer evenings to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and altogether she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a living woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on; and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learnt that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman;

not young, though she had kept her young looks, for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R——, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and pronounced that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise, for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute, and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself, and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery;" "and it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which even in these times of danger I may find some means to forward?" To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her,—sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her.

Δ.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XLI.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 19th, 1820.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CENCI FAMILY, AND TRAGEDY ON THAT SUBJECT.

WE lay before our readers in the present number the substance of a remarkable document, containing the authorities for the tragedy which has lately appeared on the same subject, and which we shall afterwards proceed to notice. Criticism is not intended to be a feature in this our very competent and agreeable miscellany, especially criticism of a hostile nature. But like our illustrious predecessors the Tatler and Spectator, and their fine old father Montaigne, we shall not hesitate now and then to notice some new and excellent work, or to vindicate some great endeavours on the part of a friend, the nature of which may require a more than ordinary introduction to the public.

It has been supposed by some, we understand, that the author of the Cenci has overcharged his story; and these and other persons think that it is too horrible to tell. We are no admirers of horrid stories in general, as we have observed in the prefatory remarks to our own grim perpetration, the Tale for a Chimney Corner. (INDICATOR, p. 73.) There are some books in very good request, and with very delicate people too,—such as *Clarissa Harlowe*,—which with all their undoubted genius we would as soon read again, as see a man run the gauntlet from here to Land's End. The pain is too long drawn out, and the author's portait looks too fat and comfortable. There are also plays, not so clever, such as *George Barnwell* and the *Fatal Marriage*, full of half-witted morals and gratuitous agonies, which we would as lief pay to have our legs tortured, as go to see:—admittance to the red hot pincers, three and sixpence; half-torture, two shillings. But as we would avoid mean and unnecessary pain, so it appears to us to be a sort of moral cowardice not to look the most appalling stories in the face, that come to beckon us towards hidden treasures of thought, or to point out to us some great and awful endeavour for good. As Proteus, when his consultants grappled with him, changed himself into figures of beasts and serpents, to frighten them from their hold, but gave them their answer if he found it of no avail, so it is with these stories. They are the Gods wrestling with us in fearful shapes. Their final aspect is patient, human, and oracular.

The moral of the terrible story of the Cenci, whether told in history or poetry, is a lesson against the enormities arising from bad education,

from long indulged self-will, from the impunities of too much wealth and authority, and from tyrannical and degrading notions of the Supreme Being. It is nothing but the old story of the Neros and Ezze-lins in another shape. It is will driven mad by the power of indulging itself. As to the impossibility of the story, let those names and the writings of the elder dramatists answer all objections on that score. It is not the abstract crime that is the subject of consideration, but the excess proportioned to the excess of the will and to the bitterness of the contradiction. It is the enormity that proves the case. The unhappy patient is insane with self-will and with the fury of being opposed; and he will do the worst and most horrible things, precisely because he, as well as others, knows them to be the worst. His very outrages are testimonies to the beauty of virtue. He does not say this to himself. If he did, he would not do it, unless he were in a state of bodily as well as moral disease. But such is the instinct of his habits. The question then is, not how far we can loathe to hear about the frenzies of a fellow-creature, but how we can get at the causes of his frenzy, and help society to guard against them in all their shapes, great or small. We have thousands of Cencis among us in a lesser way,—petty home tyrants, sullen degraders of the deity they worship, impudent and callous men of the world, people that hate and would vex others in proportion as their merits mortify their own want of merit, tempers that work their wretched pleasure out of the pains of those they can worry,—in short, all that come under the poet's description of "the household fiend,"—all the spoiled children of power, high and low,—the victims of indulged perversity and of an induced bad opinion of God and man.

Upon these grounds, after giving way to our first-impulse of horror and indignation at the ruffian old man of the following story, we can pity him.—But to the story itself.

The Manuscript was copied by an Italian gentleman from a library at Rome, and is entitled, An Account of the Death of the Cenci Family.

Francesco Cenci was the only son of a Roman lord, who had been Treasurer to Pope Pius the Fifth, and who left him a clear annual income of a hundred and sixty thousand scudi.* Besides this, our miserable inheritor of wealth and impunity married a rich woman. After the death of this lady, he took for his second wife Lucrezia Petroni, of a noble family in the same city. By the former, he had seven children. By the latter none.

Francesco hated ~~these~~ children. It is a dreadful thing to say so in so many words; but the cause is easily seen through. He led a life of the most odious profligacy, and was as full of sullenness as vice. His children were intelligent; their father's example disgusted them; and he saw, and could not bear this contrast. The account of his ill-treatment of them begins with his refusing his sons enough to live decently upon, while pursuing their studies at Salamanca. They were obliged to return to their miserable home; and here he treated them

* We know not the precise value of this coin, which does not appear among the current money of Italy: nor can we refer to books for it at this moment. But there were *soudi* of gold; and Cenci's fortune was accounted enormous.

so much worse, denying them even common food and clothing, that they applied in despair to the Pope, who made him allow them a separate provision, with which they retired to another dwelling. Previously to this period, Cenci had been convicted of a crime twice over, and been suffered to compound for it with the Pope in two several sums of a hundred thousand scudi, nearly two thirds of his annual income. His third mortal crime now took place, and the sons by this time were so embittered by the constant wretchedness and infamy in which he kept his family, that they entreated the Sovereign Pontiff to put an end to his life and villainies at once. The Pope, says the narrative, was inclined to give him the death he merited, but not at the request of his own offspring, and for the third time he allowed him to make his usual composition of a hundred thousand scudi.

The wretched man now hated his children worse than ever, as he had some better reason to do. But not content with cursing his sons, he visited his two daughters with blows, and otherwise so trampled upon their feelings, that not being able to bear his treatment longer, the elder one applied to the Pope, begging him either to marry her according to his discretion, or to put her in a nunnery. The Pope took pity on the unhappy girl, and married her to a gentleman of rank named Carlo Gabrielli, making the father at the same time give her a suitable dowry.

This event so gnawed into Cenci's mind, that fearing his other daughter would follow her sister's example when she grew old enough, he cast in his diabolical thoughts how he might prevent it most assuredly, short of taking away her life. It has been thought by some, that Mr. Shelley's tragedy must be an exaggeration. The fact is, that the historical narrative is much worse. The details of his conduct fill up the poet's outline with horrors not to be thought of. We cannot repeat what this mad and grey-headed horror (for he was now an old man) both preached and practised in order to break down his daughter's virtues as well as heart; but he first kept her locked up in a solitary apartment; where none saw her but himself, and where he brought her stripes as well as food: and his last action —

About this period the terrible old man received news of the death of two of his sons, Rocco and Cristoforo, who by some means or other both came to violent ends. He welcomed it with delight, saying that nothing could make him happier but to hear the same thing of all his children; and that whenever the last should die, he would keep open house to all comers for joy. To shew his hatred the more openly, he would not give the least pittance towards interring them.

Beatrice was now beyond despair. She collected her thoughts, and sent off a letter to the Pope which the author of the Manuscript describes as excellently written. Let us stop here a moment, to speak more particularly of the extraordinary girl. "Beatrice," says the close of the Narrative, "was of a make rather large than small. Her complexion was fair. She had two dimples in her cheeks, which added to the beauty of her countenance especially when she smiled, and gave it a grace that enchanted all who saw her. Her hair was like threads of gold; and because it was very long, she used to fasten it up; but when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was

astonishing. She had blue eyes, very pleasing, of a sprightliness mixed with dignity: and in addition to all these graces, her conversation, as well as all that she did, had a spirit in it, and a sparkling polish (un brio signorile) which made every one in love with her. She was then under twenty years of age."

The letter to the Pope had no effect. The MS. says that it was found in the office of the Secretary of Memorials; but supposes that it never could have been laid before his Holiness. The reader may be allowed, under all the circumstances to suspect otherwise. Cenci was still rich and powerful; and there is no knowing how many thousands of scudi he may have had to pay now.

What renders the conduct of the Pope the more suspicious, is that the criminal somehow or other got intelligence of the application. It made him more furious than ever; and besides locking up his daughter, he incarcerated in the same manner, and apparently in the same room, his wife her mother-in-law, who had already drunk largely of the family cup of bitterness. Finding every avenue of relief shut against them, and taught by the old man himself, as well as their own awful thoughts, to forego the ties of relationship, they finally resolved upon dispatching him.

There was a visitor in the Cenci Palace, a young prelate of the name of Guerra, who, says the MS. was "a young man of an agreeable presence, well-bred, and one that easily accommodated himself to any proposal, good or bad." He was well acquainted with the wickedness of Cenci, who hated him for the attentions he paid his family; so that he used to come there at such times only as he knew the old man had gone out. How he gained admittance to the wife and daughter in the present instance does not appear; but he did; and finding their miseries augmented at every visit, his interest in their wretched state increased in proportion. The MS. says that he was not without a love for Beatrice; but it does not appear that she returned it. Be this as it may, having gathered their intentions about the old man from some words which Beatrice let fall, he not only approved them, but declared his willingness to co-operate in the catastrophe. The design was then communicated to Giacomo, one of her brothers, who instantly fell in with it. He had felt his father's ill treatment still more than the rest of his sons, having a wife and children whom the stipend assigned him by the Pope was insufficient to support.

Cenci had taken for the summer residence of himself and his family a castle called the Rock of Petrella. The first plan of the conspirators was to hire a banditti to surprise and kill him in his way thither. The banditti were hired accordingly, but the notice of Cenci's coming was given them too late, and he got into the Castle. Neither did they lurk in the thicket about the place to any purpose; for being now seventy years of age, (and probably aware of the state of the neighbourhood, no unusual thing in those times) he never stirred out of doors. It was therefore determined to put him to death in the castle. For this purpose, they hired two of his vassals, named Marzio and Olimpio, who either had or thought they had cause of offence with him. The reward offered for the deed was a thousand scudi, one third to be paid beforehand by Monsignor Guerra, and the remainder by the ladies when all

was over. The assassins were introduced into the Rock on the 8th of September 1598; "but as it happened to be the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Signora Lucrezia restrained by her veneration for that solemn anniversary, put off the execution, with the consent of her daughter-in-law, till the day following." On the evening of that day, an opiate was put into Cenci's drink. He went to bed, and fell into a profound sleep; and at midnight, Beatrice herself took the assassins into his chamber. Having told them what to do, she retired into an anti-room where her mother was waiting. In a little while, the assassins returned, and said that their compassion had overcome them, and that they could not conquer their repugnance to kill in cold blood, a miserable old man who was sleeping. Beatrice heard them with scorn and indignation. "If you are afraid," said she, "to put to death a man in his sleep, I, myself, will kill my father; but your own lives shall not have long to run." The men intimidated at this, returned to the chamber. In a little time they came back. The deed was done. The assassins received the rest of their reward; and to Marzio (for what reason does not appear; probably because he had been the least backward) Beatrice gave a mantle laced with gold. The body was thrown over a terrace into the garden, so that it might seem to have fallen by accident, while the old man was moving about in the night-time.

The women next day affected great sorrow. A sumptuous burial was given to the deceased; and the family, after a little stay, returned to Rome, where they are described as living in tranquillity for some time. In the mean while, the youngest son of Cenci died, so that there remained but two, Giacomo and Bernardo.

The Court of Naples however, whose interference at this point of time is not accounted for, unless the banditti, who were from that kingdom, had let the secret transpire, sent a commissioner to make enquiries into the nature of Cenci's death. The usual petty circumstances of suspicion came out, and were laid before the Court of Rome; yet the latter took no further steps for several months. Guerra, who was afraid that the assassins might turn evidence, hired others to get them out of the way; but Marzio escaped. He got imprisoned however at Naples; and having made an ample confession, was sent to Rome. Here he was confronted with the Cenci, who denied all that he said, particularly Beatrice. Her extraordinary firmness and presence of mind is described as so astonishing the man, that he retracted every thing he had deposed at Naples; and rather than confess, chose to expire under the torment.

The law being now perplexed how to proceed, the Cenci were transferred to the Castle, where they lived uninterruptedly for several months. Unluckily, one of the bravoes who had killed Olimpio was taken up, and confessed that he had been employed by Monsignor Guerra. Timely notice, by some means or other, was given to the bishop, and he escaped. He had difficulty in doing so, because he was a remarkable looking man with a fair face and hair, and the officers were on the alert: but he contrived it. He changed clothes with a coal-man, smutted his face and shaved his head, and driving two asses before him, with an onion and a piece of bread in his hand, passed

out of the city under their very eyes. He encountered with equal good luck the officers who were on the look out in the neighbourhood; and got safe into another country.

The flight of the prelate however, together with the confession of Olimpio's murderer, brought the hand of the law heavily upon the Cenci. They were now put to the torture. The courage of the men was prostrated at once ("cederono vilmente," says the Manuscript), and they remained convicted. "Signora Lucrezia, a woman of fifty years of age and large in person, not being able to resist the Torment of the Cord—(Here the Original is wanting)—But not one single criminalizing word," continues the document, "either by fair means or foul, by threats or by tortures, could be got out of the lips of Beatrice. Her vivacity and eloquence confounded even the judges." One of them, Signor Ulisse Mercati, represented the matter to the Pope, who suspected him of having been overcome by the sufferer's beauty, and appointed another in his room. The new judge ordered a fresh torture to be applied, called the Torture of the Hair; and when she was tied up ready for it, the rest of the family were brought in and entreated her to confess. At first she refused. "You would all die then," said she, "and extinguish our honour and our house? This ought not to be; but since it pleases you, so be it." She then turned to the officers to let her loose, and asked for copies of the several examinations; adding, "What I should confess, I will confess:—what I should approve, I will approve:—what I should deny, I will deny." After this fashion, says the MS., she stood convicted, though she did not confess.

The affair rested here again in a very extraordinary manner. Probably (though the MS. is far from hinting such a thing) some money matters were under the consideration of his Holiness,—deep questions as to the difference of fines and confiscations. The parties were separated from each other for five months. They were then allowed to meet one day at dinner; and then again they were divided. At length, the Holy Father, after having seen them all confronted, and examined the confession, sentenced them to be drawn at the cart's-tail and beheaded.

Great interest was made, by princes and cardinals, for allowing the criminals a legal defence. The Pope, who had shewn himself hostile from the first, answered these requests with severity, and asked, "what defence Cenci had, when he was so barbarously murdered in his sleep." At last he yielded the point, and gave them five-and-twenty days to look about them. The most eminent advocates in Rome prepared the defence, and appeared before him at the proper time with their respective papers. The first that spoke was impatiently interrupted by his Holiness, who said he was astonished to find in Rome children so barbarous as to kill their father, and advocates so bold as to defend such a villainy. At these words all the counsel were struck dumb, with the exception of the Advocate Tarrinacci, who replied, "Holy Father, we are not here at your feet to defend the brutality of the deed itself, but to save the lives of such as may be innocent nevertheless, if your Holiness will listen to us." The Pope, upon this, listened patiently for four hours. Tarrinacci's defence proceeded

upon the only possible ground, and appears to have contained a strength and eloquence worthy of his spirit. He balanced the wrongs of father and children against each other. The sons were made out to be the least concerned, and the weight of the murder thrown purposely upon Beatrice, who had been so atrociously and unspeakably outraged. The Pope sat up all the following night with one of the Cardinals, considering the defence point by point; and the upshot was, that he gave the criminals a hope of escaping death, and ordered that they should again be at comparative liberty.

Unfortunately for this new and unexpected turn in their affairs, a nobleman of the name of Paolo Santa Croce assassinated, at this point of time, his own mother, for not bequeathing him her inheritance. This renewed the Pope's bitterness against those who had set an example of parricide; and what increased it, was the flight of Santa Croce who eluded the hands of justice. He sent for the Governor of the city, and ordered the Cenci to be publicly executed forthwith. Many of the nobility hastened to his different palaces to implore at least a private death for the ladies; but he would not consent. They could only obtain the pardon of Bernardo, whom the MS. calls "the innocent Bernardo," and whose treatment both past and to come is thus rendered inexplicable:

The sentence was executed next day, Saturday, the 11th of May 1599, on the bridge of St. Angelo. Beatrice, on receiving news of the sentence, felt, for the first time, her young heart fail her; and burst into bitter and wild lamentations on the necessity of dying. "Oh God!" she cried out, "how is it possible to die so suddenly!" Her mother-in-law, whose greater age and perhaps less hope of escaping death, had softened more into patience, comforted her in the most affectionate manner, and got her quietly into the chapel. Beatrice soon recovered herself, and behaved with a gentle firmness proportionate to the wildness of her first grief. She made a will, in which she left fifteen thousand scudi to the Confraternity of the Sacred Stigmas (the Wounds of Christ), and the whole of her dowry to portion fifty female orphans in marriage. Lucrezia left a will in the same spirit. They then recited psalms, litanies, and other prayers; and at eight o'clock confessed themselves, heard mass, and received the sacrament. The funeral procession called for them on its way, having already taken up the two brothers, to the younger of whom the Pope's pardon was announced, informing him at the same time that he must witness the executions: Beatrice and Lucrezia were habited like nuns. On their way to the scaffold a striking thing was observed. Lucrezia's handkerchief was continually applied to wipe away her tears; Beatrice's only to dry up the moisture on her forehead.

When the procession arrived at the scaffold, and the criminals withdrew for a while to a chapel, the poor young Bernardo, condemned to see his nearest relations executed before his very eyes, fell into an agony and fainting fit, and was recovered only to be placed opposite the block. The first who mounted the scaffold was Lucrezia. In preparing for death, the drapery was discomposed about her bosom, which though she was fifty years of age, was still beautiful. She blushed and cast down her eyes; but raised them again in prayer; and then adjust-

ing herself to the block, was in the act of repeating the words, in the 51st psalm, "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies," when her head was struck off. While the block was being prepared for Beatrice, a place on which some of the spectators stood broke down, to their great hurt. Beatrice hearing the noise, asked if her mother had died well, and being told she had, knelt down before a crucifix, and said, "Thanks without end be to thee, O most merciful Redeemer, for having given in the good death of my mother a sure proof of thy pity towards me." Then rising on her feet, "all courage and devotion," she walked towards the scaffold, putting up prayers as she went with such a fervour of spirit, that all who heard her melted into tears. Having ascended the scaffold, she accommodated her head to the block, and looking up once more towards heaven, prayed thus:—"O most affectionate Jesus, who abandoning thy divinity, didst become human; and didst will, in thy love, to purge from it's mortal blot even this my sinful soul with thy precious blood; ah, grant, I pray thee, that that which I am now about to shed, may suffice before thy merciful tribunal to do away my great misdeeds, and to save me from some part of the punishment which is justly my due." Having said thus, she laid down her head again on the block and began the 130th Psalm—"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears"—At these words her head was severed from her body. The latter underwent such a violent convulsion, that one of the legs is said to have almost leaped up. At sight of his sister's death, Bernardo swooned away again, and did not recover his senses for a quarter of an hour. It was now the turn of the last sufferer, Giacomo. He first gave a steadfast look at Bernardo, and then said aloud, that if he went into a state of bliss instead of punishment he would pray for the welfare of the Pope, who had remitted the tormenting part of his just sentence and saved his brother's life; and that the only affliction he had in his last moments, was that his brother was compelled to look upon a scene so dreadful: "but," added he, "as it has so pleased thee, O my God, thy will be done." He then knelt down, and was killed with a blow of a leaded club. The executions being over, Bernardo was taken back to prison, where he fell into a long and violent fever. He was kept there four months, "when at the request of the Venerable Arch-Confraternity of the Most Holy Crucifix of St. Marcello he obtained the favour of being set at liberty, after paying to the Hospital of the Most Holy Trinity of the Pilgrims the sum of 25,000 scudi." He lived to have a son, named Cristoforo, at the time when the MS. was written; but we know not how long the family stock survived.

Thus ended this dreadful tragedy of mistakes; in which the most privileged were made fiends, the most virtuous murderers, and the customs that undertook to punish them were the cause of all.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with basic curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XLII.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 26th, 1820.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CENCI FAMILY, AND TRAGEDY ON THAT SUBJECT.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

"THE highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. If dogmas can do more, it is well: but a drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly, no person can be truly dishonoured by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by love and peace. Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious mistakes. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would have been wiser and better; but she would never have been a tragic character: the few whom such an exhibition would have interested, could never have been sufficiently interested for a domestic purpose, from the want of finding sympathy in their interest among the mass who surround them. It is in the restless and anatomizing casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and revenge; that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered, consists."

Thus speaks Mr. Shelley, in the preface to his tragedy of the Cenci,—a preface beautiful for the majestic sweetness of its diction, and still more lovely for the sentiments that flow forth with it. There is no living author, who writes a preface like Mr. Shelley. The intense interest which he takes in his subject, the consciousness he has upon him nevertheless of the interests of the surrounding world, and the natural dignity with which a poet and philosopher, sure of his own

motives, presents himself to the chance of being doubted by those whom he would benefit, casts about it an inexpressible air of amiableness and power. To be able to read such a preface, and differ with it, is not easy; but to be able to read it, and then go and abuse the author's intentions, shews a deplorable habit of being in the wrong.

Mr. Shelley says that he has "endeavoured as nearly as possible to represent the characters as they really were, and has sought to avoid the error of making them actuated by his own conceptions of right or wrong, false or true, thus under a thin veil converting names and actions of the sixteenth century into cold impersonations of his own mind." He has so. He has only added so much poetry and imagination as is requisite to refresh the spirit, when a story so appalling is told at such length as to become a book. Accordingly, such of our readers as are acquainted with our last week's narrative of the Cenci and not with Mr. Shelley's tragedy, or with the tragedy and not with the narrative, will find in either account that they are well acquainted with the characters of the other. It is the same with the incidents, except that the legal proceedings are represented as briefer, and Beatrice is visited with a temporary madness; but this the author had a right to suppose, in probability as well as poetry. The curtain falls on the parties as they go forth to execution,—an ending which would hardly have done well on the stage, though for different reasons, any more than the nature of the main story. But through the medium of perusal, it has a very good as well as novel effect. The execution seems a supererogation, compared with it. The patience, that has followed upon the excess of the sorrow, has put the tragedy of it at rest. "The bitterness of death is past," as Lord Russell said when he had taken leave of his wife.

We omitted to mention last week, that the greatest crime of which Cenci had been guilty, in the opinion of the author of the Manuscript, was atheism. The reader will smile to see so foolish and depraved a man thus put on a level with Spinoza, Giordano Bruno, and other spirits of undoubted genius and integrity, who have been accused of the same opinion. But the same word means very different things to those who look into it; and it does here, though the author of the MS. might not know it. The atheism of men like Spinoza is nothing but a vivid sense of the universe about them, trying to distinguish the mystery of its operations from the ordinary, and as they think pernicious anthropomorphism, in which our egotism envelopes it. But the atheism of such men as Cenci is the only real atheism; that is to say, it is the only real disbelief in any great and good thing, physical or moral. For the same reason, there is more atheism, to all intents and purposes of virtuous and useful belief, in some bad religions however devout, than in some supposed absences of religion: for the god they propose to themselves does not rise above the level of the world they live in, except in power like a Roman Emperor; so that there is nothing to them really outside of this world, at last. The god, for instance, of the Mussulman, is nothing but a sublimated Grand Signior; and so much the worse, as men generally are, in proportion to

his power. One act of kindness, one impulse of universal benevolence, as recommended by the true spirit of Jesus, is more grand and godlike than all the degrading ideas of the Supreme Being, which fear and slavery have tried to build up to heaven. It is a greater going out of ourselves; a higher and wider resemblance to the all-embracing placidity of the universe. The Catholic author of the MS. says that Cenci was an atheist, though he built a chapel in his garden. The chapel, he tells us, was only to bury his family in. Mr. Shelley on the other hand, can suppose Cenci to have been a Catholic, well enough, considering the nature and tendency of the Catholic faith. In fact, he might have been either. He might equally have been the man he was, in those times, and under all the circumstances of his power and impunity. The vices of his atheism and the vices of his superstition would, in a spirit of his temper and education, have alike been the result of a pernicious system of religious faith, which rendered the Divine Being gross enough to be disbelieved by any one, and imitated and bribed by the wicked. Neither his scepticism nor his devotion would have run into charity. He wanted knowledge to make the first do so, and temper and privation to make the second. But perhaps the most likely thing is, that he thought as little about religion as most men of the world do at all times;—that he despised and availed himself of it in the mercenary person of the Pope, scarcely thought of it but at such times, and would only have believed in it out of fear at his last hour. Be this however as it might, still the habitual instinct of his conduct is justly traceable to the prevailing feeling respecting religion, especially as it appears that he “established masses for the peace of his soul.” Mr. Shelley, in a striking part of his preface, informs us that even in our own times “religion co-exists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic, with a faith in that, of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration; not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connexion with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout; and without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse; never a check.” We shall only add to this, that such religions in furnishing men with excuse and absolution, do but behave with something like decent kindness; for they are bound to do what they can for the vices they produce. And we may say it with gravity too, Forgiveness will make its way somehow every where, and it is lucky that it will do so. But it would be luckier, if systems made less to forgive.

The character of Beatrice is admirably managed by our author. She is what the MS. describes her, with the addition of all the living grace and presence which the re-creativity of poetry can give her. We see the maddened loveliness of her nature walking among us, and make way with an awful sympathy. It is thought by some, that she ought not to deny her guilt as she does;—that she ought not, at any rate, to deny the deed, whatever she may think of the guilt. But this,

in our opinion, is one of the author's happiest subtleties. She is naturally so abhorrent from guilt,—she feels it to have been so impossible a thing to have killed a *PATRICK*, truly so called, that what with her horror of the deed and of the infamy attending it, she would almost persuade herself as well as others, that no such thing had actually taken place,—that it was a notion, a horrid dream, a thing to be gratuitously cancelled from people's minds, a necessity which they were all to agree had existed but was not to be spoken of, a crime which to punish was to proclaim and make real,—any thing, in short, but that a daughter had killed her father. It is a lie told, as it were, for the sake of nature, to save it the shame of a greater contradiction. If any feeling less great and spiritual, any dread of a pettier pain, appears at last to be suffered by the author to mingle with it, a little common frailty and inconsistency only renders the character more human, and may be allowed a young creature about to be cut off in the bloom of life, who shews such an agonized wish that virtue should survive guilt and despair. She does not sacrifice the man who is put to the torture. He was apprehended without her being able to help it, would have committed her by his confession, and would have died at all events. She only reproaches him for including a daughter in the confession of his guilt; and the man, he it observed, appears to have had a light let into his mind to this effect, for her behaviour made him retract his accusations, and filled him so with a pity above his self-interest, that he chose rather to die in torture than repeat them. It is a remarkable instance of the respect with which Beatrice was regarded in Rome, in spite of the catastrophe into which she had been maddened, that Guido painted her portrait from the life, while she was in prison. He could not have done this, as a common artist might take the likeness of a common criminal, to satisfy vulgar curiosity. Her family was of too great rank and importance, and retained them too much in its reverses. He must have waited on her by permission, and accompanied the sitting with all those attentions which artists on such occasions are accustomed to pay to the great and beautiful. Perhaps he was intimate with her, for he was a painter in great request. In order to complete our accounts respecting her, as well as to indulge ourselves in copying out a beautiful piece of writing, we will give Mr. Shelley's description of this portrait, and masterly summary of her character. "The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art: it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched: the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her fore-

head is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons, in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle, in which circumstances clothed her from her impersonation on the scene of the world."

The beauties of a dramatic poem, of all others, are best appreciated by a survey of the whole work itself, and of the manner in which it is composed and hangs together. We shall content ourselves therefore, in this place, with pointing out some detached beauties; and we will begin, as in the grounds of an old castle, with an account of a rocky chasm on the road to Petrella.

Lucrezia. To-morrow before dawn
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,
Petrella, in the Apulian Apennines.
If he arrive there—

Beatrice. He must not arrive.

Orsino. Will it be dark before you reach the tower?

Lucr. The sun will scarce be set.

Beatr. But I remember

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow;
And winds with short turns down the precipice,
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulph, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns:—below,
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm, and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon-day there
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

With what a generous and dignified sincerity does Beatrice shew at once her own character and that of the prelate her lover.

As I have said, speak not to me of love.
Had you a dispensation, I have not:
Nor will I leave this home of misery,
Whilst my poor Bernard, and that gentle lady
To whom I owe life and these virtuous thoughts,
Must suffer what I will have strength to share.
Alas, Orsino! All the love that once

I felt for you, is turned to bitter pain.
 Our's was a youthful contract, which you first
 Broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose.
 And yet I love you still, but holily,
 Even as a sister or a spirit might;
 And so I swear a cold fidelity.
 And it is well perhaps we should not marry.
 You have a sly, equivocating vein,
 That suits me not.

The following is one of the gravest and grandest lines we ever read. It is the sum total of completeness. Orsino says, while he is meditating Cenci's murder, and its consequences,

I see, as from a tower, the end of all.

The terrible imaginations which Beatrice pours forth during her frenzy, are only to be read in connexion with the outrage that produced them. Yet take the following, where the excess of the agony is softened to us by the wild and striking excuse which it brings for the guilt.

What hideous thought was that I had even now?

'Tis gone; and yet its burthen remains still
 O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart.
 O, world! O, life! O, day! O, misery!

Lucr. What ails thee, my poor child? She answers not:
 Her spirit apprehends the sense of pain,
 But not its cause: suffering has dried away
 The source from which it sprung.

Beatr. (frantically). Like Parricide,
Misery has killed its father.

When she recovers, she "approaches solemnly" Orsino, who comes in, and announces to him, with an awful obscurity, the wrong she has endured. Observe the last line.

Welcome, friend!

I have to tell you, that since last we met,
 I have endured a wrong so great and strange
 That neither life nor death can give me rest.
 Ask me not what it is, for there are deeds
 Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.

Ors. And what is he that has thus injured you?

Beatr. The man they call my father; a dread name.

The line of exclamations in the previous extract is in the taste of the Greek dramatists; from whom Mr. Shelley, who is a scholar, has caught also his happy feeling for compounds, such as "the all-communicating air," the "mercy-winged lightning," "sin-chastising dreams," "wind-walking pestilence," the "palace-walking devil, gold," &c. Gold, in another place, is finely called "the old man's sword."

Cenci's angry description of the glare of day is very striking.

The all-beholding sun yet shines: I hear
 A busy stir of men about the streets;
 I see the bright sky through the window panes:
 It is a garish, broad, and peering day;
 Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears,

And every little corner, nook, and hole
Is penetrated with the insolent light.
Come darkness!

The following is edifying:—

The eldest son of a rich nobleman
Is heir to all his incapacities;
He has wide wants, and narrow powers.

We are aware of no passage in the modern or ancient drama, in which the effect of bodily torture is expressed in a more brief, comprehensive, imaginative manner, than in an observation made by a judge to one of the assassins. The pleasure belonging to the original image renders it intensely painful.

Mario. My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing:
Olimpio sold the robe to me, from which
You would infer my guilt.

2d Judge. Away with him!

1st Judge. Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss,
Speak false?

Beatrice's thoughts upon what she might and might not find in the other world are very terrible; but we prefer concluding our extracts with the close of the play, which is deliciously patient and affectionate. How triumphant is the gentleness of virtue in its most mortal defeats!

Enter CAMILLO and Guards.

Bernardo. They come! Let me
Kiss those warm lips, before their crimson leaves
Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell, before
Death chokes that gentle voice! O, let me hear
You speak!

Beatr. Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now:
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child;
For thine own sake, be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Tho' wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And tho'
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those, who perhaps love thee in their graves.
So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Bern. I cannot say, farewell!

Cam. O, lady Beatrice!

Beatr. Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; 'aye, that does well.
And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another: now
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

Exeunt.

Mr. Shelley, in this work, reminds us of some of the most strenuous and daring of our old dramatists, not by any means as an imitator, though he has studied them, but as a bold, elemental imagination, and a framer of "mighty lines." He possesses also however, what those to whom we more particularly allude did not possess, great sweetness of nature, and enthusiasm for good; and his style is, as it ought to be, the offspring of this high mixture. It disproves the adage of the Latin poet. Majesty and Love do sit on one throne in the lofty buildings of his poetry; and they will be found there, at a late and we trust a happier day, on a seat immortal as themselves.

[An accident prevents us from filling up this space with something which would have worthily filled it.]

Printed and published by JOSEPH APFLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuffs, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XLIII.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2d, 1820.

THE STORIES OF LAMIA, THE POT OF BASIL, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, &c. AS TOLD BY MR. KEATS.

IN laying before our readers an account of another new publication, it is fortunate that the nature of the work again falls in with the character of our miscellany; part of the object of which is to relate the stories of old times. We shall therefore abridge into prose the stories which Mr. Keats has told in poetry, only making up for it, as we go, by cutting some of the richest passages out of his verse, and fitting them in to our plainer narrative. They are such as would leaven a much greater lump. Their drops are rich and vital, the essence of a heap of fertile thoughts.

The first story, entitled *Lamia*, was suggested to our author by a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which he has extracted at the end of it. We will extract it here, at the beginning, that the readers may see how he has enriched it. Burton's relation is itself an improvement on the account in Philostratus. The old-book-fighter with melancholy thoughts is speaking of the seductions of phantasmata.

"Philostratus, in his fourth book '*De Vita Apollonii*,' hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though pot this of love, tarried with her awhile to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and therefore she, plate, house, and all that was

in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for, it was done in the midst of Greece."—Anat. of Mel. Part 3, Sect. 2.

According to, our poet, Mercury had come down from heaven, one day, in order to make love to a nymph, famous for her beauty. He could not find her; and he was halting among the woods uneasily, when he heard a lonely voice, complaining. It was

A mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake.
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake?
"When move in a sweet body fit for life,
"And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
"Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!"

Mercury went looking about among the trees and grass,

Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

The admiration, pity, and horror, to be excited by humanity in a brute shape, were never perhaps called upon by a greater mixture of beauty and deformity than in the picture of this creature. Our pity and suspicions are begged by the first word: the profuse and vital beauties with which she is covered seem proportioned to her misery and natural rights; and lest we should lose sight of them in this gorgeousness, the "woman's mouth" fills us at once with shuddering and compassion.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermillion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustries with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some dæmon's mistress, or the dæmon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there,
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.

The serpent tells Mercury that she knows upon what quest he is bound, and asks him if he has succeeded. The god, with the usual eagerness of his species to have his will, falls into the trap; and tells her that he will put her in possession of any wish she may have at heart, provided she can tell him where to find his nymph. As eagerly, she accepts his promise, making him ratify it by an oath, which he first pronounces with an earnest lightness, and afterwards with a deeper solemnity.

Then once again the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.

The creature tells him that it was she who had rendered the nymph invisible, in order to preserve her from the importunities of the ruder wood gods. She adds, that she was a woman herself, that she loves a youth of Corinth and wishes to be a woman again, and that if he will let her breathe upon his eyes, he shall see his invisible beauty. The god sees, loves, and prevails. The serpent undergoes a fierce and convulsive change, and flies towards Corinth,

A full-born beauty, new and exquisite.

Lamia, whose liability to painful metamorphosis was relieved by a supernatural imagination, had been attracted by the beauty of Lycius, while pitching her mind among the enjoyments of Corinth. By the same process, she knew that he was to pass along, that evening, on the road from the sea-side to Corinth; and there accordingly she contrives to have an interview, which ends in his being smitten with love, and conducting her to her pretended home in that city. She represents herself as a rich orphan, living "but half-retired," and affects to wonder that he never saw her before. As they enter Corinth, they pass the philosopher Apollonius, who is Lycius's tutor, and from whom he instinctively conceals his face. Lamia's hand shudders in that of her lover; but she says she is only wearied; and at the same moment, they stop at the entrance of a magnificent house:—

A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water.

Here they lived for some time, undisturbed by the world, in all the delight of a mutual passion. The house remained invisible to all eyes, but those of Lycius. There were a few Persian mutes, "seen that year about the markets;" and nobody knew whence they came; but the most inquisitive were baffled in endeavouring to track them to some place of abode.

But all this while, a god was every night in the house, taking offence.
Every night

With a terrific glare,
Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hovered and buzzed his wings with fearful roar
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

Lycius, to the great distress of his mistress, who saw in his vanity a great danger, persuaded her to have a public wedding-feast. She only begged him not to invite Apollonius; and then, resolving to dress up her bridals with a sort of despairing magnificence, equal to her apprehensions of danger, she worked a fairy architecture in secret, served only with the noise of wings and a restless sound of music—

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout; as fearful the whole charm might fade.

This is the very quintessence of the romantic. The walls of the long-vaulted room were covered with palms and plantain-trees imitated in cedar-wood, and meeting over head in the middle of the ceiling;

between the stems were jasper pannels, from which "there burst forth creeping imagery of sligher trees;" and before each of these "lucid pannels

Fuming stood
A censer filled with myrrh and spiced wood,
Whose slender feet wide-swept upon the soft
Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous.

Twelve tables stood in this room, set round with circular couches, and on every table was a noble feast and the statue of a god.

Lamia, regal drest,
Silently faced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.

Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd, and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The guests came. They wondered and talked; but their gossiping would have ended well enough, when the wine prevailed, had not Apollonius, an unbidden guest, come with them. He sat right opposite the lovers, and

— Fixed his eye, without a twinkle or stir
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride.

Lycius felt her hand grow alternately hot and cold, and wondered more and more both at her agitation and the conduct of his old tutor. He looked into her eyes, but they looked nothing in return: he spoke to her, but she made no answer: by degrees the music ceased, the flowers faded away, the pleasure all darkened, and

A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

The bridegroom at last shrieked out her name; but it was only echoed back to him by the room. Lamia sat fixed, her face of a deadly white. He called in mixed agony and rage to the philosopher to take off his eyes; but Apollonius, refusing, asked him whether his old guide and instructor who had preserved him from all harm to that day, ought to see him made the prey of a serpent. A mortal faintness came into the breath of Lamia at this word; she motioned him, as well as she could, to be silent; but looking her stedfastly in the face, he repeated Serpent! and she vanished with a horrible scream. Upon the same night, died Lycius, and was swathed for the funeral in his wedding-garments.

Mr. Keats has departed as much from common-place in the character and moral of this story, as he has in the poetry of it. He would see fair play to the serpent, and makes the power of the philosopher an ill-natured and disturbing thing. Lamia though liable to be turned into

painful shapes had a soul of humanity ; and the poet does not see why she should not have her pleasures accordingly, merely because a philosopher saw that she was not a mathematical truth. This is fine and good. It is vindicating the greater philosophy of poetry. At the same time, we wish that for the purpose of his story he had not appeared to give into the common-place of supposing that Apollonius's sophistry must always prevail, and that modern experiment has done a deadly thing to poetry by discovering the nature of the rainbow, the air, &c. : that is to say, that the knowledge of natural history and physics, by shewing us the nature of things, does away the imaginations that once adorned them. This is a condescension to a learned vulgarity, which so excellent a poet as Mr. Keats ought not to have made. The world will always have fine poetry, as long as it has events, passions, affections, and a philosophy that sees deeper than this philosophy. There will be a poetry of the heart, as long as there are tears and smiles : there will be a poetry of the imagination, as long as the first causes of things remain a mystery. A man who is no poet, may think he is none, as soon as he finds out the physical cause of the rainbow ; but he need not alarm himself :—he was none before. The true poet will go deeper. He will ask himself what is the cause of that physical cause ; whether truths to the senses are after all to be taken as truths to the imagination ; and whether there is not room and mystery enough in the universe for the creation of infinite things, when the poor matter-of-fact philosopher has come to the end of his own vision. It is remarkable that an age of poetry has grown up with the progress of experiment ; and that the very poets, who seem to countenance these notions, accompany them by some of their finest effusions. Even if there were nothing new to be created,—if philosophy, with its line and rule, could even score the ground, and say to poetry “Thou shalt go no further,” she would look back to the old world, and still find it inexhaustible. The crops from its fertility are endless. But these alarms are altogether idle. The essence of poetical enjoyment does not consist in belief, but in a voluntary power to imagine.

The next story, that of the Pot of Basil, is from Boccaccio. After the narrative of that great writer, we must make as short work of it as possible in prose. To turn one of his stories into verse, is another thing. It is like setting it to a more elaborate music. Mr. Keats is so struck with admiration of his author, that even while giving him this accompaniment, he breaks out into an apology to the great Italian, asking pardon for this

—Echo of him in the worth-wind sung.

We might waive a repetition of the narrative altogether, as the public have lately been familiarized with it in the Sicilian Story of Mr. Barry Cornwall : but we cannot help calling to mind that the hero and heroine were two young and happy lovers, who kept their love a secret from her rich brothers ; that her brothers, getting knowledge of their intercourse, lured him into a solitary place, and murdered him ; that Isabella, informed of it by a dreary vision of her lover, found out where he was buried, and with the assistance of her nurse, severed the head from the body that she might cherish even that ghastly memo-

rial of him as a relic never to be parted with; that she buried the head in a pot of earth, and planting basil over it, watered the leaves with her continual tears till they grew into wonderful beauty and luxuriance; that her brothers, prying into her fondness for the Pot of Basil, which she carried with her from place to place, contrived to steal it away; that she made such lamentations for it, as induced them to wonder what could be its value, upon which they dug into it, and discovered the head; that the amazement of that discovery struck back upon their hearts, so that after burying the head secretly, they left their native place, and went to live in another city; and that Isabella continued to cry and moan for her Pot of Basil, which she had not the power to cease wishing for; till, under the pressure of that weeping want, she died.

Our author can pass to the most striking imaginations from the most delicate and airy fancy. He says of the lovers in their happiness,

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyrs blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

These pictures of their intercourse terribly aggravate the gloom of what follows. Lorenzo, when lured away to be killed, is taken unknowingly out of his joys, like a lamb out of the pasture. The following masterly anticipation of his end, conveyed in a single word, has been justly admired:—

So the two brothers and their *murder'd* man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straitened banks.
They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

When Mr. Keats errs in his poetry, it is from the ill management of a good thing,—exuberance of ideas. Once or twice, he does so in a taste positively bad, like Marino or Cowley, as in a line in his *Ode to Psyche*

At tender eye-dawn of aurean love;

but it is once or twice only, in his present volume. Nor has he erred much in it in a nobler way. What we allude to is one or two passages in which he over-informs the occasion or the speaker; as where the brothers, for instance, whom he describes as a couple of mere “money-bags,” are gifted with the power of uttering the following exquisite metaphor:—

“To day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine.”

But to return to the core of the story.—Observe the fervid misery of the following.

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;

Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
 Like to a native lily of the dell:
 Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
 To dig more fervently than misers can.
 Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
 Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,
 She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone
 And put it in her bosom, where it dries
 And freezes utterly unto the bone
 Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:
 Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,
 But to throw back at times her veiling hair.
 That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
 Until her heart felt pity to the core
 At sight of such a dismal labouring,
 And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
 And put her lean hands to the horrid thing;
 Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;
 At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
 And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

It is curious to see how the simple pathos of Boccaccio, or (which is the same thing) the simple intensity of the heroine's feelings, suffices our author more and more, as he gets to the end of his story. And he has related it as happily, as if he had never written any poetry but that of the heart. The passage about the tone of her voice,—the poor lost-witted coaxing,—the “chuckle,” in which she asks after her Pilgrim and her Basil,—is as true and touching an instance of the effect of a happy familiar word, as any in all poetry. The poet bids his imagination depart,

For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
 Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
 Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.
 Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
 Asking for her lost Basil amorously;
 And with melodious chuckle in the strings
 Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
 After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
 To ask him where her Basil was; and why
 'Twas hid from her: “For cruel 'tis,” said she,
 “To steal my Basil-pot away from me.”
 And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
 Imploring for her Basil to the last.
 No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
 In pity of her love, so overcast.
 And a sad ditty of this story born
 From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
 Still is the burthen sung—“O cruelty,
 “To steal my Basil-pot away from me!”

The Eve of St. Agnes, which is rather a picture than a story, may be analysed in a few words. It is an account of a young beauty, who going to bed on the eve in question to dream of her lover, while her rich kinsmen, the opposers of his love, are keeping holday in the rest of the house, finds herself waked by him in the night, and in the hurry of the moment agrees to elope with him. The portrait of the heroine, preparing to go to bed, is remarkable for its union of extreme richness and good taste; not that those two properties of description are natu-

rally distinct; but that they are too often separated by very good poets, and that the passage affords a striking specimen of the sudden and strong maturity of the author's genius. When he wrote *Endymion* he could not have resisted doing too much. To the description before us, it would be a great injury either to add or diminish. It falls at once gorgeously and delicately upon us, like the colours of the painted glass. Nor is Madeline hurt by all her encrusting jewelry and rustling silks. Her gentle, unsophisticated heart is in the midst, and turns them into so many ministrants to her loveliness.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fine breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest;
And on her silver cross pale amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair Saint Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought until the morrow-days
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Is not this perfectly beautiful?

[Want of room compels us to break off here. We cannot leave the reader at a better place. The remainder of the criticism must occupy the beginning of our next number.]

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with basic curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLIV.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1820.

THE STORIES OF LAMIA, THE POT OF BASIL, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, &c. AS TOLD BY MR. KEATS.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

As a specimen of the Poems, which are all lyrical, we must indulge ourselves in quoting entire the Ode to a Nightingale. There is that mixture in it of real melancholy and imaginative relief, which poetry alone presents us in her. "charmed cup," and which some over-rational critics have undertaken to find wrong because it is not true. It does not follow that what is not true to them, is not true to others. If the relief is real, the mixture is good and sufficing. A poet finds refreshment in his imaginary wine, as other men do in their real; nor have we the least doubt, that Milton found his grief for the loss of his friend King, more solaced by the allegorical recollections of *Lycidas*, (which were exercises of his mind, and recollections of a friend who would have admired them) than if he could have anticipated Dr. Johnson's objections, and mourned in nothing but broadcloth and matter of fact. He yearned after the poetical as well as social part of his friend's nature; and had as much right to fancy it straying in the wilds and oceans of romance, where it had strayed, as in the avenues of Christ's College where his body had walked. In the same spirit the imagination of Mr. Keats betakes itself, like the wind, "where it listeth," and is as truly there, as if his feet could follow it. The poem will be the more striking to the reader, when he understands what we take a friend's liberty in telling him, that the author's powerful mind has for some time past been inhabiting a sickened and shaken body, and that in the mean while it has had to contend with feelings that make a fine nature ache for its species, even when it would disdain to do so for itself;—we mean, critical malignity,—that unhappy envy, which would wreak its own tortures upon others, especially upon those that really feel for it already.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dauce, and Pfovental's song, and sunburnt mirth?
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

The Hyperion is a fragment,—a gigantic one, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon. It is truly of a piece with its subject, which is the downfall of the elder gods. It opens with Saturn, dethroned, sitting in a deep and solitary valley, benumbed in spite of his huge powers with the amazement of the change.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
 Along the margin sand large foot-marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unaccepted; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
 It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

By degrees, the Titans meet in one spot, to consult how they may regain their lost empire; but Clymene the gentlest, and Oceanus the most reflective of those earlier deities, tell them that it is irrecoverable. A very grand and deep-thoughted cause is assigned for this by the

latter. Intellect, he gives them to understand, was inevitably displacing a more brute power.

Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal truth:
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So thou art not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness.

The more imaginative parts of the poem are worthy of this sublime moral. Hyperion, the God of the Sun, is the last to give way; but horror begins to visit his old beauty with new and dread sensations. The living beauty of his palace, whose portals open like a rose, the awful phenomena that announce a change in heaven, and his inability to bid the day break as he was accustomed,—all this part, in short, which is the core and inner diamond of the poem, we must enjoy with the reader.

His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorean clouds
Flush'd angrily: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, or from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
 Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.
 He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
 That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
 And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and entwined light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
 Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
 And from the basements deep to the high towers
 Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
 The quivering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
 To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
 "O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 "O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 "O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
 "Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
 "Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 "To see and to behold these horrors new?
 "Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 "Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 "This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 "This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 "These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 "Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 "Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
 "The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
 "I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
 "Even here, into my centre of repose,
 "The shady visions come to domineer,
 "Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.—
 "Fall!—No, by Tellus and her hazy robes!
 "Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 "I will advance a terrible right arm
 "Shall scarce that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 "And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
 He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
 Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
 For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
 So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
 Bestir'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
 And from the mirror'd level where he stood
 A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk an agony
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
 Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
 Before the dawn in season due should blush,
 He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
 Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide

Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
 Each day from east to west the heavens through,
 Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-beking colour,
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
 Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
 Won from the gaze of many centuries:
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
 Their wisdom long since fled.—Two wings this orb
 Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:
 And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspread were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new wees,
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.

The other Titans, lying half lifeless in their valley of despair, are happily compared to

A dismal cirque
 Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
 When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
 In dull November, and their chancel vault,
 The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.

The fragment ends with the deification of Apollo. It strikes us that there is something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives the exaltation which his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat too fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds. He exclaims to Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory,

Knowledge enormous makes a God of me,
 Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
 Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
 Creations and destroyings, all at once
 Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
 And deify me, as if some blithe wine
 Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
 And so become immortal.

After this speech, he is seized with a glow of aspiration, and an intensity of pain, proportioned to the causes that are changing him; Mnesomysyne upholds her arms, as one who prophesied; and

At length
Apollo shrieked;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * * * *

Here the poem ceases, to the great impatience of the poetical reader.

If any living poet could finish this fragment, we believe it is the author himself. But perhaps he feels that he ought not. A story, which involves passion, almost of necessity involves speech; and though we may well enough describe beings greater than ourselves by comparison, unfortunately we cannot make them speak by comparison. Mr. Keats, when he first introduces Thea consoling Saturn, says that she spoke

Some moaning words, which in our feeble-tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

This grand confession of want of grandeur is all that he could do for them. Milton could do no more. Nay, he did less, when according to Pope he made

God the father turn a school divine.

The moment the Gods speak, we forget that they did not speak like ourselves. The fact is, they feel like ourselves; and the poet would have to make them feel otherwise, even if he could make them speak otherwise, which he cannot, unless he venture upon an obscurity which would destroy our sympathy: and what is sympathy with a God, but turning him into a man? We allow, that superiority and inferiority are, after all, human terms, and imply something not so truly fine and noble as the levelling of a great sympathy and love; but poems of the present nature, like *Paradise Lost*, assume a different principle; and fortunately perhaps, it is one which it is impossible to reconcile with the other.

We have now to conclude the surprise of the reader, who has seen what solid stuff these poems are made of, with informing him of what the book has not mentioned,—that they were almost all written four years ago, when the author was but twenty. Ay, indeed! cries a critic, rubbing his hands delighted (if indeed even criticism can do so, any longer); “then that accounts for the lines you speak of, written in the taste of Marino.”—It does so; but, sage Sir, after settling the merits of those one or two lines you speak of, what accounts, pray, for a small matter which you leave unnoticed, namely, all the rest?—The truth is, we rather mention this circumstance as a matter of ordinary curiosity, than any thing else; for great faculties have great privileges, and leap over time as well as other obstacles. Time itself, and its continents, are things yet to be discovered. There is no knowing even how much duration one man may crowd into a few years, while others drag out their slender lines. There are circular roads full of hurry and scenery, and straight roads full of listlessness and barrenness; and travellers may arrive by both, at the same hour. The

Miltons, who begin intellectually old, and still intellectual, end physically old, are indeed Methusalems; and may such be our author, their son.

Mr. Keats's versification sometimes reminds us of Milton in his blank verse, and sometimes of Chapman both in his blank verse and rhyme; but his faculties, essentially speaking, though partaking of the unearthly aspirations and abstract yearnings of both these poets, are altogether his own. They are ambitious, but less directly so. They are more social, and in the finer sense of the word, sensual, than either. They are more coloured by the modern philosophy of sympathy and natural justice. Endymion, with all its extraordinary powers, partook of the faults of youth, though the best ones; but the reader of *Hyperion* and these other stories would never guess that they were written at twenty. The author's versification is now perfected, the exuberances of his imagination restrained, and a calm power, the surest and loftiest of all power, takes place of the impatient workings of the younger god within him. The character of his genius is that of energy and voluptuousness, each able at will to take leave of the other, and possessing, in their union, a high feeling of humanity not common to the best authors who can less combine them. Mr. Keats undoubtedly takes his seat with the oldest and best of our living poets.

We have carried our criticism to much greater length than we intended; but in truth, whatever the critics might think, it is a refreshment to us to get upon other people's thoughts, even though the rogues be our contemporaries. Oh! how little do those minds get out of themselves, and what fertile and heaven-breathing prospects do they lose, who think that a man must be confined to the mill-path of his own homestead, merely that he may avoid seeing the abundance of his neighbours! Above all, how little do they know of us eternal, weekly, and semi-weekly writers! We do not mean to say that it is not very pleasant to run upon a smooth road, seeing what we like, and talking what we like; but we do say, that it is pleasanter than all, when we are tired, to hear what we like, and to be lulled with congenial thoughts and higher music, till we are fresh to start again upon our journey. What we would not give to have a better Examiner and a better Indicator than our own twice every week, uttering our own thoughts in a finer manner, and altering the world faster and better than we can alter it! How we should like to read our present number, five times bettered; and to have nothing to do, for years and years, but to pace the green lanes, forget the tax-gatherer, and vent ourselves now and then in a verse.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENCER.

No. XLV.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1820.

FARINETTA AND FARINONNA;

OR

HOW TO MAKE FIVE PLEASURES OF ONE, AND BE IN FIVE PLACES AT ONCE.

A FAIRY TALE.

THERE were once two sisters, who lived near a forest haunted by Fairies. They were both young, handsome, and lively; only it was said that Farinetta was the more liked the more you knew her, while Farinonna seemed to get tired of one friend after another like a toy. If you went to see them, Farinetta would keep the same face towards you all day, and try all she could to make you happy. Farinonna would do as much for a time, and be exceedingly pleasant; but if any thing crossed or tired her, she would exclaim, with a half pettish look, "Well, I've had quite enough of this, haven't you?" It was a look as much as to say, "If you haven't, you're a great fool; and whether you have or not, I shall do something else." Every one accordingly had their Buts for Farinonna. They would say, "Farinonna is a handsome girl, but—Yes, Farinonna is a very handsome girl, but"—People had also their Buts for Farinetta; but then it was only such people as had too many Buts of their own.

This difference in the tempers of the two girls was mainly attributed to Farinetta's acquaintance with the inhabitants of the forest. She was the more thoughtful of the two; and this led her to make herself mistress of the Fairy language, which was the only passport necessary to a complete intimacy with the speakers. Farinonna, who had walked in the forest, yet never seen any Fairies, did not believe in them; and she used to laugh at her sister for thinking that the language taught her to see more in what she read and observed, than herself. "Do you think," said she, "that such fine writers as Homer, and Tasso, and Shakspeare, want any other key to their language than their own? Do I not know a sword when I see

it, or a horse, or a man, or a dance? Is it necessary for me, when a gentleman is introduced to my acquaintance, to keep saying out loud the meaning of the word gentleman in Fairian,—gentleman, gentleman, gentleman,—like a great gawky school-girl at her lesson,—in order to have a proper sense of what he is? Or is it requisite that I?—

"No, sister," said Farinetta laughing; "the power to translate a word into Fairian only gives you a very vivid sense indeed of the beauties of the original."

"Oh—my compliments pray to the very vivid sense, which appears to me,—begging your pardon, sister,—very like mighty fine nonsense. So instead of saying gentleman out loud to the gentleman, I am to keep saying to my very vivid sense Generomildeasibol—What is the horrid long word?—Generomildeasiboldunsel—Oh—its no use. I can't see, for my part, why it is not quite as good to say Gentleman at once, and not plague one's head about the matter. Every one knows a gentleman at sight, without any of your vivid senses. Do you think I want any language but my mother's to tell me the meaning of the words 'As I'm a gentleman;' or to help me to a passage in Shakespeare or Milton?"

"Why now, sister," said Farinetta, "there was a passage the other day which was quoted from Hesiod, and which you said was unintelligible."

"Well, I know," replied the other; "it is unintelligible; and would remain so were it translated into all the languages in Europe."

"No," said Farinetta; "if you could speak Fairian, you would see it has a meaning, and one of the finest in the world."

"Now there, sister," returned Farinonna colouring, "you really make me angry. It doesn't follow that because a man's name is Hesiod, he could not say a silly thing. Wise men say silly things sometimes, and so might he, for all he was a beardy old Greek. I'm sure he did a foolish thing, when he let his brother cheat him of half his estate; and I cannot see that he proved his wits a bit better, by adding that he was contented, because forsooth 'the half was greater than the whole.' The half greater than the whole! Is half this fan greater than the whole? Or half this peach? Or half the lawn there? Or half a dinner, my dear; which will be up in a quarter of an hour, and I'm prodigiously hungry."

"Yes," said Farinetta, laughing as good-naturedly as before, "half a dinner is greater than the whole, on many occasions. I tell you what now" (for she saw her sister getting more impatient):—"you know the flowers which the Fairy gave me."

"Yes, I do. Chuck half of them away, and see whether the rest will be doubled."

"No, sister, that is not the way of doubling in Fairy-land. But since you admired them so yesterday, I intended one half for you, and there they are in the window."

"Well—that's a good, kind, generous sister as ever lived; but hey! presto! why don't the others double?"

"They do," said Farinetta. "I feel a double perfume from them:

I see a double red in the roses, and a double fairness in the lilies. And what is more, I shall see your flowers when they have gone out of the room."

"Oh," returned Farinonna, "I forgot that the knowledge of Fairian was to double one's eyesight, as well as one's knowledge. I suppose it doubles one's presence too?"

"Why, it might as well, sister," said Farinetta, "while its about it; and it does accordingly."

"Sister, sister," re-iterated the other, with a reddening gravity, and forgetting her flowers in her impatience;—"you know I love you; for the truth is you are very generous, and when you don't take these freaks into your head, very sensible. But the more I love you, the more angry you make me at seeing you let yourself be so imposed upon by this nonsense about Fairies. Do you think one's common senses are to be deceived? Why, upon this principle of a double presence, you ought yourself to be able to be in five or six places at once, enjoying yourself."

"My dear sister," said Farinetta with a pleasant earnestness, "give me a kiss, and don't spoil your beautiful mouth. You see that new gown of mine, worked all over with curious imagery. I say nothing to you but what I will prove,—this very evening, if you please;—but if I do certain things, and then put on that Fancy-Dress, I can be in five or six places at once, and enjoy myself in all. I will give away, for instance, half the peaches off my best tree, send them in portions to five or six of your friends and mine, and go the same day and enjoy them with every one."

Farinonna wept outright at this assertion, partly with impatience, partly at her sister's being so extravagant, and partly from a lurking notion how stily and uninformed she must be herself, if all this were true. After a variety of Pshaws! Nonsenses! and Now Positively! the upshot was, that she agreed to let her sister make the experiment; and to write letters to the receivers of the fruit all round, in order to see what they would say in answer. "But then," said she, recollecting herself, "supposing this impossibility of yours to be possible, we shall not have half the peaches we should have had, to eat for the next fortnight:—that will be very foolish." "Well, but dear Nonna, for the sake of the experiment, you know."—"Well, well, for the sake of the experiment"—So half laughing, and half blushing, at being so ridiculous, Farinonna helped her sister to put the peaches in green leaves and baskets, and send them off with their several letters, Farinetta then put on her fancy-dress, and saying

Fairies, Fairies, wise and dear,
Send me there and keep me here,

sat down very quietly at the window, to the equal amusement of herself and her sister; of the latter for seeing her still remain where she was, and of the former for seeing the amusement of the latter.

Farinetta, though the more thoughtful of the two, had as much or more animal spirit occasionally; and she entertained herself exces-

sively in the course of the evening with her sister's extreme watchfulness over her. The latter, knowing the other's love of truth, and seeing her at once so confident and so merry, began to have a confused and almost fearful notion that there was more in the business than she fancied. "Perhaps," thought she, as the dusk of the evening gathered in, and she recollected the ghost-stories of her childhood, "these Fairies are evil spirits who have put a phantom here in my sister's shape;" and creeping towards her with as much courage as she could muster, she put forth her trembling hand, and touched her. Farinetta guessed what she was thinking about, and burst into a fit of laughter. This set the other off too, and they both laughed till the room rang again, the one at her sister's fears, and the other at her own.

Farinonna, all that evening, walked about with her sister, sat with her, talked with her, played music with her, sung with her, laughed with her, nay, was silent and looked grave with her; and at last, went to bed with her. She would not suffer her out of her sight. "Tis plain flesh and blood, you goose," said Farinetta, seeing the other look wistfully at her hand, which she jerked against her cheek as she spoke. "So is this, for that matter," said Farinonna, and was peevishly lifting her own to give her sister a little harder smack, when it suddenly smote herself on the cheek. "My dear sister!" exclaimed the other gravely, and at the same time embracing her,—"Thank you for that. You were angry with yourself for intending me a little bit of a twinge, and so resolved to let it recoil on your own cheek. I hail the omen." "Hail the omen!" cried her sister, half in alarm, and half angry: "I did feel a little as you say, but I assure you I know not by what odd sort of palsy or convulsion I gave myself a blow." "Enough!" returned Farinetta, embracing her still more warmly: "I see how it is: the Fairies have begun with you: you will know and love them soon." So saying, she blessed her and went to sleep. Enough! thought Farinonna, rubbing her cheek; but she kept silent, and shortly after dropped asleep too.

The next morning the answers to the letters were brought to Farinonna all at once. She snatched them from the servant's hand, exclaiming "Now then! "A good phrase," said Farinetta, "that same Now then:—you will believe in another presently,—Here there."

It was true enough. The first letter ran as follows:—

DEAR FARINONNA,—What do you mean by asking whether your sister was with us yesterday? To be sure she was. She joined us during the desert, in her beautiful fancy-dress, and was the merriest among the party. Didn't she tell you?

Yours,

L. Y.

Letter the second:—

DEAR FARINONNA,—What has come to you? Your sister told us at the desert yesterday, that she had just parted with you. Her fancy-dress and her peaches were the admiration of us all. You would have thought we should devour one as we did the other. I am learning Fairian.

Yours,

B. R.

The third letter was from a fine lady :—

MY DEAR CREATURE—Was ever such a whimsical being as thou? Why thou dear giddy thing, one would think that you had not seen your sister for ages, just as we have not seen you. It's a week now, I declare, since Monday. I die to see you. Don't you die to have a fancy-dress like your sister's? I do. I quite die. I die to learn Fairian on purpose: only it's so hard, they tell me. Lord! Here is a quantity of Dies: Well—you must have another, for do you know, Lady Di said she blushed for me yesterday; upon which that witty thing Lady Bab said, loud enough for her to hear, "And the paint for her Ladyship." Wasn't that good now? Quite charming. If Lady Bab were but good looking, she would be quite charming. Excuse faults and all that.

Yours ever, my love, G. F.

The fourth was from Lady Bab :—

PRETTY ONE,—“Divinest” was with us yesterday, looking, I really must say, like her name, in her fancy-dress. I only think it a little too crowded with imagery, to look quite reasonable. How came you not to know? I thought I heard her say she had just seen you, but that doll Lady Di and that stupid pretender Mrs. F. were gabbling away at the time. Brilliante will tell you, she says, that I sported one of my best things yesterday; but, entre nous, it was not very happy, I think; at least not so happy as many foolish things I said the day before. But “I'm tired,” as you say. They are all threatening to learn Fairian, so I must get it up in mere self-defence. Is not this hard upon one who has taken the trouble to know all the genteel languages already, and who is, dear Pretty-Protty,

Your obedient humble servant, B. Q.

“An affected ill-natured thing!” said Farinonna, “I wonder what she always takes the liberty of calling me Pretty-Protty for? I think I see her odious puckered mouth grunting it. What next? Oh, here's poor Trady.”

DEAR MADAM,—Received yours of to-day. Saw your sister, as hops you did afterwards; for she had the finest fancy-dress on I ever saw, much better than Miss Jones's, and Miss Jones's was the finest ever seen. Excuse running hand, not having time to write text. Should like to know, if you have time to write, why you ask about Miss Farinetta, as she said she saw you; but suppose she was mistaken. Excuse haste. Also, blots; and the way of writing the letter, which Miss Jones says is best.

I have the honour to be, dear Madam,

Your very obedient and humble servant, A. T.

P. S.—Miss Jones lives next door.

“What a pack of nonsense about Miss Jones,” said Farinonna: “I've no patience with such stupid worship of nobody. Ah, here's dear Toudy's hand.

DIVINEST,—Other Divinest was with us yesterday, showing her peaches with us, and looking really celestial in her fancy-dress. She reminded me so of you, that I quite longed to see you. Why didn't you come? And why, pray, do you write to know about your sister, after having just seen her? That is what we all want to know; but you know it is no new matter to want to know every thing which you do, however whimsical and witty. Adieu, Divinest! Pray learn Fairian, and get the dear delightful creatures in the wood to get you an Imagination,—for so, you must know, we call Farinetta's dress on account of its imagery. All the world is beginning to believe in 'em. We don't quite understand about it. The mixture of such odd things as language and knowledge, being here and being there, &c. confuses one; but I've no doubt it's true, because they say so. However, I shall never learn Fairian myself, that's certain, because you know I'm such a lazy creature. And entre nous, ma belle, I've another reason, which is, that I am quite happy and contented as long as I can see such places as Green Bower, and the fairer than fairies that live in it. Adieu, adieu! Parting is such sweet sorrow, &c. Mille graces for your kind present of the box. Believe me to be your ever obliged and affectionate friend, with esteem, &c. E. T.

P.S. I shall come to spend a day or two next week at Green Bower; but don't get any thing particular, there's a love.

Farinonna was now as impatient in her wish to enjoy the privileges of her sister, as she had been in doubting and contradicting her. She had heard the latter say, that the first and greatest step towards obtaining them, was a good hearty will; and that instances had been known, in which it superseded all the other means, and gifted the wisher with the power of speaking Fairian at once. She therefore borrowed her sister's manuscript grammar, and blushing, asked her to lend her the gown too. Farinetta guessed what she was going to do; but said nothing. She only kissed her very kindly, and gave them her. Farinonna hurried up into her room, locked the door, threw the grammar on the floor, slipped on the gown, and cried out as fast as she could, "I want to be in five places at once." However, she did not find herself any where else. "I want, I say," cried she, stamping her foot angrily, "to be in five places at once." Not a step did she budge. Enraged at her disappointment, she began to tear off the gown; when lo! for every rent which she made in it, she hit herself a great thump in the face. She wept bitter tears for fear and vexation. She did not dare to exclaim that it was shameful to treat a person so; but she thought it, and wished she could smack the Fairies' faces all round. Suddenly, she recollected that her sister called that involuntary self-punishment a good omen; and this recollection brought to mind another, namely, that one of the first steps towards favour with the Fairies was to do something not entirely for yourself, but for somebody else too. "I will give away half my box of sweetmeats," cried she, clapping her hands. She put half of them accordingly into another box, thrust the lid to, threw up the window; and called out to

a little boy who was going by, "Hallo, there, little boy!" The child looked up, and gaped. "There's a box of sweetmeats for you, little boy." The boy looked at the box, as if doubtfully, and then looking up at the young lady, gaped again. "Don't stand gaping there, you ninny," said Farinonna; "take up the box, and go and eat the sweetmeats directly. I'll come and eat 'em with you presently. There, go;—make haste;—make haste, I say." "Where, Ma'am?" asked the boy, after taking up the box. "Any where, you dolt," said Farinonna, slamming down the window. "Now then," cried she, "I shall do it. Oh, I forgot the charm before:—I shall do it certainly now;" and she half-said and half-sung, in the requisite manner,

Fairies, Fairies, wise and dear,
Send me there, and keep me here.

Not a jot did they send her any where. Farinonna was bewildered. "The sweetmeats perhaps," said she, were not valuable enough. I'll give away half—what? let's see—any thing valuable—oh, my shelf of books; I'll give away half my shelf of books." She rang the bell violently, and the old deaf housekeeper appeared. "Lord bless us!" said the good old dame, "why, what's the matter with my young lady; I heard the bell ring, and I should never forget the sound of that bell, Ma'am, if I was to live a hundred"—"Ay, ay," said Farinonna, "Well, never mind what you shall never forget; but here—take these valuable books, Judith, and keep 'em, and read 'em; and—there, go." Judith, not hearing a word, bent her ear to understand the orders. "Take these valuable books," bawled Farinonna; "and keep 'em, and read 'em, and oh." She uttered the last word so fiercely, that the good old gossip started with another "Lord bless us!" muttering after her, "Keep 'em, and read 'em, and go! Why, Lord, Miss, how am I to read 'em." "They cost I don't know how much," answered Farinonna. "But how am I to understand 'em?" returned Judith. "They are bound in morocco," bawled the lady. "But I tell you, dear Miss Nonna, I can't read; and what's more, I can't hear any body read; and what's more, I"—"Then give 'em somebody who can," interrupted the sister. "Give 'em!" cried Judith, doubting her ears; "give 'em who!" "Any one," shouted Farinonna; "and tell 'em, I'll come and read 'em with 'em directly." "Read 'em with 'em," repeated the housekeeper. "Why, you would not read 'em with the cook, or the hostler, or the footman, or the scullion, would you, Miss?" "Mark me, Judith," said Farinonna, suppressing her anger: "Take those books to my sister, and tell her"—"Mister who?" asked the deaf woman. "My sister," repeated the young lady; "and tell her, that she must read 'em directly, because I want to stop here and read 'em there; and now go:—You can go, can't you, if you can't do any thing else?" "Oh, yes," returned the dame, proudly, "I can go. Blessed be heaven, I can go fast enough, considering I'm seventy-eight; but I tell you what, Miss Nonna, if you take infirm old people by the shoulders in this manner, and make 'em go faster than Heaven wills, you'll not live to

be old yourself ; and now I'm in the mind, I tell you what, Miss Farinonna ; and I'll tell you nothing but what all the house says ; and that is, I don't know what you mean by these mad pranks, but you are not a bit like your sister, for all you're almost as handsome ; and I don't love you half so well as I did, Heaven forgive your mother's old nurse for saying so !" (and she shed tears) " for all I dandled you in these arms ; for one of your kindest things (when you do 'em) a'n't the value of any thing that Miss Netta does, she does every thing so sweetly and good-natured. You trample upon us, as a body may say, even when you help us to get up ; but kind's kind, I say ; and a man may ride from here to Land's End, and be no horseman :—yes, no horseman, Miss Nonna ; and, I grieve to say it, but you're no horseman."

Farinonna, who had a turn for the ludicrous, and who was not naturally bad hearted (who is ?), could neither help smiling at nor pitying her old nurse, as she went out of the room lamenting over and over again, that so sweet a creature to look at was no horseman. The honest, involuntary ebullition had an effect on her, which even her sister's sweetness would have failed in, and which certainly no grave advice would have produced. She sat down with a feeling of shame and regret ; and after a while exclaimed gently, " I see I must be patient, and learn Fairian regularly, or I shall never be like my dear sister." Now the latter, who had been alarmed by old Judith, and just come in, turned her sister's head round affectionately with her two hands, and said, " Ah, my dear Nonna, you will be a greater favourite with the Fairies than I, if you keep in this mind ; for I was less strong than you, and was made patient earlier, and you will have had more to conquer." So saying, she kissed the tears out of her eyes. Farinonna took her sister's hand, and kissed it ; and looking up, she saw a group of beautiful creatures in the room, who stood like friends about her sister, and smiled upon herself ; and one of them said, in the most enehanting manner in the world, " To be able to see us, is to be able to hope every thing."

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLVI.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23d, 1820.

COACHES.

ACCORDING to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of ready money, it may be allowed us to say that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach, we especially mean a hired one; from the equivocal rank of the post-chaise, down to that despised old cast-away, the hackney.

It is true, that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry any one) is a more decided thing than the chaise; it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease, than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort; elegantly coloured inside and out; rich, yet neat; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action and that little, his body well-set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his nonchalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammercloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of every thing less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house; doors, both carriage and house, are open;—we descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the bye-standers; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from

it's sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it we for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty; but it is also *gouty* a superfluous. It is too convenient,—too exacting,—too exclusive. V must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. Its plenty, Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have it in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less jacobinical state. Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat:—hired *coaches*, reasonable number:—but health and good-humour at all events.

Gigs and carriages are things less objectionable, because they *cannot* be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. How shall we own it? We like to be driven, instead of drive;—to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description, that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have *TANDEM* written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is undoubtedly the curricie, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a box of music, comprising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other constant mode of riding; it is common to all ranks; and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood, partly for its own loftiness, partly for its name, and partly perhaps for the figure it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which more modern driving ever cut, was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton; of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Masters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which in the company of those we love is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirit at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If any thing could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only momentaneous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postillion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the box which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit

upon it, only reminds us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle; and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back; but he preferred a chariot; and neither was good. But see how pleasantly good-humour rides over its inconveniences.

Then answered Squire Morley, "Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass;
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

"Draw up," quoth friend Matthew; "Pull down," quoth friend John,
"We shall be both hotter and colder anon."

Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull;
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?"

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?"

"By my troth," she replies, "you grow younger, I think;
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?"

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:

Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied,
The hostler is hanged, and the widow is married.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year."

"Well; peace to her ashes! What signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powdered lean beef:
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
Nor tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."

PRIOR.

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the Secretary, which as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do ourselves the pleasure of extracting also. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to have edified the Dutch with his insisting upon enjoying himself. The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end, are extremely pleasant.

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
 And in one day atone for the business of six,
 In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
 On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right;
 No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
 For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee:
 This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
 To good or ill-fortune the third we resign:
 Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
 I drive on my car in processional state.
 So with Phia through Athens Piniatras rode;
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
 When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
 And is it enough for the joys of the day,
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
 When good Vandergoes, and his provident wrow,
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
 That, search all the province, you'll find no man *där* is
 So blest as the *Englischen Heer Secretär* is.

If Prior had been living now, he would have found the want of travelling accommodation flourishing most in a country, for whose graver wants we have to answer, without having her wit to help us. There is a story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was going down hill, as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of the wheels. The bottom had come out; and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to shew the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours, who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postillion, whenever he approached a turnpike. "Plase your honour, will I drive at the pike?" The pike hung loosely across the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one;—"Oh yes—drive at the pike." The pike made way accordingly; and in a minute or two, the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal charioteers.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus.

VIRE,

The driver's borne beyond their swearing,
 And the post-chaise is hard of hearing.

As to following them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving too much, legal or illegal.

The pleasure to be had in a Mail-coach is not so much at one's command as that in a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing,

that they are bound to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do any thing. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them, like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite, is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off. A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, upon the north road, with an orthodox elderly gentleman of very venerable peruke, who talked much with a grave looking young man about universities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Horace and Virgil. He was much deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change even for the worse might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the very objection; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this; but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face.—His new comfort set him dozing; and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure to see him take out a night-cap and look extremely ghastly.—The same person, and his serious young companion, tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a Mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and alteration of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road, the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses,—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens; a rush of cold air announces at once the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again; the sound of every thing outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses' mouths are heard swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again; and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep any where except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent warm old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his night-cap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passen-

ger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above-mentioned; or thinking of his friends; or turning over the leaves, as Sir Richard Blackmore did "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;" or chatting with the servant-girl who is going to place (may nobody get her dismissed nine months hence!); or protecting her against the Methodist in the corner; or if alone with her, and she has a kind face, protecting her against a much more difficult person,—himself. Really, we must say, that enough credit is not given to our lawless persons who say all we think, and would have the world enjoy all it could. There is the author of the *Mail-coach Adventure*, for instance. With all his atrocious verses, his yearnings after the pleasant laws of the Golden Age, and even his very hymns (which, we confess, are a little mystic), we would rather trust a fair traveller to his keeping, than some much graver writers we have heard of. If he forgot himself, he would not think it a part of virtue to forget her. But his abnegation is not ready at hand, as for graver sinners. The very intensity of the sense of pleasure will often keep a man from destroying its after-thoughts in another; when harsher systems will forget themselves, only to confound brutality with repentance.

The Stage-coach is a very great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny, and two and sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking or even thinking more kindly of one another, than if they mingled less often or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing sympathized with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor well-met; the young, with their faces conscious of ride, patronized and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear each other: and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant; but the latter may be had on much grander occasions; and if any one is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue. The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarh: He has a silver watch with a steel-chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every ale-house; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to shew the judicious reach of his whip, by twiggng a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old la-

dies in particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride; and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow-street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey; and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeah now there, Kitty—can't you be still?—Kitty's a devil, Sir,—for all you would'nt think it." He knows the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corderoy knees and old top boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes, and never-cleaned soles. His beau ideal of appearance, is a frock coat with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?
Rise, honest Mews, and sing the classic Bobart.

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer?—That best-educated and most erudite of coachmen; of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak?—That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo collegisse*,—in short, the worthy and agreeable Mr. Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy and water of an evening? We once had the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art; he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, cycloped X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after-times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say Yait to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and an eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the Hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps indeed it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall shew presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— I——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem, in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

REVIEWER. What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

INDICATOR. Only inasmuch, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us

as to the beatitude of the Hackney-coach.—But hold:—upon turning to the Manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a Dandy Courtier. This makes a great difference. The Hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the Courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage.

Eban, untempted by the Pastry-Cooks,
(Of Pastry he got store within the Palace),
With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
Incognito upon his errand sallies;
His smelling-bottle ready for the allies;
He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
Vowing he'd have them sent on board the galleys:
Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

"I'll pull the string," said he, and further said,
"Polluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose springs of life are all dried up and dead,
Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,
Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter;
Whose glass once up can never be got back,
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That 'tis of vile no-use to travel in a litter.

"Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail-creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some Lazar-house thou journiest,
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dawdies, for some dance or party dress'd,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

"By thy negligent bearing and sad mien,
An mch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge;
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking Tilburies, or Phaetons rare;
Curricles, or Mail-coaches, swift beyond compare."

Philosophising thus, he puff'd the check,
And bade the Coachman wheel to such a street,
Who turning much his body, more his neck,
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet.

The fact here is so nice, of all the infirmities which are but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more. To pass then to the merits.

[We are sorry we must break off here for want of room.]

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth sit,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XLVII.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1820.

COACHES AND THEIR HORSES.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

ONE of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in other things, is a consciousness of one's own wants. Do you despise a Hackney Coach? Get tired; get old; get young again. Lay down your own carriage, or make it less uneasy too easy. Have to stand up half an hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill, and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall in a cellar.

Ben Jonson in a fit of indignation at the nigardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley:—tell him, his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moved out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriage, you are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney-coach. It is lumbering, sickety, and at a stand. When it moves, it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of common-places. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. It is Hogarth, we think, who has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of houses; and it sometimes gets in one's way as a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the massy trees. A friend tells us, that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides: and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them look chucked under the chin, some nodding, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy however to fancy the irritable aspect above-mentioned: A hackney-coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of moveables. Its horses and it, slumbering on a

stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body seem to shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can any thing better illustrate the poet's line about

—Years that bring the philosophic mind,—

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature, as the bit to its mouth. Once ~~the~~ half an hour it moves the position of its legs, or shakes its drooping old ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other, that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes. They have that within which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other, as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company, but they are not. An old horse misses his companion like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say any thing. It is talk, and memory, and every thing. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of, while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory, (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?) it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest feeling he has; for the commonest hack has very likely been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurred at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had its very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air; and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
And, he rears, upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who would say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering hollo, or his *Stand, Lady!*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender side;
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness!
The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop and be-
come a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old
sign, fifty miles hence, was first painted. His nostrils drink nothing
but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the
hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His
mane is scratchy and lax: his shape an anatomy: his name a mockery.
The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his
loves, has written their living epitaph:—

The poas jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
Lies fast with chew'd grass; still and motionless.

K. Henry 5th, Act 4.

There is a song called the *High-mettled Racer*, describing the pro-
gress of a favourite horse's life; from its time of vigour and glory, down
to its furnishing food for the dogs. It is not as good as Shakespeare's,
but it will do, to those who are half as kind as he. "We defy any body
to read that song, or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung,"
and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may
an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go a pedantic way to
work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observations
about taking care of one's old horse, did more for that class of retired
servants than all the graver lessons of philosophy. For it is philo-
sophy which first sets people thinking, and then some of them put it
in a more popular shape. But we will venture to say, that Plutarch's
observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous flump; and
in this respect, the author of the *High-mettled Racer* (Mr. Dibdin, we

— "Can she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says:—
Whereabouts, Sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling as well as willing hearts; hearts, that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces, that have turned back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee, the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee, the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee, he has hastened to console the dying of the wretched. In thee, the father, mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her fears, has taken the little child to the grave, like a human jewel that must be buried with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine. When the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight! Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as the reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses: but it must be owned, that of all the driving species, he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentleness; and partly, to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who cheats him if possible in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachman only disagreeable in himself, but like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an awful look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair women shall waive their all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, who, if she were a man she says, she could expose. Being a woman then, let her not expose herself. Ah—but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady then take a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it; let her feel a pain in the legs, rather than the temper; or above all, let her be wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips

believe,—no mean man, after all, in his way) may stand by the side of the illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire) the kindliness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the great national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have all been children:—to Voltaire in France, and Shakspeare in England. Shakspeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to shew him as “the best good Christian though he knows it not.” We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbour, and his neighbour as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But at all events, the Jew is a man; and with Shakspeare’s assistance, the time has arrived, when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon precisely the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakspeare said for the Israelite, “Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?” Oh—but some are always at hand to cry out,—it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of any thing. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty that is effeminate. It is selfishness that is effeminate. Any thing is effeminate, which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another.—How does the case stand then between those who ill treat their horses, and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their sleek strength and beauty, converted into what they may both really become, a hackney and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl’s or marquis’s coronet, and think how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat. They talk of every thing in the world, of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world.—For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We

dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says "Whereabouts, Sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well joy! Thou hast carried unwilling as well as willing hearts; hearts, that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces, that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee, the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee, the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee, he has hastened to console the dying or the wretched. In thee, the father or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her fears, has taken the little child to the grave, like a human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight! Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses: but it must be owned, that of all the driving species, he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentility; and partly, to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who beats him if possible in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachmen only disagreeable in himself, but like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an irritable look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair women shall waive her all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet to reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, who, if she were a man she says, she would expose. Being a woman then, let her not expose herself. Oh—but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady then get a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it; or a pain in the legs, rather than the temper; or above all, let her get wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips

were made to grow pale about two and sixpence? or that the cut of them will ever be like her cousin Fanny's, if she goes on?—(See No. 11, page 88.)

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach; which makes him very savage. The cry of "cut behind," from the malicious urchins on the pavement, wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind over-loading his master's horses for another sixpence; but to do it for nothing, is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boy for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is very malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will undertake to search the straw for you, and miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask, for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet-weather so much as people suppose; for he says, it rots both his horses and harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine; which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a rascally air of remonstrance, when you dispute half the overcharge; and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle, or tells you may take his number, or sit in the coach all night.

LADY. There, Sir!

INDICATOR (looking all about him.) Where, Ma'am?

LADY. The coachman, Sir!

INDIC. Oh, pray, Madam, don't trouble yourself. Leave the gentleman alone with him. Do you continue to be delightful at a little distance.

A great number of ludicrous adventures must have taken place, in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated Harlequin, Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied with some other clergyman, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverently in his black robes: after him, comes another personage, equally black and dignified: then another: then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well; there cannot, he thinks, be well more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a

seventh; then an eighth; then a ninth, all with decent intervals, the coach in the mean time rocking as if it were giving birth to so many demons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The Devil! the Devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter at the success of their joke. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood, an edifying comment on the proverb of "all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter; and we were out on a holiday, thinking perhaps of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers used to accustom themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spenser says of his witch,

Busy, as *seemed*, about some wicked gin,

but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance! thought we. What extraordinary and noble content! What more than Roman simplicity! There are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and honourable thirst, with modicums of cold water! O true virtue and courage! O sight worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases!—We know not how long we remained in this error; but the first time we recognised the white devil for what it was,—the first time we saw through the chrystal purity of its appearance,—was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through; and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the hackney-coachman's character,—his being at the mercy of all sorts of chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casualty; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain; he only must go any where, at what hour, and to whatever place you chuse, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rags, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.

ARIOSTO'S PRISON.

With all Ariosto's popularity, this is the first time, we believe, that one of his sonnets has appeared in English. Indeed, as for that matter, his great poem itself may be said to be very little known through the medium of the version's hitherto extant; and he must have an indestructible charm in him indeed, who with such representations of him, can at all vindicate among us the popularity of his name abroad.

That he deserves that name is certain. Those who read him in the original (and Italian is far from difficult to any body, especially if

he reads Latin or French) know what an endless variety he has of story, and picture, and passion, and the most delightful humanity, all told in a style the most prompt, graceful, and heart-breathing in the world. To those who do not read him in Italian, and who feel that they cannot discover him in his English version, perhaps even this almost literal version of one of his trifles will afford a glimpse of that pleasantness and naivete, of which they have so often heard. The language is sufficiently unreserved it must be allowed; but it is full of a genial impulse; it is the reverse of any thing impertinent or unsuitable; and the reader of true delicacy will know how to distinguish it accordingly from grossness. The old Italians, not excepting Petrarch, were accustomed to have more faith in the natural goodness of such a simplicity than we; and of a like mind was Shakspeare. The turn round which the poet makes upon his prison, and the laurelled love which the lady had in store for herself, make up an agreeable pair of images to the mind, present and absent. The repetition of the word *But* is remarkably apprehensive and enjoying.

AVVENIMPOPO carcere soave,
Dove nè per furor nè per dispetto,
Ma per amor e per pietà distretto
La bella e dolce mia nemica m'ave!
Gli altri prigion al volger de la chiave
S'attristano; io m'allegro, che diletto
E non martir, vita e non morte aspetto,
Nè giudice sever nè legge grave:

Ma benigne accoglienze, ma complessi
Licenziosi, ma parole sciolte
Da ogni frauo, ma risi, vezzi, giuochi,
Ma dolci tuoi dolcemente impressi
Ben mille e mille, e mille e mille volte;
E se potran contarli, auco sien pochi.

O lucky prison, blithe captivity,
Where neither out of rage nor out of spite,
But bound by love and charity's sweet might,
She has me fast,—my lovely enemy;
Others, at turning of their prison key,
Sadden; I triumph; since I have in sight
Not death but life, not suffering but delight,
Nor law severe, nor judge that hears no plea;

But gatherings to the heart, but willful blisses,
But words that in such moments are no crimes,
But laughs, and tricks, and winning ways; but kisses,
Delicious kisses put deliciously,
A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand times;
And yet how few will all those thousands be!

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLVIII.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1820.

TRANSLATION OF ANDREA DE BASSO'S ODE TO A DEAD BODY; AND REMARKS UPON IT.

WE are given to understand by the Italian critics, that the following ode made a great sensation, and was alone thought sufficient to render its author of celebrity. Its loathly heroine had been a beauty of Ferrara, proud and luxurious. It is written in a fierce Catholic spirit, and is incontestibly very striking and even appalling. Images, which would only be disgusting on other occasions, affect us beyond disgust, by the strength of such earnestness and sincerity. He lays bare the mortifying conclusions of the grave, and makes the pride of beauty bow down to them. What we have to say further on the poem, will better follow than precede it.

Risona de la tomba avara è notte
La putrida tua salma, o donna truda,
Or che di spirito nuda,
E cieca, e muta, e sorda,
Ai vermi dai pastura;
E da la prima altura
Da fiera morte scossa
Fai tuo letto una fossa.
Notte, continua notte
Ti divora ed inghiotte,
E la puzza ti smembra
Le sì pastose membra,
E ti stai fitta fitta per dispetto;
Come animal immondo al laccio stretto.

Vedrai se ognun di te metterà paura,
E fuggirà come garzon la sera
Da l'ombra lunga e nera;
Che striscia per le mura;
Vedrai se al tuo invitare
Alcun vorrà cascare;
Vedrai se seguiranti
Le turbe de gli amanti;
E se il dì porterai
Per dove passerai;
O pur se spargerai tenebre e lezzo,
Tal che a te stessa verrai in disprezzo:

E tornerai dentro l'immonde bolge
 Per minor pena de la tua baldanza.
 La tua disonoranza
 Allora in te si volge;
 E grida, o sciaurata,
 Che fosti sì sfrenata:
 Quest' è il premio che torna
 A chi tanto s'adorna,
 A chi nutre sue carne
 Senza qua giù guardarne,
 Dove tutto se volge
 In cenere ed in polve,
 E dove non è requie o penitenza,
 Fino a quel dì de l'ultima sentenza.

Dov' è quel bianco seno d' alabastro,
 Ch' ondoleggiava come al marghin tutto?
 In fango s' è ridotto.
 Dove gli occhi lucenti,
 Due stelle risplendenti?
 Ah! che son due caverne,
 Dove orror sol si accende.
 Dove il labbro sì bello
 Che pareva di pannello?
 Dove la genaccia tonda?
 Dove la chioma bionda?
 E dove simmetria di portamento?
 Tutto è smarrito, come nebbia al vento.

Non teli disse io, tante fiate e tante,
 Tempo verrà che non sarai più bella,
 E non parrai più quella,
 E non avrai più amante.
 Or ecco vedi il frutto
 D' ogni tuo antico fasto.
 Cos' è, che non sia guasto
 Di quel tuo corpo molle?
 Cos' è, dove non bolle,
 E verme, e putridume,
 E puzza, e sucidume?
 Dimmi, cos' è, cos' è, che possa più
 Far a' tuoi proci le figure sue?

Dovevi altra mercè chieder che amore,
 Chieder dovevi al cielo pentimento.
 Amor cos' è? un tormento.
 Amor cos' è? un dolore.
 E tu, gonfia e superba,
 Ch' eri sol fiore ed erba
 Che languon nati appena,
 E te credevi piena
 Di balsamo immortale;
 Credevi d' aver l' ale
 Da volar su le nubi;
 E non eri che Annir
 Adorato in Egitto oggi e domani
 In la sembianza di Molosso cane.

Poco giovò ch' io ti dicessi: vanne,
 Vanne pentita a piè del confessore.
 Digli: frate, io moro
 Ne le rabbiose saune
 De l' infernal dragone,
 Se tua pietà non poue

Argine al mio fallire.
 Io vorrei ben uscir; *ma*
 Ma al mi tiene il laccio,
 Che per tirar ch' io faccio
 Romper nol posso punto;
 Sì che oramai consunto
 Ho lo spirito e l' alma, e tu puoi solo
 Togliermi per pietà fuori di duolo.

Allor al che 'l morir non sarà amaro,
 Che morte a' giusti è sonno, e non è morte,
 Vedesti mai per sorte
 Putir che dorme? raro,
 Raro chi non s' allevi
 Dai sonni anche non brevi.
 Tu saresti ora in alto
 Sopra il stellato smalto,
 E di là ne la fossa
 Vedresti le tue ossa
 E candide e odorose
 Come i gigli e le rose:
 E nel di poi de l' angelica tromba,
 Volentier verria l' alma a la tua tomba.

Canzon, vane là dentro
 In quell' orrido centro;
 Fuggi poi presto, e dille, che non spera
 Pietà, chi aspetta di pentirsi a sera.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
 Give up thy body, woman without heart,
 Now that its worldly part
 Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
 Thou servest worms for food:
 And from thine altitude
 Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost sit
 Thy bed within a pit.
 Night, endless night hath got thee
 To clutch and to engulf thee;
 And rottenness consumes
 Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
 And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
 Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
 Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
 From something long and black,
 That mocks along the wall.
 See if the kind will stay
 To hear what thou wouldst say;
 See if thine arms can win
 One soul to think of sing
 See if the tribe of wooers
 Will now become pursuers;
 And if where they make way,
 Thou'lt carry now the day;
 Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
 That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright.

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
 As the least pain to thy bold-facedness.
 There let thy foul distress
 Turn round upon thy soul,

And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
That wast so headstrong proud,
This, this is the reward,
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn,
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither,
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once, like sea on shore?
'Tis clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes,
That were like twins o' the skies?
Alas, two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay,
Where is the lip, that shone
Like painting newly done?
Where the round cheek? and where
The sunny locks of hair?
And where the symmetry that bore them all?
Gone, like the broken clouds when the wind falls.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over?
The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair?
Nor have that conquering air?
Nor be supplied with lover?
Lo! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame:
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence?
Tell me, is there one spot, one jot remaining,
To shew thy lovers now, the shapes which thou wast vain in?

Love?—Heav'n should be implored for something else;
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
Love?—'Tis a fiery dolt;
A punishment like hell's.
Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower
That warns us in the psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount:
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings,
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Egypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
"Help, father, or I die:
See—see—he knows his prey,
He's He, the Dragon old!
Oh, be thou a strong hold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free,
But am so bound in ill,
That struggle as I will,

It strains me to the last;
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word?
Hast thou then ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted?
Rare is the sleeping face,
That wakes not as it was.
Thou should'st have earned high heaven,
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones serene
As odorous and as fair,
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down, and enter
The horrors of the centre.
Then fly again, with news of terrible fate
To those who think they may repent them late.

Certainly, all this is very powerful. The picture of the once beautiful, proud, and unthinking creature, caught, and fixed down in a wasting trap,—the calling upon her to come forth, and see if any one will now be won into her open arms,—the taunts about the immortal balm which she thought she had in her veins,—the whole, in short, of the terrible disadvantage under which she is made to listen with unearthly ears to the poet's lecture, affects the imagination to shuddering.

No wonder that such an address made a sensation, even upon the gaiety of a southern city. One may conceive, how it fixed the superstitious more closely over their meditations and skulls; how it sent the young, and pious, and humble, upon their knees; how it baulked the vivacity of the serenaders; brought tears into the eyes of affectionate lovers; and shot doubt and confusion even into the cheeks of the merely wanton. Andrea de Basso, armed with the lightnings of his church, tore the covering from the grave, and smote up the heart of Ferrara as with an earthquake.

For a lasting impression however, or for such a one as he would have desired, the author, with all his powers, overshot his mark. Men build again over earthquakes, as nature resumes her serenity. The Ferrarese returned to their loves and guitars, when absolution had set them to rights. It was impossible indeed that Andrea de Basso should have succeeded in fixing such impressions upon the mind; and it would have been an error in logic as well as every thing else, if he had. He committed himself both as a theologian and a philosopher. The allusion, towards the end of his ode, is to the Catholic notion, that the death of a saintly person is accompanied by what they call "the odour of sanctity;"—a literalized metaphor, which they must often have been perplexed to maintain. But the assents of superstition, and the instinct of common sense, always keep a certain separation at bottom; and the poet drew such a picture of mortality; as would infallibly be

applied to every one, vicious or virtuous. It was too close and mortifying, even for the egotism of religious fancy to overcome. All would have an interest in contradicting it somehow or other.

On the other hand, if they could not well contradict or bear to think of it, his mark was overshot there. It has been observed, in times of shipwrecks, plagues, and other circumstances of a common despair, that upon the usual principle of extremes meeting, mankind turn about upon death their pursuer, and defy him to the teeth. The superstitious in vain exhort them to think; and threaten them with the consequences of their refusal. They have threats enough. If they could think to any purpose of refreshment, they would. But time presses; the exhortation is too like the evil it would remedy; and they endeavour to crowd into a few moments all the enjoyments, to which nature has given them a tendency, and to which, with a natural piety beyond that of their threateners, they feel that they have both a tendency and a right. If many such odes as Basso's could have been written,—if the court of Ferrara had turned superstitious and patronized such productions, the next age would not merely have been lively; it would have been debauched.

Again, the reasoning of such appeals to the general sense is absurd in itself. They call upon us to join life and death together;—to think of what we are not, with the feelings of what we are; to be very different, and yet to be the same. Hypochondria may do this; a melancholy imagination, or a strong imagination of any sort, may do it for a time; but it will never be done generally, and nature never intended it should. A decaying dead body is no more the real human being, than a watch, stopped and mutilated, is a time-piece, or cold water warm, or a numb finger in the same state of sensation as the one next it, or any one modification of being the same as another. We may pitch ourselves by imagination into this state of being; but it is ourselves, modified by our present totalities and sensation, that we do pitch there. What we may be otherwise, is another thing. The melancholy imagination may give it melancholy fancies; the livelier one may if it pleases, suppose it a state of exquisite dissolution. The philosopher sees in it nothing but a contradiction to the life by which we judge of it, and a dissolution of the compounds which held us together. There is one thing alone in such gloomy beggings of a question, which throws them back upon the prescriptions of wisdom, and prevents them from becoming general. They are always accompanied by ill-health. We do not mean a breaking up of the frame, or that very road to death, which may be a kindly and cheerful one, illumined by the sunset, as youth was by the dawn: but a polluted and artificial state of blood; or an insufficient vigour of existence,—that state in short, which is an exception to the general condition of humanity, and acts like the proof of a rule to the intentions of Nature. For these are so kind, that no mistake in the world, not even vice itself, is so sure to confuse a man's sensations and render them melancholy. Nature seems to say to us, "Be, above all things, as natural as you can contrive,—as much as possible in the best fashion, of the mould in which I cast you, and you shall be happy." Nor is this un-

lucky for virtue, but most lucky : for it takes away its pride, and leaves it all its cheerfulness. Real vice will soon be found to be real unhealthiness : nor could society have a better guide to the reformation of its moral system, than by making them as compatible as possible with every healthy impulse. But why, it may be asked, are we not all healthy ? It is impossible to say : but this is certain, that the oftener a man asks himself that question, the more intimations he has that he is to try and get out of the tendency to ask them. We may live elsewhere : we may be compounded over again, and receive a new consciousness here ;—a guess, which if it seems dreary at first, might lead us to make a heaven of the earth we live in, even for our own sakes hereafter. But at all events, put, as Jupiter says in the fable, your shoulder to the wheel ; and put it as cheerfully as you can. The way that Andrea de Basso should have set about reforming the grosser Ferrarese beauties, would have been to shew them that their enjoyments were hurtful in proportion as they were extravagant ; and less than they might be, in proportion as they were in bad taste. But to ask the healthy to be hypochondriacal ; the beautiful to think gratuitously of ugliness ; and the giddy, much less the wise, to desire to be angels in heaven by representing God as a cruel and eternal punisher,—is what never could, and never ought to have, a lasting effect on humanity.

It has been well observed, that life is a series of present sensations. It might be added, that the consciousness of the present moment is one of the strongest of those present sensations. Still this consciousness is a series, not a line ; a variety with intervals, not a continuity and a haunting. If it were, it would be unhealthy : if it were unhealthy, it would be melancholy ; if it were melancholy, the evident system upon which nature acts would be different. Thus it is impossible, that men should be finally led by gloomy, and not by pleasant doctrines.

When the Ferrarese beauties read the poem of Andrea de Basso, it occupied the series of their sensations for a little while, more or less according to their thoughtfulness, and more or less even then according to their unhealthiness. The power of voluntary thought is proportioned to the state of the health. In a little time, the Ferrarese, being like other general multitudes, and even gayer, would turn to their usual reflections and enjoyments, as they accordingly did. About that period Ariosto was born. He rose to vindicate the charity and good-will of nature ; and put forth more real wisdom, truth, and even piety, in his willing enjoyment of the creation, than all the monks in Ferrara could have mustered together for centuries.

To conclude, Andrea de Basso mistook his own self, as well as the means of instructing his callous beauty. We can imagine her disagreeable enough. There are few things more oppressive to the heart, than the want of feeling in those whose appearance leads others to feel intensely ;—the sight of beauty sacrificing its own real comfort as well as ours, by a heartless and indiscriminate love of admiration from young and old, the gross and the refined, the wise and the foolish, the good-natured and the ill-natured, the happy-making and the vicious. If Andrea de Basso's heroine was one of this stamp, we can imagine her

to have irritated his best feelings, as well as his more suspicious ones. We hope she was not merely a giddy creature, who had not quite patience enough with her confessor. We hope also,—many other things. Confessors are not persons to be provoked, either by ladies or gentlemen. Alfred the Great, when a youth, was accustomed to turn a deaf ear to the didactics of his holy kinsman St. Neot; for which, says the worthy Bishop Asser, who was nevertheless a great admirer of the King, and wrote his life, all those troubles were afterwards brought upon him and his kingdom. Be this as it may, and supposing the Ferrarese beauty to have been a cruel one, in the sense which the religious poet implies, he was not aware, while triumphing over her poor folly, and endeavouring to enjoy the thought of her torments, that he was confounding the very sentiment of the thing with its reverse, and doing his best to make himself a worse and more hard-hearted person than she. His efforts to make us think lightly of the most beautiful things in the external world, by shewing us that they will not always be what they are,—that a smooth and graceful limb will not for ever be the same smooth and graceful limb, nor an eye an eye, nor an apple an apple, are not as wise as they are poetical. To have said that the limb, unless admired with sentiment as well as ordinary admiration, is a very common-place thing to what it might be, and that there is more beauty in it than the lady supposed, would have been good. To make nothing of it, because she did not make as much as she could, is unwise. But above all, to consign her to eternal punishment, in the next world, because she gave rise to a series of fugitive evils in this,—granting even that she, and not her wrong education, was the cause of them,—is one of those idle worryings of himself and others, which only perplex further what they cannot explain, and have at last fairly sickened the world into a sense of their unhealthiness.

What then remains of the poetical denouncements of *Andrea de Basso*? Why the only thing which ought to remain, and which when left to itself retains nothing but its pleasure,—their poetry. When Dante and Milton shall cease to have any effect as religious dogmatizers, they will still be the mythological poets of one system of faith, as Homer is of another. So immortal is pleasure, and so surely does it escape out of the throng of its contradictions.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with basic curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPANISH.

No. XLIX.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1820.

THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

People undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being, that enables them to have those ideas.

VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose, that our perceptions and sensations are much more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common, for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet. "What then is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure:—we may colour their existence in the gross, though he must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot controul the items of the expenditure.

CANNOT.

"But what if we cannot do even this?" The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of thinking. Even if it were otherwise, the endeavour is itself one of the varieties; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides, CANNOT is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride, and ignorance, and despair, in it, than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past, but the future; and it would settle the future, merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness? It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, "You can build no higher than our heads."

SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle every thing by assertion; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shews its conscious feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical: which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations, how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see, how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because these are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasureable or painful, according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or re-arrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a Kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence, may be healthy to another.

DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart. We remember the time, when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens

used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations, perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sun-rise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never perhaps feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair play to the other side of the question (See No. 15, page 117.) To return to our main point. After childhood, comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticated and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Every thing tells us to get back to a state of childhood;—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a slier region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us happy as we grow up; but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable?" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has taken away. It must do by our comfort, as a friend may do by one's books; enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing either for himself or others. The latter suffers, and discovers why. He suffers even more, because he knows more; but he learns also, how to diminish suffering in others. He learns too to apply his knowledge to his own case; and he sees that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away both the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to this end worry him perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so, under these circumstances. What then, if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him, what no want of thought would have done; and on the other hand, if he shows a want of thought upon

these points, then the inference is easy: he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback, instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakspeare divided his time between town and country, and in the latter part of his life, built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Amuseur; and with Milton's leave, "his wisest heart" was not so much out in this matter, as when his royal impatience induced him to say that every thing was vanity.

CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest: he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air; and he becomes inferior. Nature in like manner (if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off! What purity! What grace! What touching simplicity! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than "the wisest heart" bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence.—Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path? Superstition answers only to perplex us, and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But Nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments, that may carry forward their own good? "A modest thought," you will say. Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility, then you may suppose. Vanity, in speculations earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them?

ENDEAUOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right:—if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful; but in one of them, the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good upon the whole is greater than that of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excite-

ment, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right, on that account, to abstain from endeavouring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing but an infinite suffering should make her stop; and that should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and Earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that one such monstrosity should exist: it is the absurdest as well as most impious of all the dreams of fear. To suppose that a Divine Being can sympathize with our happiness, is to suppose that he can sympathize with our misery; but to suppose that he can sympathize with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness, and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations, though infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering as nature must guard against permanent; she carves out our work for us in the gross: we must attend to it in the detail. To leave every thing to her, would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer, first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books; secondly, that of things useful-looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability; and thirdly, (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement, towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

DEGRADING IDEAS, OF GOD.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described:—they think they shall be damned also, if they do not gratuitously ascribe to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better, and hasten to make amends for it by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots, the unheathy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and they never succeed in thinking themselves favourites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are not so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his own kennel, and who would have a good one in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in

The young man, who had done a graceful action but had not thought of its containing so many kindly things, received the praises of the Nymph with a due mixture of surprise and homage. He did not want courage however: and emboldened by her tone and manner, and still more by a beauty which had all the bexom bloom of humanity in it, with a praternatural gracefulness besides, he requested that she would receive him as a lover. There was a look in her face at this request, answering to modesty, but something still finer. Having no guilt, she seemed to have none of the common infirmities either of shame or impudence. In fine, she consented to reward Rhæcus as he wished; and said she would send a bee to inform him of the hour of their meeting.

Who now was so delighted as Rhæcus? for he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and not a little proud of their admiring him in return; and no human beauty, whom he had known, could compare with the Hamadryad. It must be owned at the same time, that his taste for love and beauty was not of quite so exalted a description as he took it for. If he was fond of the fair sex, he was pretty nearly as fond of dice, and feasting, and any other excitement which came in his way; and unluckily he was throwing the dice that very noon, when the bee came to summon him.

He was at a very interesting part of the game,—so much so, that he did not at first recognize the object of the bee's humming. "Confound this bee!" said he, "it seems plaguily fond of me." He brushed it away two or three times, but the busy messenger returned, and only hummed the louder. At last, he bethought him of the Nymph; but his impatience seemed to increase with his pride, and he gave the poor insect such a brush, as sent him away crippled in both his thighs.

The bee returned to his mistress as well as he could; and shortly after was followed by his joyous assailant, who came triumphing in the success of his dice and his passion. "I am here," said the Hamadryad. Rhæcus looked among the trees, but could see nobody. "I am here," said a grave sweet voice, "right before you." Rhæcus saw nothing. "Alas," said she, "Rhæcus, you cannot see me, nor will you see me more. I had thought better of your discernment and your kindness; but you were but gifted with a momentary sight of me. You will see nothing in future but common things, and those sadly. You are struck blind to every thing else. The hand that could strike my bee with a lingering death, and prefer the embracing of the dice-box to that of affectionate beauty, is not worthy of love and the green trees."

The wind sighed off to a distance; and Rhæcus felt that he was alone.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SHAKESPEARE.

No. L.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1820.

THE NURTURE OF TRIPTOLEMUS.

TRIPTOLEMUS was the son of Cereus king of Attica, by his wife Polymnia. During his youth he felt such an ardour for knowledge, and such a desire to impart it to his fellow-creatures, that having but a slight frame for so vigorous a soul to inhabit, and meeting as usual with a great deal of jealousy and envy from those who were interested in being thought wiser, he fell into a wasting illness. His flesh left his bones; his thin hands trembled when he touched the harp; his fine warm eyes looked staringly out of their sockets, like stars that had slipped out of their places in heaven.

At this period, an extraordinary and awful sensation struck, one night, through all the streets of Eleusis. It was felt both by those who slept and those who were awake. The former dreamt great dreams; the latter, especially the revellers and hypocrites who were pursuing their profane orgies, looked at one another, and thought of Triptolemus. As to Triptolemus himself, he shook in his bed with exceeding agitation; but it was with a pleasure that overcame him like pain. He knew not how to account for it; but he begged his father to go out, and meet whatever was coming. He felt that some extraordinary good was approaching, both for himself and his fellow-creatures; but revenge was never farther from his thoughts. What was he to revenge? Mistake and unhappiness? He was too wise, too kind, and too suffering. "Alas! thought he, an unknown joy shakes me like a palpable sorrow; and their minds are but as weak as my body. They cannot bear a touch they are not accustomed to."

The king, his wife, and his daughters went out, trembling, though not so much as Triptolemus, nor with the same feeling. There was a great light in the air, which moved gradually towards them, and seemed to be struck upwards from something in the street. Presently, two gigantic torches appeared round the corner; and underneath them, sitting in a car, and looking earnestly about, sat a mighty female, of more than ordinary size and beauty. Her large black eyes, with their gigantic brows bent over them, and surmounted with a white forehead and a profusion of hair, looked here and there with an intentness and a depth of yearning, indescribable. "Chaire, Demeter!" exclaimed the king, in a loud voice:—"Hail, creative mother!" He raised the cry common at festivals, when they imagined a deity manifesting himself; and the priests poured out of their dwellings, with vestment and with incense, which they held tremblingly aloft, turning down their pale faces from the gaze of the passing goddess.

It was Ceres looking for her lost daughter Proserpina. The eye of the deity seemed to have a greater severity in its earnestness, as she passed by the priests; but at sight of a chorus of youths and damsels, who dared to lift up their eyes as well as voices, she gave such a beautiful smile as none but gods in sorrow can give; and emboldened with this, the king and his family prayed her to accept their hospitality.

She did so. A temple in the king's palace was her chamber, where she lay on the golden bed usually assigned to her image. The most precious fruits and perfumes burnt constantly at the door; and at first no hymns were sung but those of homage and condolence. But these the goddess commanded to be changed for happier songs; and word was also given to the city that it should remit its fears and its cares, and shew all the happiness of which it was capable before she arrived. "For," said she, "the voice of happiness arising from earth is a god's best incense. A deity lives better on the pleasure of what it has created, than in a return of a part of its gifts."

Such were the maxims which Ceres delighted to utter during her abode at Eleusis, and which afterwards formed the essence of her renowned mysteries at that place. But the bigots, who afterwards adopted and injured them, heard them with dismay; for they were similar to what young Triptolemus had uttered, in the aspirations of his virtue. The rest of the inhabitants gave themselves up to the joy, from which the divinity would only extract consolation. They danced, they wedded, they loved; they praised her in hymns as cheerful as her natural temper; they did great and glorious things for one another: never was Attica so full of true joy and heroism: the young men sought every den and fearful place in the territory, to see if Proserpina was there; and the damsels vied who should give them most kisses for their reward. "Oh Dearest and Divinest Mother!" sang the Eleusinians, as they surrounded the king's palace at night with their evening hymn:—"O greatest and best goddess, who not above sorrow thyself, art yet above all wish to inflict it, we know by this that thou art indeed divine. Would that we might restore thee thy beloved daughter, thy daughter Proserpina, the dark, the beautiful, the

mother-loving; whom some god, less generous than thyself, would keep for his own jealous doating. Would we might see her in thine arms! We would willingly die for the sight; would willingly die with the only pleasure which thou hast left wanting to us."

The goddess would weep at these twilight hymns, consoling herself for the absence of Proserpina by thinking how many daughters she had made happy. Triptolemus shed weaker tears at them in his secret bed, but they were happier ones than before. "I shall die," thought he, "merely from the bitter-sweet joy of seeing the growth of a happiness which I must never taste; but the days I longed for have arrived. Would that my father would only speak to the goddess, that my passage to the grave might be a little easier!"

The father doubted whether he should speak to the goddess. He loved his son warmly, though he did not well understand him; and the mother, in spite of all the goddess's kindness, was afraid lest in telling her of a child whom they were about to lose, they should remind her too forcibly of her own. Yet the mother, in an agony of alarm one day, at a fainting fit of her son's, was the first to resolve to speak to her; and the king and she with pale and agitated faces, went and prostrated themselves at her feet. "What is this, kind hosts?" said Ceres, "have ye too lost a daughter?" "No; but we shall lose a son," answered the parents, "but for the help of heaven." "A son!" replied Ceres: "why did you not tell me your son was living? I had heard of him, and wished to see him; but never finding him among ye, I guessed that he was no more, and I would not trouble you with such a memory. But why did ye fear mine, when I could do good? Did your son fear it?"—"No indeed," said the parents; "he urged us to tell thee."—"He is the being I took him for," returned the goddess: "lead me to where he lies."

They came to his chamber, and found him kneeling up on the bed, his face and joined hands bending towards the door. He had felt the approach of the deity; and though he shook in every limb, it was a transport beyond fear that made him rise: it was love and gratitude. The goddess saw it; and bent on him a look that put composure in his shattered nerves. "What wantest thou," said she, "struggler with great thoughts?" "Nothing," answered Triptolemus, "if thou thinkest it good, but a shorter and easier death." "What? Before thy task is done?" "Fate," he replied, "seems to tell me that I was not fitted for my task, and it is more than done since thou art here. I pray thee, let me die; that I may not see every one around me weeping in the midst of joy at my disease, and yet not have strength enough left in my hands to wipe away their tears." "Not so, my child," said the goddess, "and her grand harmonious voice had tears in it, as she spoke; "not so, Triptolemus; for my task is thy task; and even gods work with instruments. Thou hast not gone through all thy trials yet; but thou shalt have a better covering to bear them: yet still by degrees. Gradual sorrow, gradual joy."

So saying, she put her hand to his heart, and pressed it; and the agitation of his spirit was further allayed, though he returned to his

reclining posture for weakness. From that time, the bed of Triptolemus was removed into the temple, and Ceres herself became his second mother. But nobody knew how she nourished him. It was said, that she summoned milk into her bosom, and nourished him at her immortal heart, as though he had been newly born in heaven. But he did not grow taller in stature, as men expected. His health was restored; his joints were knit again, and stronger than ever; but he continued the same small, though graceful youth; only the sicklier particles which he had received from his parents withdrew their wasting influence.

At last however, his very figure began to grow and expand. Up to this moment, he had only been an interesting mortal, in whom the stoutest and best-made of his father's subjects recognized something mentally superior. Now, he began to look in person as well as in mind a demigod. The curiosity of the parents was roused at this appearance; and it was heightened by the report of a domestic, who said that in passing the door of the temple one night, she heard a sound as of a mighty fire. But their parental feelings were also excited by the behaviour of Triptolemus, who, while he seemed to rise with double cheerfulness in the morning, always began to look melancholy towards nightfall. For some hours before he retired to rest, he grew silent, and looked more and more thoughtful; though nothing could be kinder in his manners to every body; and the hour no sooner approached for his retiring, than he went instantly and even cheerfully.

His parents resolved to watch. They knew not what they were about; or they would have abstained: for Ceres was every night at her enchantments to render their son immortal in being as well as fame; and interruption would be fatal. At midnight, they listened at the temple-door.

The first thing they heard was the roaring noise of fire, as had been reported. It was deep and fierce. They were about to retire for fear; but curiosity and parental feeling prevailed. They listened again; but for some time heard nothing but the fire. At last, a voice, resembling their child's, gave a deep groan. "It was a strong trial; my son," said another, in which they recognized the melancholy sweetness of the goddess. "The grandeur and exceeding novelty of these visions," said the fainter voice, "press upon me, as though they would bear down my brain." "But they do not," returned the deity, "and they have not. I will summon the next." "Nay, not yet," rejoined the mortal; "yet be it as thou wilt. I know what thou tellest me, great and kind mother."—"Thou dost know," said the goddess, "and thou knowest in the very heart of thy knowledge, which is in the sympathy of it and the love. Thou seest that difference is not difference, and yet is so; that the same is not the same, and yet must be; that what is, is but what we see, and as we see it; and yet that which we see, is. Thou shalt prove it finally; and this is the last trial but one. Vision, come forth." A noise here took place, as of the entrance of something exceeding hurried and agonized; but which

remained fixed with equal stillness. A brief pause took place, at the end of which the listeners heard their son speak, but in a voice of exceeding toil and loathing, and as if he turned away his head:—"It is," said he, gasping for breath, "utmost deformity." "Only to thine habitual eyes, and when alone," said the goddess, in a soothing and earnest manner:—"look again!" "Oh my heart!" said the same voice, gasping as if with transport, "they are perfect beauty and humanity." "They are only two of the same," said the goddess, "each going out of itself. Deformity to the eyes of habit is nothing but analysis; in essence it is nothing but oneness, if such a thing there be. The touch and the result is every thing. See what a goddess knows, and see nevertheless what she feels:—in this only greater than mortals, that she lives for ever to do good. Now comes the last and greatest trial: now shalt thou see the real worlds as they are; now shalt thou behold them lapsing in reflected splendour about the blackness of space; now shalt thou dip thine ears into the mighty ocean of their harmonies, and be able to be touched with the concentrated love of the universe. Roar heavier, fire; endure, endure, thou immortalizing frame." "Yes, now, now," said the other voice, in a superhuman tone, which the listeners knew not whether to think joy or anguish; but their minds were so much more full of the latter, that they opened a place from which the priestess used to speak at the lintel, and looked in. The mother beheld her son, stretched, with a face of bright agony, upon burning coals. She shrieked; and pitch darkness fell upon the temple, and all about it. "A little while," said the mournful voice of the goddess "and heaven had had another life. Oh Fear! what does thou not do! Oh may all but living boy," continued she, "now plunged again into physical darkness, thou canst not do good so long as thou wouldst have done, but thou shalt have a life almost as long as the commonest sons of men, and a thousand times more useful and glorious. Thou must change away the rest of thy particles, as others do; and in the process of time, they may meet again under some nature worthy of thee, and give thee another chance for yearning into immortality; but at present, the pain is done; the pleasure must not arrive."

The fright they had undergone, slew the weak parents. Triptolemus, strong in body, cheerful to all in show, cheerful to himself in many things, retained nevertheless a certain melancholy from his recollections; but it did not hinder him from sowing joy wherever he went. It incited him but the more to do so. The success of others stood him instead of his own. Ceres gave him the first seeds of the corn that makes bread, and sent him in her chariot round the world to teach men how to use it. "I am not immortal myself," said he, "but let the good I do be so, and I shall yet die happy."

RETURN OF AUTUMN.

The autumn is now confirmed. The harvest is over; the summer birds are gone or going; heavy rains have swept the air of its warmth, and prepared the earth for the impressions of winter.

And the author's season changes likewise. We can no longer persuade ourselves that it is summer, by dint of resolving to think so. We cannot warm ourselves at the look of the sunshine. Instead of sitting at the window, "hindering" ourselves, as people say, with enjoying the sight of Nature, we find our knees turned round to the fire-place, our face opposite a pictured instead of a real landscape, and our feet toasting upon a fender. This reminds us that we began our first volume of the INDICATOR at the same season; and that it is now verging to a close. We hope and indeed believe, from what our readers both say and do, that they have been as much pleased with encountering its "shining morning face" every week, as we have been in sending it forth;—a great deal more so, we trust, occasionally. Half as much so will have done at some other times, when we have been in high spirits, and flattered ourselves that we made the school-boy urchin look handsome.

When some enjoyments go, others come. The boys will now be gathering their nuts. The trees will put forth, in their bravely-dying leaves, all the colours of heaven and earth which they have received from sun, and rain, and soil. Nature, in her heaps of grain and berries, will set before the animal creation as profuse and luxurious a feast, as any of our lordly palates have received from tart and desert.

Nature with the help of a very little art, can put forth a prettier bill of fare, than most persons, if people will but persuade each other that cheapness is as good as dearth;—a discovery, we think, to which the tax-gather might easily help us. Let us see what she says this autumn. Imagine us seated at the bar of a fashionable harbour, or boxed in a sylvan scene of considerable resort. Enter, a waiter, the September of Spenser,—that ingenious and oddly-dressed rogue, of whom we are told, that when he appeared before the poet, he was

Heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot.

At present, he assumes a more modest aspect, with a bunch of ash-leaves under his arm by way of duster. He bows like a poplar, draws a west wind through his teeth genteelly, and lays before us the following bill of entertainment:—

Fish, infinite and cheap.

Fruit, ditto—ditto.

Nuts, ditto—ditto.

Bread, ditto—taxed.

Fresh airs, ditto—taxed if in doors—not out.

Light, ditto—ditto.

Wine, in its unadulterated shape, as grapes, or sunshine, or well-fermenter blood.

Cyder and Perry.

The Arbours of ivy, wild honey-suckle, arbutus, &c. all in flower.

Other flowers on table.

The anti-room, with a view into it, immense, with a sky-blue capota, and hung round with with landscapes confessedly inimitable.

Towards the conclusion, a vocal concert among the trees.

At night, falling stars, and a striking panoramic view of the heavens; on which occasion for a few nights only, the same moon will be introduced, that was admired by the "immortal Shakspeare!!!"

N.B. It is reported by some malignant persons, that the bird-concert is not artificial: whereas it will be found, upon the smallest inspection, to beat even the most elaborate inventions of the justly admired Signor Mecalical Fello.

Ah, dear friend, as valued a one as thou art a poet,—John Keats,—we cannot, after all, find it in our hearts to be glad, now thou art gone away with the swallows to seek a kindlier clime. The rains began to fall heavily, the moment thou wast to go;—we do not say, poet-like, for thy departure. One tear in an honest eye is more precious to thy sight, than all the metaphorical weepings in the universe; and thou didst leave many starting to think how many months it would be till they saw thee again. And yet thou didst love metaphorical tears too, in their way; and couldst always liken every thing in nature to something great or small; and the rains that beat against thy cabin-window will set, we fear, thy over-working wits upon many comparisons that ought to be much more painful to others than thyself;—Heaven mend their envious and ignorant numskulls. But thou hast "a mighty soul in a little body;" and the kind cares of the former for all about thee shall no longer subject the latter to the chance of impressions which it scorns; and the soft skies of Italy shall breathe balm upon it; and thou shalt return with thy friend the nightingale,

and make all thy other friends as happy with thy voice as they are sorrowful to miss it. The little cage thou didst sometime share with us, looks as deficient without thee, as thy present one may do without us; but—farewell for awhile: thy heart is in our fields; and thou wilt soon be back to rejoin it.

61

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPELBYARD, No. 19, Catharine-street, Strand.
Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDEN, Importer of Snuff, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LL.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1820.

ON COMMENDATORY VERSES.

WE must inform the reader of a very particular sort of distress, to which we agreeable writers are subject. We mean the not knowing what to do with letters of approbation. During the first æra of our periodical flourishing, we used to sink them entirely, comforting ourselves in private with our magnanimity, and contrasting it with the greedy admission which some of our brethren gave to all panegyricall comers. We had not yet learnt; that correspondents have delicate feelings to be consulted, as well as editors. When this very benignant light was let in upon us, we had to consider the natures of our several correspondents, and to try and find out which of them wrote most sincerely, which would be hurt or otherwise by non-insertion, and which we ought to give way to, as a matter of right on their own parts, as well as of pleasure on ours. We found our scruples wonderfully apt to be done away in proportion to the intelligence and cordiality of the writer. Mere good-nature; with all our esteem for it, we could seldom admit, for obvious reasons; but good-nature and wit in unison, especially if joined with the knowledge of any generous action performed by the possessor, we always found irresistible to our modesty.

“In fact, the more honour it did you, Mr. Indicator, the more you were inclined to consult the delicacy of your correspondent?”

Just so.—Now if our faculties are any thing at all, they are social; and we have always been most pleased on these occasions, when we have received the approbation of those friends, whom we are most in the habit of thinking of when we write. There are multitudes of readers whose society we can fancy ourselves enjoying, though we have never seen them; but we are more particularly apt to imagine ourselves in such and such company, according to the nature of our articles. We are accustomed to say to ourselves, if we happen to strike off any thing that pleases us,—K. will like that:—There’s something for M. or R.:—C. will snap his finger and slap his knee-pan at this:—Here’s a crow to pick for H.—Here N. will shake his shoulders:—There B., ditto, his head:—Here S. will shriek with satisfaction:—L. will see the philosophy of this joke, if nobody else does.—As to our fair friends, we find it difficult to think of them and our subject

together. We fancy their countenances looking so frank and kind over our disquisitions, that we long to have them turned towards ourselves instead of the paper.

Every pleasure we could experience in a friend's approbation, we have felt in receiving the following verses. They are from a writer, who of all other men, knows how to extricate a common thing from commonness, and to give it an underlook of pleasant consciousness and wisdom. We knew him directly, in spite of his stars. His hand as well as heart betrayed him.

TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR.

Your easy Essays indicate a flow,
Dear Friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere lack;
And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe,
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
Such observation, wit, and sense, are shewn,
We think the days of Bickerstaff returned;
And that a portion of that off you own,
In his undying midnight lamp which burned.
I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood;
But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
The *Indicator* is your *Potential Mood*.
Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
M——, your best title yet is *Indicator*.

The receipt of these verses has set us upon thinking of the good-natured countenance, which men of genius, in all ages, have for the most part shewn to contemporary writers; and thence, by a natural transition, of the generous friendship they have manifested for each other. Authors, like other men, may praise as well as blame for various reasons; for interest, for egotism, for fear: and for the same reasons they may be silent. But generosity is natural to the humanity and the strength of genius. Where it is obscured, it is usually from something that has rendered it misanthropical. Where it is glaringly deficient, the genius is deficient in proportion. And the defaulter feels as much, though he does not know it. He feels, that the least addition to another's fame threatens to block up the view of his own.

At the same time, praise by no means implies a sense of superiority. It may imply that we think it worth having; but this may arise from a consciousness of our sincerity, and from a certain instinct we have, that to relish any thing exceedingly gives us a certain ability to judge, as well as a right to express our admiration, of it.

On all these accounts, we were startled to hear the other day that Shakspeare had never praised a contemporary author. We had mechanically given him credit for the manifestation of every generosity under the sun; and found the surprise affect us, not as authors (which would have been a vanity not even warranted by our having the title in common with him), but as men. What balked us in Shakspeare, seemed to balk our faith in humanity. But we recovered as speedily. Shakspeare had none of the ordinary inducements, which make men niggardly of their commendation. He had no reason either to be jealous or afraid. He was the reverse of unpopular. His own claims were

university allowed. He was neither one who need be silent about a friend, lest he should be hurt by his enemy; nor one who nursed a style or a theory by himself, and so was obliged to take upon him a monopoly of admiration in self-defence; nor one who should gaze himself blind to every thing else, in the complacency of his own shallowness. If it should be argued, that he who saw through human nature, was not likely to praise it, we answer, that he who saw through it as Shakspeare did, was the likeliest man in the world to be kind to it. Even Swift refreshed the dry bitterness of his misanthropy in his love for Tom, Dick, and Harry; and what Swift did from impatience at not finding men better, Shakspeare would do out of patience in finding them so good. We instance the sonnet in the collection called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning

If music and sweet poetry agree,

in which Spenser is praised so highly. It was replied, that minute enquirers considered that collection as apocryphal. This set us upon looking again at the biographers who have criticised it; and we see no reason, for the present, to doubt its authenticity. For some parts of it we would answer upon internal evidence, especially, for instance, the *Lover's Complaint*. There are two lines in this poem which would alone announce him. They have the very trick of his eye.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

But enquirers would have to do much more than disprove the authenticity of these poems, before they made out Shakspeare to be a grudging author. They would have to undo all the modesty and kindness of his other writings. They would have to undo his universal character for "gentleness," at a time when gentle meant all that was noble as well as mild. They would have to find bitterness in the sweet wisdom that runs throughout his dramatic works, and selfishness in the singular and exquisite generosity of sentiment that hallows his more personal productions. They would have to deform and to untune all that round, harmonious mind, which a great contemporary described as the very "sphere of humanity;" to deprive him of the epithet given him in the school of Milton, "unvulgar*;" to render the universality of wisdom liable to the same drawbacks as mere universality of science; to take the child's heart out of the true man's body; to un-Shakspeare Shakspeare. If Shakspeare had never mentioned a contemporary in his life, nor given so many evidences in his sonnets of a cordial and admiring sense of those about him, we would sooner believe that sheer modesty had restrained his tongue, than the least approach to a petty feeling. We can believe it possible that he may have thought his panegyrics not wanted; but unless he degraded himself wilfully, in order to be no better than any of his fellow-creatures, we cannot believe it possible, that he would have thought his panegyrics wanted, and yet withheld them.

It is remarkable that one of the most regular contributors of Com-

* By Milton's nephew Phillips in his *Theatrum Pretarum*. It is an epithet given in all the spirit which it attributes.

commendatory Verses in the time of Shakspeare, was a man whose bluntness of criticism and feverish surliness of manners have rendered the most suspected of a jealous grudgingness;—Ben Jonson. We mean not to detract an atom from the good-heartedness which we sincerely believe this eminent person to have possessed at bottom, when we say, that as an excess of modest confidence in his own generous instincts might possibly have accounted for the sparingness of panegyric in our great dramatist, so a noble distrust of himself, and a fear lest jealousy should get the better of his instincts, might possibly account for this panegyric overplus in his illustrious friend. If so, it shews how useful such a distrust is to one's ordinary share of humanity; and how much safer it will be for us, on these as well as all other occasions, to venture upon likening ourselves to Ben Jonson rather than Shakspeare. It is to be recollected at the same time that Ben Jonson, in his age, was the more prominent person of the two, as a critical bestower of applause; that he occupied what may be called the town-chair of wit and scholarship; and was in the habit of sanctioning the pretensions of new authors by a sort of literary adoption, calling them his "sons," and "sealing them of the tribe of Ben." There was more in him of the aristocracy and heraldry of letters, than in Shakspeare, who, after all, seems to have been careless of fame himself, and to have written nothing during the chief part of his life but plays which he did not print. Ben Jonson, among other panegyrics, wrote high and affectionate ones upon Drayton, William Browne, Fletcher, and Beaumont. His verses to the memory of Shakspeare are a most noble monument to both of them. The lines to Beaumont, in return for some which we have quoted in a former number, we must repeat. They are delightful for a certain involuntary but manly fondness, and for the candour with which he confesses the joy he received from such commendation.

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse
That unto me dost such religion use
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth !
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st :
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st !
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves ?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives ?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

Observe the good effect which the use of the word "religion" has here, though somewhat over classical and pedantic. A certain pedantry, in the best sense of the term, was natural to the author, and therefore throws a grace on his most natural moments.

There is great zeal and sincerity in Ben Jonson's lines to Fletcher on the ill success of his Faithful Shepherdess; but we have not room for them.

Beaumont's are still finer; and indeed furnish a very complete specimen of his wit and sense, as well as his sympathy with his friend. His indignation against the critics is more composed and contemptuous. His uppermost feeling is confidence in his friend's greatness. The reader may here see what has always been thought by men of genius,

of people who take the ipse dixit of the critics. After giving a fine sense of the irrepressible thirst of writing in a poet, he says,

Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith.
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like as he does in the fairest suit;
He as his mistress doth, and she by chance;
Nor want there those, who as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some if the wax-lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perawaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.

One of the finest pieces of commendatory verse is Sir Walter Raleigh's upon the great poem of Spenser. He calls it a Vision upon the Faery Queen.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen;
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearth.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief.

This is highly imaginative and picturesque. We fancy ourselves in one of the most beautiful places of Italian sepulture,—quiet and hushing—looking upon a tomb of animated sculpture. It is the tomb of the renowned Laura. We feel the spirit of Petrarch present without being visible. The fair forms of Love and Virtue keep affectionate watch over the marble. All on a sudden, from out the dusk of the chapel door, the Faery Queen is beheld approaching the tomb. The soul of Petrarch is heard weeping;—a most intense imagination, which affects one like the collected tears and disappointment of living humanity. Oblivion lays him down on the tomb;

And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen.

The other marbles bleed at this: the ghosts of the dead groan; and the very spirit of Homer is felt to tremble. It is a very grand and high sonnet, worthy of the dominant spirit of the writer. One of its beauties however is its defect; if defect it be, and not rather a fine instance of the wilful. Comparisons between great reputations are dangerous, and are apt to be made too much at the expense of one of them, precisely because the author knows he is begging the question. Oblivion has laid him down neither on Laura's hearse nor the Faery Queen's; and Raleigh knew he never would. But he wished to make out a triumphant case for his friend, in the same spirit in which he pushed his sword into a Spanish settlement and carried all before him.

The verses of Andrew Marvell prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, beginning

When I beheld the poet, blind yet bold,

are well known to every reader of Milton, and justly admired by all who know what they read. We remember how delighted we were to find who Andrew Marvell was, and that he could be so pleasant and lively as well as grave. Spirited and worthy as this panegyric is, the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with Marvell's history does not know all their spirit and worth. That true friend and excellent patriot stuck to his old acquaintance, at a period when all canters and time-servers turned their backs upon him, and would have made the very knowledge of him, which they themselves had had the honour of sharing, the ruin of those that put their desertion to the blush. There is a noble burst of indignation on this subject, in one of Marvell's prose works, against one Parker, who succeeded in getting made a bishop. Parker seems to have thought that Marvell would have been afraid of acknowledging his old acquaintance; but so far from resembling the bishop in that or any other particular, he not only publicly proclaimed and gloried in the friendship of the overshadowed poet, but reminded Master Parker that he had once done the same.

We must be cautious how we go on quoting verses upon this agreeable subject; for they elbow one's prose out at a great rate. They sit in state, with a great vacancy on each side of them, like Henry the 8th in a picture of Holbein's. The wits who flourished after the time of the Stuarts were not behind the great poets of the age of Elizabeth in doing justice to their contemporaries. Dryden hailed the appearance of Congreve and Oldham. Congreve's merits were universally acknowledged, except by the critics. We need not refer to the works of Pope, Gay, Steele, Prior, &c. If Swift abused Dryden (who is said to have told him he would never be a poet), he also abused in a most unwarrantable and outrageous manner Sir Richard Steele, for whose *Tatler* he had written. His abuse was not a thing of literary jealousy, but of some personal or party spite. The union of all three was a quintessence of consciousness, reserved for the present times. But Swift's very fondness vented itself, like Bonaparte's, in slaps of the cheek. He was morbid, and liked to create himself cause for pity or regret. "The Dean was a strange man." According to Mrs. Pilkington's account, he used to give her a pretty hard thump now and then,

of course to see how amiably she took it. Upon the same principle, he tells us in the verses on his death that

Friend Pope will grieve a month, and Gray
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

This was to vex them, and make them prove his words false by complaining of their injustice. He himself once kept a letter unopened for some days, because he was afraid it would contain news of a friend's death. See how he makes his very coarseness and irritability contribute to a pauegyric :—

When Pope shall in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"

We must finish our quotations with a part of some sprightly verses addressed to Garth on his Dispensary by a friend of the name of Codrington. Codrington was one of those happily tempered spirits, who united in high style the characters of the gentleman, the wit, and the man of business. He was in the best sense of the words, "a person of wit and honour about town,"

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword.

He was born in Barbadoes, where after residing some time in England, and serving with great gallantry as an officer in various parts of the world, he was appointed Governor-General of the Leward Islands. He resigned his government in the course of a few years, and died in the same place in the midst of his favourite studies. Among the variety of his accomplishments he did not omit even divinity, and was accounted a special master of metaphysics. His public life he had devoted to his country; his private he divided among his books and friends. If the verses before us are not so good as those of the old poets, they are as good in their way, are as sincere and cordial, and smack of the champagne on his table. We like them on many accounts, for we like the panegyrist, and have an old liking for his friend :—we like the taste they express in friendship and in beauty; and we like to fancy that our good-humoured ancestors in Barbadoes enjoyed the Governor's society, and relished their wine with these identical triplets.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not what I like or damn;
I can be pleased, and I dare own I am.

I read thee over with a lover's-eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power to give me joy.

The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with restless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.

Literary loves and jealousies were much the same in the ancient and middle ages as the present; but we hear a great deal more of the loves than the reverse; because genius survives and ignorance does not. The ancient philosophers had a delicate way of honouring their favourites, by inscribing treatises with their names. It is thought a strange thing in Xenophon that he never once mentions Plato. The greater part of the miscellaneous poetry of the Greeks is lost; or we should doubtless see numerous evidences of the intercourse of their authors. The Greek poets of Sicily, Theocritus and Moschus, are very affectionate in recording the merits of their contemporaries. Varius and Gallus, two eminent Roman poets, scarcely survive but in the panegyrics of Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; all of whom were fond of paying their tributes of admiration. Dante does the same to his contemporaries and predecessors. Petrarch and Boccaccio publicly honoured, as they privately loved, each other. Tasso, the greatest poet of his time, was also the greatest panegyrist; and so, as might be expected, was Ariosto. He has introduced a host of his friends by name, male and female, at the end of his great work, coming down to the shores of poetry to welcome him home after his voyage. There is a pleasant imitation of it by Gay, applied to Pope's conclusion of Homer. Montaigne, who had the most exalted notions of friendship, which he thought should have every thing in common, took as much zeal in the literary reputation of his friends, as in every thing else that concerned them. The wits of the time of Henry the Fourth, of Louis the 14th, and of Louis the 15th,—Malherbe, Racan, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Chaulieu, La Fare, D'Alembert, Voltaire, &c. not excepting Boileau, where he knew a writer,—all do honour in this respect to the sociality of their nation. It is the same, we believe, with the German writers; and if the Spanish winced a little under the domination of Lope de Vega, they were chivalrous in giving him perhaps more than his due. Camoens had the admiration of literary friends as poor as himself, if he had nothing else; but this was something.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. is informed, in answer to his welcome question, that a Title-page and Index to the First Volume of the INDICATOR will appear in the next Number.

We regret that we have mislaid some verses which were sent us from Lincoln's Inn, and which, if they were written by a young man, were of considerable promise. The signature, we think, was S.

We will take into due consideration the remonstrance offered against our types by J. W., who contrives to make his rebukes as pleasant as other men's praises.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDON, Importer of Snuffs, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-sellers and News-men.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey both back and side's eye;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LII.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1820.

UPON INDEXES.

INDEX making has been held to be the driest as well as lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but since we have had to make an index ourselves, we have discovered that the task need not be so very dry. It is true, our index is made up out of our own work; and as Indicator, we may reasonably be supposed to point out our own good things with no great unwillingness. But we do not so much allude to the one before us, as to others. Had the thought struck us sooner, we might have turned the former into something really entertaining. As it is, we have been obliged to cut it down to fit in to our number, till it is worth little or nothing any way. But calling to mind indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the Spectator, which we used to look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the index to the Pantheon or Fallacious Histories of the Heathen Gods, which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of Hs; as thus, Home, Howard, Hume, Huniades,

— The poets would have been better, but then the names, though more fitting, were not so flattering; as for instance, Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, —. We did not like to come after Hughes.

We have just been looking at the indexes to the Tatler and Spectator, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than himself. Our index seems the poorest and most second-hand thing in the world after theirs: but let any one read theirs, and then call an index a dry thing if he can. As there is "a soul of goodness in things evil," so there is a soul of humour in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst and aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing burgundy out of a cellar; so an Index, like the Tatler's, often gives us a taste of the quintessence of his humour. For instance,

Bickerstaff, Mr. account of his ancestors, 141. How his race was improved, 142. Not in partnership with Lillie, 250. Caught writing nonsense, 47.

Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 247. || || ||

Sometimes he has a stroke of pathos, as touching in its brevity as the account it refers to; as,

Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 184—186. Found in a grave, 289.

Sometimes he is simply moral and graceful; as,

Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 258. No true greatness of mind without it, *ibid.*

At another, he says perhaps more than he intended; as,

Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 19. Despised by her husband, *ibid.*

The Index to Cotton's Montaigne, probably written by the translator himself, is often pithy and amusing. Thus in Volume 2d,

Anger is pleased with, and flatters itself, 618.

Beasts inclined to avarice, 225.

Children abandoned to the care and government of their fathers, 613.

Drunkenness, to a high and dead degree, 16.

Joy, profound, has more severity than gaiety in it.

Monsters, are not so to God, 612.

Voluptuousness of the Gynicks, 418.

Sometimes we meet with graver quaintnesses and curious relations, as in the Index to Sandys's *Orid*;

Diagor, no virgin, scoffed at by Lucian, p. 551.

Diursea, an Italian Dwarf carried about in a parrot's cage, p. 113.

Echo, at Twilleries in Paris, heard to repeat a verse without failing in one syllable, p. 38.

Ship of the Tyrrhenians miraculously stuck fast in the sea, p. 68.

A Historie of a Bristol ship stuck fast in the deepe Sea by Witchcraft for which twentie five Witthes were executed, *ibid.*

But this subject, we find, will furnish ample materials for a separate article; and therefore we stop here for the present. We had still a notion upon us, that because we have been making an index, we are bound to be very business-like and unamusing.

ERRATA.

Page 387. For "it is not knowledge that makes us happy as we grow up," read "it is not knowledge that makes us unhappy," &c.

There are many smaller errors scattered through the volume: which are owing to the hurry in which the Editor has often written, and are not to be laid to the account of the Printer. The Reader, if he thinks it worth while, will be good enough to correct them with his pen as he meets with them. They may be safely left in his hands. Should the Work be reprinted, the Editor will take care to see them altered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter of T. R. was extremely welcome and gratifying on every account.

INDEX.

- Acquaintance, link of personal, traced up from the present times to Shakespeare, 41.
 Advice, why disliked, 391.
 Alehouses and billiard-places of recreation, not to be condemned till certain statistical matters are decided, 269.
 Ancients, their attention to the mutual interests of mind and body, 176. See Religion.
 Anglers, their meditative want of thought, 44—Fish-like face of their father Walton, 45—Their tendency to passive obedience, 46—A case put to them. *ib.*
 Quere, whether they would catch shrieking fish, 270.
 Ariosto, his description of a beautiful bosom, translated, 12—His prison, a sonnet, translated, 376.
 Basso, Andrea de, his Ode to a Dead Body, translated, 277—Remarks upon it, 381.
 Being, error of judging of one mode of it by another, 385.
 Bourne, Vincent, his epitaph on a dog translated, 240.
 Boyfe, Hon. Robert, singular gratuitousness of his moral arguments, 312.
 Chastier Abain, his picture of a lover, translated, probably by Chaucer, 247.
 Chaucer, beauty of his versification, 229—Passages of his *Palamon and Arcite*, compared with Dryden's version, 236.
 Children, their romance, 72—Deaths of, 201—A lost child the only eternal image of youth and innocence, 203—How men should be as children, 204—Further Remarks on, 386.
 Christ's Hospital, its retired and scholastic character in the heart of the city, 212—See Lamb.
 Clouds and vapours, their aspect next the sun, 58—Use of, by the poets, 59.
 Coaches, their variety and merits, 391.
 Coachmen, private, stage, and hackney, described, 363; 366; 373—Hackney, why inferior in spirit to the others—*ib.*
 Compliment, how to be given and received, 167.
 Conscience, cure for a wounded one according to Plato, 321.
 Cotton, his observations on the justice and passive obedience of anglers, 46.
 Cotntry, Little Known, Description of one, 263.
 Crasades, their good effect on more refined tempers, 273.
 Custom, its self-reconcilements and contradictions, 390.
 Dante, his description of an angel coming over the sea translated, 34.
 Day, a rainy one described, 289—A rainy one how to be turned to account, 266—See Now.
 Death, pictures of it how overwrought, and to what little purpose they are so, 381.
 A kindly imposition upon the public, 386—Other guesses respecting it, 386.
 Despot, a sleeping one held up, 107.
 Dolphins, probably the same as the porpus, 132—Great favourites with the poets, 138—See Stories.
 Endeavour, sure to be right—398.
 English, do not make enough of their sunshine, 91—Nor of their winter out of doors. Great instructors and little enjoyers, 58—Nothing greater than their great men, or graver than their arrogant bies, 96—Gentlemen in Charles the Second's time, jealous of the commonest Frenchmen in love matters, 102.
 Excitement, a sufficient quantity of it, how cheaply to be obtained, 232.
 Fairfax, the translator, account of, 195—See Tasso.
 Gentleman, the Old, described, 129.
 Godiva, Countess of Coventry, how she rode naked through the streets to free her husband's subjects from a tax, 18.
 Good and Evil, Nature how justified in their proportion, 338—Goodness in things evil, 390.

- Hands, two errors in the custom of shaking them, 314.
 Happiness, how we forego it on earth, and might do as much in heaven, 391.
 Hats, unpleasantness of new ones, 160.—History of their varieties, 170.
 Health, the power of voluntary thought proportioned to the state of it, 383.
 Ideas, agreeable, how to set against disagreeable ones, 58.
 Imagination, humble in proportion to its empire, 68—Fond of things remote, 69—
 Realities of, 185—Its renovation of the commonest things, 192.
 Innovation, how to know whether its spirit is bad or good, 311.
 Intolerance, candid treatment of, the last and best proof of the growth of toleration, 32.
 Jealousy, its results in a noble mind, 163.
 Jesus, summary of his doctrines, 115.
 Jews, amount of the question between them and Christians in general, 372.
 Keats, Mr. his early and true poetical genius, 352.
 Lady's Maid; described, 177.
 Lamb, Mr. his mention of a curious instance of the romantic among his school-fellows at Christ's Hospital, 72.
 Leg, Lady's, what sort of one beautiful, 291—Under what circumstances its stocking may be advantageously mudded, *ib.*—Ditto with respect to certain huge legs of the other sex, *ib.*
 London, pleasant recollections associated with various parts of, 19, 235—Its aspect to be enjoyed even in foggy weather, 58.
 Love, its essence consists in the return of pleasure, 218.
 Marvell his untimidated friendship for Milton, 406.
 May-day; how passed by our ancestors, 225—Why no longer what it was, 231.
 Melancholy, bad spirits, or nervous disorders, greatly owing to body, 33—Remedies of, *ib.* 56—Different in their extreme cases from madness, properly so called, 53—Nature of, mental and physical, *ib.*
 Money-gutter described, 7.
 Montaigne, his study, 11.
 Mother, the grave of one, 202.
 Names, utility of pleasant ones, 137—Signification of our Christian names, 138.
 Nature, her general benevolence opposed to our brief and particular sufferings, 68.
 Now, a, descriptive of a hot day, 300.
 Ovid, the story of Cyllarus and Hylonome translated, 206—Description of the haunt of Cephæus, *ditto*, 215.
 Parents, severity of, difference between brutal and mistaken, 64.
 Pastime, the folly of thinking any innocent one foolish, 34.
 Penates, the personification of a particular providence, 38.
 Perception, variety of the colours of, 385—How they are caused, 386.
 Petrarch, brief sketch of the character of his life, 317—His sight of his mistress sitting under a laurel, translated, 316—Ode to the Fountain of Vaucluse, translated, 318.
 Poetry, Original, 88, 120, 153, 161, 246, 304, 307, 402.
 Principle, the very notion of it makes some persons impatient, 66.
 Punishment, Eternal, Mr. Coleridge's remark on the self-delusion of those who think they believe in it, 68—Absurdity of it as an argument for being pious, 394—Heaven and earth should petition to pass away rather than a single being should undergo it, 389.
 Quotations from Bacon, 34—Beaumont and Fletcher, 21, 108, 11, 303—Brown, 226, 227—Butler, 50, 104—Catullus, 40, 79—Chaucer, 108, 71, 192, 219, 228, 230, 250—Codrington, 407—Coleridge, 68, 75—Collins, 200—Cotton, 46—Crashaw, 252—Dante, 66, 186—Davenant, 191—Dryden, 42, 230—Fletcher, 276—Ford, 255—Gay, 24—Ben Jonson, 44, 191, 404—Keats, 337, &c. 344—Misa L. V. L., 368—Marvell, 51—Milton, 11, 39, 59, 71, 134, 188, 219, 276—Ossian, 72—Prior, 363, &c.—Raleigh, 405—Rousseau, 267—Shakspeare, 2, 4, 136, 172, 190, 218, 370, &c.—Shelley, 333, &c. 336—Spenser, 107, 60, 135, 222, 226, &c.—Walton, 44—Warner, 36—Wither, 221—Wordsworth, 72, 116, 231.
 Religion of Greece and Rome less superficial and thoughtless than is commonly supposed, 115—Modern, the refuge it takes in words, and its compromise with Mammon, 116.
 Review, Retrospective, its merits, 249.
 Rising, Early, on cold mornings, what it has to say for itself, 117.

- Rousseau, his story of Pygmalion translated, 241—Himself a Pygmalion, *ib.*
 Sabbath, two every week, 34.
 Sacchetti, a Florentine poet and novelist, notice of, 222—His poem on gathering
 flowers translated, 223.
 Sennazura, his apostrophe to the country and its deities translated, 231.
 Sculpture, particular nature of its beauty, 48—Casts from sculpture and gems, how
 cheaply to be had, 47.
 Seamen on shore, described, 177.
 Shakspeare, probable amount of the question concerning him and Ben Jonson,
 43—His pithy lesson against thieving, 104—His birth-day, and how to keep it,
 233—Spots in the metropolis that he must have frequented, 235—Question re-
 specting his praise of contemporaries, 402.
 Shape, monstrosities of, in what instances reconcilable or otherwise to the
 imagination, 204.
 Shelley, Mr., Remarks on his tragedy of the Cenci, 332—His beautiful preface, *ib.*
 And amiable zeal for mankind, *ib.*—An objection made to his Beatrice, answer-
 ed, 332—His character as a dramatist, 336.
 Shops, on the sight of, 265—The gallant figure they make in the Arabian Nights,
ib.—Toy-shops, 273—Pastry-cooks, 275—Fruit-sellers, 276—Print-sellers, 277.
 Sleep, pleasure of its approach, 405—Often, as well as watchfulness, the conse-
 quence of sorrow, and why, 106—In whom its effects and aspects are most
 noticeable, 108—See Despot.
 Solomon, striking fiction respecting his dead body, 75—Was fond of nature and
 the country, 232—Played the Anacreon in his old age, 368.
 Spenser, his remarkable faculty of realizing the imaginative, 136.
 Spring described, 217.
 Sticks, their genealogy and varieties, 257—How they help a want of ideas, and
 supply a consciousness of power, 261.
 Stories, miraculous, frequent triviality of their origin, 4—Horrid ones in general
 not difficult to write, 73—What the most ghastly thing in them, 75.
 Stories of Godiva, 17.
 An Evil Genius, 38.
 Gilbert Becket, 52.
 The Shoemaker of Veyros, 61.
 Acontius and Cydippe, 11.
 Polyphemus, Actis, and Galatea, 6.
 The Beau Miser, 26.
 Charles Brandon and Mary, Queen of France, 35.
 A Tale for a Chimney Corner, 73.
 The Two Thieves and the Doctor of Bologna, 84.
 The Two Sharpers of Naples, 86.
 Lazarillo de Tormes, 90.
 Paul, the Spanish Sharper, 96.
 Claude du Vall the Highwayman, 102.
 The Fair Revenge, 109.
 Extremes meet, or All London and No London, 121.
 Bacchus and the Pirates, 133.
 Arion and the Dolphin, 135.
 Dolphins and Boys, 134.
 Ronald of the Perfect Hand, 153.
 Cyllarus and Hylonome, 206.
 Cephalus and Procris, 209.
 Thomas Luring, a Quaker Seaman, 235.
 Pygmalion. See Rousseau.
 The Daughter of Hippocrates, 281.
 The Venetian Girl, 292.
 The Egyptian Thief, 298.
 A True Story, 319.
 The Destruction of the Cenci Family, 321.
 Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and Hyperion, 337.
 Farinetta and Farinonna, 353.
 The Hamadryad, 391.
 The Nature of Triptolemus, 393.

- Superstition, the bad character it brings upon doctrine, 386.—Why it misrepresents the Divine Spirit, 389.—Unhealthy and unfeeling, to be distinguished, 390.—Superstition the father of the reason, 390.
- Sympathy, the inhumanity arising from inability to procure it, 6.—Our first duty to others, and greatest reward for enjoyment, 68.—Its tendency, in proportion to wit's extensiveness, to create the greatest sum of happiness, 57.
- Tasso, his stanza upon lovers talking and bathing translated, 42.—Ode to the Golden Age translated, 183.—The Bee and the Kiss translated, 287.—Translations of his Jerusalem by Scott and Fairfax, compared, 193.
- Theseus, his Infant Hercules and the Serpents translated, 174.
- Thieves, of ancient times, 84.—Of Italy, 88, 97.—Of Spain, 89.—Their talent at being hungry, 90.—Of Albania, 99.—Of Asia and Africa, ib.—Of Otaheite, how extensible, ib.—Of England, 100.—Of France, 102.
- Translations, bad ones, how made, 4, 198.
- Travelers, sensation they must formerly have created on returning home, 71.
- Unhappiness, why we are bound to be acquainted with it, 387.
- Venetians, why fond of black, 15.—Clear (all kinds) to one another, 16.
- Virgil, his scepticism modified by a sickly temperament, 113.—Apparition of the Penates to Evens, translated, 50.—The threshold of Cacus's den, dist., 81.
- West, Mr., sale of his pictures, 245.—Unpleasant to see an event of this kind in a house with which we have been familiar, 241.—Recollections connected with his house, ib. 278.
- World, knowledge of the, to what it amounts in general, 32.
- Writing, one secret of the art of, 92.

Printed and published by JOSEPH ARNOLD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.
Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDON, Importer of Snuff, No. 31, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Booksellers and Newsmeas.



Superstition, the bad character it brings upon doctrine, 386.—Why it misrepresents the Divine Spirit, 389.—Unhealthy and unfeeling, to be distinguished, 389.—Superstition the mother of reason, 390.
 Sympathy, the inhumanity arising from inability to protect it, 8.—Our first duty to others, and greatest warrant for enjoyment, 58.—Its tendency, in proportion to wit's extensiveness, to extend the greatest sum of happiness, 57.
 Tasso, his stanza upon lovers talking and bathing translated, 12.—Ode to the Golden Age translated, 183.—The Bee and the Kiss translated, 287.—Translations of his Jerusalem by Elcott and Fairfax, compared, 193.
 Theseus, his infant Hercules and the Serpents translated, 174.
 Thieves, of ancient times, 84.—Of Italy, 86, 97.—Of Spain, 89.—Their talent at being hungry, 90.—Of Albania, 99.—Of Asia and Africa, ib.—Of Ouseife, how ex-
 leusable, ib.—Of England, 100.—Of France, 102.
 Translations, bad ones, how made, 4, 198.
 Travellers, cautioned they shall formerly have erred on returning home, 71.
 Unhappiness, why we are bound to be acquainted with it, 387.
 Venetians, why fond of black, 15.—Clearer kindness to one another, 16.
 Virgil, his scepticism modified by a sickly temperament, 113.—Apparition of the Penates to Æneas translated, 39.—The threshold of Cacus's den, done, 81.
 Wren, Mr. sale of his pictures, 285.—Unpleasant to see an event of this kind in a house with which we have been familiar, ib.—Recollections connected with his house, ib. 278.
 World, knowledge of the, to what it amounts in general, 22.
 Writing, one secret of the art of, 92.

Printed and published by JOSEPH APPLEYARD, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.
 Price 2d.—And sold also by A. GLIDDOX, Importer of Snuff, No. 31, Tavistock-
 street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-
 sellers and Newsmen.



